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# The Bookmaker's Folio

Mouthpiece

The Bookmakers

An International Co-operative League of Writers

AUTUMN NUMBER WINTER

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SLOGAN:

Et si ostendo non jacto,—“And if I show what I am I do not boast.”

MOTTO:

Conanti dabitur,—“It will be given to him who tries.”

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**NOTICE.**

We will be glad to hear from applicants for any of the above offices in any of the Districts or States in the Districts, and in applying for the office, will either apply to their District President, or the National President at the National Office. Always enclose stamp, please, in communicating with officials, National, Divisional or District.

**OFFICIAL SUMMARY**

**NATIONAL OFFICERS**

The NATIONAL PRESIDENT is the humble "Poet-Laureate of North Carolina," according to the verdict back home; and, the "only nominee." dead or alive, "from that state to the Hall of Fame for Original or National Hall of Fame (Statuary Hall) Washington, D. C.," and in summing up; may we, also, quote, "and the only poet ever given this greatest of honors during life, or after death in the United States." The North Carolina Press said all that, for which we feel grateful, tho' our head has not increased at all, for there is lots more to the revelation . . . and let us tell you a few things that has happened to the "famous" one, and perhaps we may be "infamous," also!

We have "appeared" "around the corner," in the "back-yard;" "where the sunshines," and "the rain falls;" in the "Dumb-Bell Gaze—At," the "Weary-Willie Excuse;" the "Shady Side of Thirty;" the "Hardscrabble Bull-Et-Ten;" the "Dear Born Howler;" "The Hollow Bean;" "The Empty Top;" "The Hot Air Blower;" the "Nut Cracker;" the "Pig Squealer;" and, lots-a places

others have not; and, some others have . . . one, "The Bug Reformatory;" and, another, "The Highbrow Refinery." But, the places we appeared with the greatest pleasure were, "DAVIS' ANTHOLOGY OF NEWSPAPER VERSE FOR 1925," and "PEGASUS," for when one passes the latter sanctorum, they have gone some; and, are a "weal poet;" while, the former is one, of the two, uncommercialized Anthologies. Merit, alone; puts one in that. Then, I hear we have appeared, or are appearing in BRAITHWAITE'S ANTHOLOGY FOR 1926; and, his "WHO IS WHO" in American Poetry 1912-1926, the other uncommercialized Anthology. If this is true, and we know Davis put us in his, we appreciate these honors next to those from the North Carolina Press, quoted above. Another is, one of our Southern Universities is compiling a thesis on North Carolina Poets, and because of our honors conferred from North Carolina, we were invited to help the compiler gather information relative to North Carolina poets, and we were most happy to supply names and published poems, —or the "tecknecker" might call it "doggerel," including our own "Con-fusions," —of approximately one hundred poets born in North Carolina; and, we hope to add others to the list; and, five of whom are related by blood; and, a sixth by marriage, to us. So, our head may begin to enlarge because of this fact.

EDWIN MARKHAM, DR. JOHN M. STAHL, ALBERT JAMES NORTON, are Nationally and Internationally known, so farther mention of their greatness appears unnecessary, as they have been lauded and praised on their merit until anything we may say sounds empty . . . except that they are the great worthies of American Literature; each having contributed his share of the everlasting.

Some of the others, are not writers at all; but are the true blue that it takes to make a world worthwhile. Some others are relatives that are loyal wherever duty calls; and, still others are the dearest of friends. Each one represents the best in his, or her, walk of life; and we are grateful to have the honor of their co-operation.

The noted and distinguished poets and authors on the official list are,—

ROBERTA GANOUNG, short stories;

MARY EMMA HALL, our baby poet, and short story writer. She is not yet sixteen, and we are publishing her first poem—"TO ROY;"

LOUIS J. SILVER, essayist and bookplate designer and artist;

FRANK L. ALDERMAN, a poet. He is the only official who has had his poems republished from the FOLIO. The THROSTLE quoted his "BURDENS" from SPRING NUMBER.



FLORRIE JEAN LIGHTFOOT, noted poet, and author of "BITS OF ARDEN," and "BUBBLES." She was born in Georgia, but resides at Fayetteville, N. C., and has kindly offered to sell from her GIFT SHOP any books or brochures, etc., the Bookmakers may send her. Address, 635 Arsenal Ave.

F. H. BIERMAN is an engraver, and will make your half tones, etchings, etc. President, Bierman Engraving Co., Charlotte, N. C.

DOLORES ESTHA RUSS, Promising poet and song composer. She composes her own melodies; and, is a wonderfully talented young woman.

LOUISE SAVAGE CLARK, is a poet, and we are proud to proclaim her as our niece; also, her sister MERLE SAVAGE, who has just commenced publishing her poems. She is sixteen. She has been too modest to even let us know she could write, until a short time ago. Her poems show much promise, as do those of her sister LOUISE SAVAGE CLARK.

CHARLES SLOAN REID, is the author of "IN MEMORIAM," a beautiful book of poems dedicated to his late wife, MRS. CHARLES S. REID; the poems having been written in honor from time to time during their childhood, sweetheart days, and happy married life. He is a distinguished and noted poet of Georgia, but a native of South Carolina. He has appeared in most, if not all, the established journals. REV. J. W. PATTERSON, is a Georgia poet and song writer. He composes his own melodies, we believe; and is promising of greater developed talent.

BEATRICE P. MORGAN, is a Georgia poet of much promise; and, has published many of her poems. In some way some of her poems did not appear in just the original form in the Anthology section of NUMBER 3, of the FOLIO and SUMMER NUMBER, for which we are sorry; but, such things will occur occasionally. So, anything that is wrong with the poems was not the authors' fault.

KATHARINE K. RUCKER, is a Virginia poet of note, who writes for several of the Southern Dailies under the NON-DEPLUME, "THE KID." She is rapidly attracting the readers of best poetry to hers.

NICHOLAS DRAKE is a Virginia poet and artist. His art work is very commendable, and his poetry is splendid likewise. We will hear much of him, we hope, and believe, in the future.

HERBERT EMERY MANVILLE, is an Ohio poet, and the author of "AUTUMN," or "FOUR DAYS," a play written in poetry. He is one of our most indispensable BOOKMAKERS, and one of our first members. When we get blue and dishearted, at the lack of interest some take

in the journal and league; we will be restored to our faith in others many times by receiving a donation from him, or something else, to show his loyalty. Such as he, and the others like him, is what will make any worthy enterprise a success.

J. GRAYDON JEFFRIES, is a poet of Ohio who lives in Indiana. I wish to call attention to him, especially, as he is perfectly helpless except that he can move his right hand just enough to write poetry with a pencil, and he is only twenty-five years old. He has been helpless since he was twelve years old. He writes wonderful poetry for one so afflicted and under such circumstances, and we ask our contemporary editors to send him a complimentary copy, or copies of their journals, and "THE BOOKMAKERS" to write him, and cheer him along. The hand that he uses is almost drawn to his face. His address is, Box 141, Carbon, Indiana.

M. EDNA ZEISS, "Roy's Mother," is her "Greatest title," she says, and is a Nature poet of very great promise. She is the mother of J. ROY ZEISS, a young poet born in Detroit, Michigan, and who died in 1924, at the age of twenty five, after having appeared in over fifty different publications with his poems, and short stories, and as many since his untimely death. He was a musician, also. He has appeared in half dozen, or more Anthologies; and gave promise of one of our greatest poets, and for that reason, we include him in our dedications, along with our North Carolina poet JOHN CHARLES McNEIL whose death at thirty two cut short his promising poetical career. ROY'S death was most pathetic he being the genius his work shows he was; and the only child of his parents. Our other dedications need no mention, as they are known, each in his own corner of literature, but we believe Dan Emmet's "DIXIE" has brought more thrills to the human heart than any poem ever set to music, for it is not only thrilling to the Southern heart, but to the Northern, as well; and to heart of the foreign-born on both sides of the Atlantic. It was written for a negro minstrel show, and while ALBERT PIKE wrote "Sothrons Hear Your Country Call You," it never appealed to the heart of the Southern Soldiers as did DAN EMMET'S "DIXIE". Since coming to Ohio, it has been our pleasure to have met two delightful ladies, MISSES ROSA AND LAURA OLIVER, who are branches of the same tree on which DAN EMMET was a limb, and one, MISS ROSA OLIVER, writes "verses," she says, modestly. She has promised us a contribution.

HENRY HARVEY FUSON, is a Kentucky poet and editor of the "KENTUCKY FOLK LORE JOURNAL," and author of "JUST FROM KENTUCKY," a very splendid book of poems published by J. F. WILSON, 505 Madison Ave., Covington, Ky. We will quote from THE CLUB WOMAN'S MAGAZINE and let them tell you of a few of his attainments,—



### A New Venture in the Literary Field

In Braithwaite's Anthology for 1925, The Club Woman's Magazine was pleased to note the names of four contributors who mentioned that publication as having been the first to publish poems which the author of the Anthology had deemed worthy of reproduction in his collection, which is considered authoritative as to poetic values.

Among those whose poems were quoted was a former principal in the public schools of Covington, H. H. Fuson.

Whatever may be the verdict as to the final acceptance of the style of poetry assumed by Mr. Fuson, the most casual examination will convince even the writers who conform to the rhythmic quality of Tennyson and Longfellow that, should this erratic votary of the muse decide to hamper Pegasus by certain metric measures of feet and line endings, his position among the versifiers will be secured. Even when he abjures so apparent a method of attraction as the forced jingle, Mr. Fuson unconsciously adopts rhyme in least expected relations, as made so obvious by the frequent and pleasant sensations while perusing "The Heart of a Child," a poem that in itself will justify the claim of its writer to more than transitory reputation as a poet of potent expression.

The application to literary labor which is so evident in the rapidity of Mr. Fuson's publications, will find a new and probably a fruitful outlet in his lately acquired position as business manager of "The Kentucky Folklore and Poetry Magazine," the description of which follows:

It will arrive in May; backed by Folklore Society; will contain Kentucky folklore and carry modern poetry. It will be a book of sixteen pages, published quarterly by an able editorial board and well-known associate editors, at the price of one dollar per year. The slogan issued by the corps of editors is, "Boost Kentucky's Paper." All subscriptions will be received by H. H. Fuson, Business Manager, 2022 Eastern Parkway, Louisville, Ky.

FREDA CLOE FOSTER, is an Oklahoma poet, and writes delightful poetry, and has appeared in various publications. She is very promising of great things literary.

ALICE GIMBALL STEELE, is always found picking up pretty, well-aimed gems from other pens, and compiling them into private anthologies for her own, and friend's pleasure in leisure moments. She is a lecturer by radio, so we are honored by having her assume the title on our "BOOKMAKER" list of "Radioist for The Bookmakers," as well as HONORARY President for District Eleven.

CLYDE ROBERTSON is another so Nationally and Internationally known, until comment here seems absurd. She is one of the good loyal BOOKMAKERS, and is a poet and author of great distinction.

CARRIE CHAPMAN BENSON, is an Oregon poet, and as she is a native of MR. MARKHAM'S state, we see great things for her in the future. She is a most loyal BOOKMAKER, and is to be watched for wonderful achievements in the future.

S. BERT COOKSLEY, last but not least, on our official list of those appointed, is an Internationally known writer, both poet and author, and editor on the "OVERLAND MONTHLY" and "THE WANDERER." And, he has appeared in quite as many places as we, but not in the same places, we hope; for his sake; so, it is not necessary for us to repeat here, what others already know about his wonderful achievements.

WASHINGTON VAN DUSEN, too, is another well known poet of Pennsylvania that has appeared in everything but some of the things we have appeared in, including the movies; and has won more prizes than any hundred poets, having won seventeen. His abilities are decidedly great.

MRS. ARTHUR H. ALLEN, is a North Carolina poet living in Philadelphia. We have never seen any of her work but PRESIDENT VAN DUSEN tells us she is splendid at most any thing she tries, and was on the Southern Committee of the Sesqui-Centennial.

CHARLES A. A. PARKER is another who needs no introduction by us, as he is not only Nationally known, but is an International figure, as well. He is the beloved editor of L'ALOUETTE, and so many speak in highest terms of him and his work.

E. RALPH CHEYNEY, is a New York poet, and is too well known to need any introduction here, as he is the compiler of the INDEPENDENT ANTHOLOGY just off the press. We have not seen a copy, but it must be splendid, as most of those in it are "BOOKMAKERS," and that is "nuff sed" about any writer; so, PRESIDENT CHEYNEY is a BOOKMAKER, and the ANTHOLOGY is \$2.00 from SONA C. HARRISON, 76 Elton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

HENRY HARRISON, a New York poet, and what more can we say of him than has already been said? He has appeared every place, and then, some, and edits THE QUILL in a masterly way, even after BOBBY EDWARDS has handled the reigns for eight years, so if you wish to know all about PRESIDENT HARRISON, either subscribe to THE QUILL, or ask CLEMENT WOOD. If "Clem" keeps on, we are afraid he is going to say something "weal naughty," yet. THE QUILL, \$3.00, 76 Elton St., Brooklyn.

LEWIS WEST, is a Photographer of Great Britain. An Englishman. His pictures are internationally known, having traveled a great deal.



BOOKS RECEIVED

DAVIS' ANTHOLOGY NEWSPAPER VERSE, 1925. Contains some wonderful poems, and Mr. Davis is doing a wonderful work for the poets of the United States. To appear in this anthology is honor enough for any poet, and together with Braithwaite's Anthology of Magazine Verse, is really, the American poets' goal. If they appear in these two; THE TWO uncommercialized anthologies of the WORLD, they have won their laurels, for you can not pay your price and get in, as in other anthologies; but, must ride Pegasus thru on your merit. This anthology may be had from the compiler Frank P. Davis, Edid, Oklahoma, \$2.00. We are glad to note that among those honored in the compiling among our Bookmaker officials are, WASHINGTON VAN DUSEN, "MOON-LIT PATH," HERBERT HARVEY FUSON, "THE WOOD BECOMES A SEA," "GERTRUDE PERRY WEST, "AUTUMN TIME IN DIXIELAND," and J. ROY ZEISS, "FAITH." There are many BOOKMAKERS, but space forbids a listing. Perhaps another day.

PRIZE ESSAYS, Louis J. Silver, Prize Essays from an International Contest of Bookplates, published by the SILVER MAIL SERVICE 6327 Glenwood Ave., Chicago, Ill. Louis J. Silver, President. A wonderful book. \$1.00.

IN MEMORIAM, Charles Sloan Reid, mentioned elsewhere. Published by THE TORCH PRESS, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

BOOKFELLOW ANTHOLOGY, 1926, TORCH PRESS, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, \$2.00. It is not so bad as some of the commercialized anthologies, and, infact; has some fine poems. Those on our official list appearing are WASHINGTON VAN DUSEN, ALBERT JAMES NORTON, J. ROY ZEISS; and, of course, it can not be all poor poems at that rate. But we are awfully hard on commercialized anthologies, or commercialized literature of any kind, or the commercialized writers in any way; shape or form. We may have an anthology when we are thoroughly organized, but it will be published from the Bookmakers funds . . . a common pot, and those who appear will, on their merit, and not their cash. We understand it's compilers claim for it a co-operative publication, but had it been, it would have been published from a common fund, and not so much a page, (and from what we can understand MUCH is correct) but, we are not knocking, and it is alright, we suppose, for those who can conscientiously do those things. We can not. And, we wonder why these folk do not put out an anthology from a common fund . . . 6,800 perfectly good membership and a printing plant of thine own, and then, can't? 'Pears to us we hear a nigger groaning in the wood pile; but, we are not knocking, just gently suggesting that would it not be better to leave something really published on the poets' merit, to benefit the coming generations, than on his purse?

"The mills of the gods grind slowly,  
But exceedingly fine."  
We are making a plea for the future American poetry, and not the present pocket book—with the most kind intention.  
Others will have to go over, as our space for book reviews is limited.

FRAGRANCE

(To Mme. Margearuite Starett—Paris)  
Heart me'ries dear—  
Time cannot seer!  
Love's rose is sweet always;  
Not e'er a one  
'Til time is done  
Can steal it's fragrance quite away.  
—LUCY H. SMITH.  
(Mrs. Alfred Franklin Smith)

WHIMSICAL THOUGHT

I wonder if an angel takes more care  
Of tiny boys born dead than mothers  
here  
Below. Perhaps I should not feel the  
scare—  
But mothers of dead baby boys have fear!  
—Sonia C. Harrison.

REMINISCENCE.

An old pair of gloves  
Tattered and torn;  
Black once but now they are gray  
Because they are worn.  
  
Dear, dear Old Kid Gloves  
My hands you kept so warm,  
Protected them, enhanced their form,  
Now you'll not come to harm.  
  
I'll tuck you in a box  
Where mementoes I keep  
And in reminiscent mood  
At you oft I'll peep.  
  
Not because you were my friend,  
Not because I missed you  
But just because one I love  
Picked you up, and kissed you.  
—Kay A. Jacobs.

A JEU D'ESPRIT

The Queen of the Night, with her silver  
prow,  
Leaned down and touched the sad Earth's  
brow,  
While Twilight, in soft robes of misty gray,  
Bade the long shadows fold their cares  
away.  
  
Then the silver-tressed sylphs went a-  
straying,  
Where a host of moonbeams were a-playing,  
While Night's bridal-bells began ringing,  
Filling the air with fairy singing.  
  
The Day had toiled her whole way duly,  
And so had won her guerdon truly.  
In heaven's dome watched a shining band. . .  
Stars hung there by Twilight's slender hand.  
—Eugenia du Maurier.  
(Mrs. Clyde Robe Meredith.)



# CONTRIBUTED POEMS

Cum progressu cantus, "Singing while advancing."

Occasionally we visit. Not often; because, of indifference; and, lack of time. But, once in a while we do take our Muse for a walk, and one day in the "near future" we took her out; and, as we turned toward where the American vulture flies low, she said she was skeered; but, we encouraged her, and told her we were not going to call on the editor of "THE BAT IN THE ATTIC" that trip, so to trot along, and we would call on editor Pow'll of THE BUCKING EAR. So, full of hope deferred, we arrived, and handed in our "confusions," after a scowl from the boss of the sanctotum; and, he immediately passed 'em back with the heartless insult that the stuff was not poetry . . . but like an owl, we decided to take a lesson from this tick-nicker; and, my Muse began to snicker, and about that time we heard the crow of the dominicker . . . but it only made us the more determined to view the "real stuff;" and, insisting; he finally handed us this poetic Charleston, and assures us it is the genuwine, and we are going to be giddy enough to pass it on as our poetic lesson . . . for, it is plain and evident if this is it, ours ain't; altho', the "nominated victim" of Fame, to her shrine of immortals. Prime thine ears!

## SYMPHONY

Brazillian palm-trees  
Played softly for this poem,\*1  
Walking to the sea—  
Brown maid, slender and bare,  
One arm in perfect outline  
Raised—\*2  
Holding a reed basket  
On a proud head!  
A flaming rose entangled\*3  
Droops—  
With swaying hips and movements  
Slow and supple,  
She walks—\*4  
Eyes half closed,\*5  
But flashing me a challenge in passing;\*6  
And I,  
With dead flowers on my hat,  
In my yard or so of silk  
Feel a silent envy rising—\*7  
I, myself, would be this poem,  
Walking to the sea—  
Bungling Lungless Gee!  
The notes are ourn, and reed thus—  
\*1—He said it; \*2—What an odor! \*3—  
That's the tickit! \*4—Yes? \*5—Old stuff.  
\*6—Old stuff. \*7—Old stuff.  
So, said we—"That are the tickit that  
gits ya' in the 'slict sus-I-E-T of the  
BUCKING EAR? "Pow 'ell showed us his  
NON-DE-PLUME, and assured us "only  
that and nothing more;" and, that sich wuz  
the kase; so, we sit down immeJlately on  
our hat box, and proceeded, and now, OLD  
BAD US appears in amoungst the 'elict  
. . . so here we be . . . but ya' bee keerful!

## HARMONY

Carolinian black-jack  
Played dry leaves for this poem,

Walking to the ocean  
Red cow with slender leg  
And tail in perfect symetry  
Raised-----  
Holding reed basket"t"  
On her head!  
In her red hair  
Pale gray dog-ticks  
Sticks-----  
Where her waving flanks  
Sway and flap.  
She walks-----  
Eyes wide open  
Flashing heifer-defiance at me in  
Going by-----  
And I,  
With dead grass on my arm  
And with open gate  
We invite her in our  
Stall.  
I wish I were a poem  
Like a cow walking  
On a beach.

We signed our NON-D-PLUME, "BRAIN-  
LESS WONDER," and passed in the poem.  
We passed with flying culurs; and now, we  
are amoung the Eclaw contributters of the  
'slict cirkle of THE BUCKING EAR. But,  
my Muse wuz nervus and said she wus  
skeered agin, thet MAY wuz cummin' and  
she wuz afered we coodunt pass . . . but  
we petted her up a little, and taking her  
by the hand, we vamoosed whilst we cood;  
but, we cum face-ta-face with the ticknicker,  
and Muse said low-like, "She'ull shore turn  
ya' down!" But, we said, "Peace be still!  
She puts out Old Stuff hersef." So, this  
is US expectin' in box kayrh letturs to be  
writ again in the Hall of Famb! Awl spell-  
ing rites reserved, but ya' kin have the  
feet.

## BOOKPLATES

BY LOUIS J. SILVER.

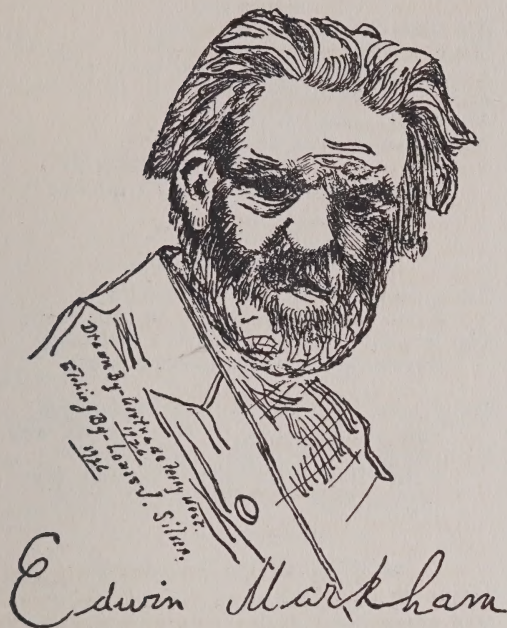
The purpose and practical beauty of a  
bookplate is obvious. Their use undoubtedly  
originated with the books themselves.  
For in days gone by, when books were a  
priceless asset because of their derth, some  
method had to be devised whereby the  
owner may be safe guarded and his prop-  
erty quickly identified when lost.

But due to the extreme value and scar-  
city of the volumes, crude marks to indi-  
cate ownership was never resorted to. In-  
stead, the owner caused to be engraved  
in the form of a bookplate, an image ex-  
pressing in symbols the ideals and social  
standing and other marks that would quick-  
ly identify the owner. This method of book-  
making has proved effective thru the ages,  
for many priceless volumes have found  
the owner thru the recognition of their  
bookplates, that would otherwise have been  
lost forever. The wisdom and refinement of  
such protection is rendered in the book-  
plate.



CONTRIBUTED POEMS

Cum progressu cantus, "Singing while advancing."



THE MAN WITH THE HOE

(Inspired from Millit's famous painting; first published 1899; has been published in 10,000 newspapers, and translated in thirty seven languages.)

EXTRACTS

Bowed by the weight of Centuries he leans,  
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,  
The emptiness of ages in his face,  
And on his back the burden of the world.  
Who made him dead to rapture and dis-  
pair.

A thing that grieves not and that never  
hopes,

Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox,  
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?  
Whose was the hand that slanted back his  
brow?

Whose breath blew out the light within his  
brain?

\* \* \* \* \*

Is this the thing the Lord God made and  
gave

To have dominion over sea and land;  
To trace the stars and search the heavens  
for power;

To feel the passion of Eternity?  
Is this the Dream—He dreamed who shaped  
the suns

And marked their ways upon the ancient  
deep?

Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf  
There is no shape more terrible than this—  
More tongued with censure of the world's  
blind greed—

More filled with signs and portents for the  
soul—

More fraught with danger to the universe.  
\* \* \* \* \*

O masters, lords and rulers in all land  
How will the future reckon with this man?

How answer his brute question in that hour  
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the  
world?

How will it be with kingdoms and with  
kings—

With those who shaped him to the thing  
he is—

When the dumb Terror shall reply to God  
After the silence of the Centuries?

(Hailed as "the battle-cry of the next  
thousand years." Sold by Leonora McKoy,  
Sec., 201-108 St., West, New York City;  
Also, Virgil Markham's great novel, THE  
SCAMP, the McMillan Co., Publishers, 60  
Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y., a splendid  
book just off the press by a "chip off the  
old block," and is 'nuff sed. \$2.25.—Editor).

LOOKING SOUTHWARD

(Langston's color may be like any other  
Negroes, but his heart is in the right place,  
and he is not lonesome when it comes to  
those blues, for . . . . we got 'em too!  
Editor.)

HOMESICK BLUES

De railroad bridge's  
A sad song in de air.  
De railroad bridge's  
A sad song in de air.  
Ever time de trains pass  
I wanta to go somewhere.

I went down to de station,  
Ma heart was in ma mouth.  
Went down to de station  
Heart was in ma mouth.  
Lookin's for a box car  
To roll me to de South.

Homesick blues, Lord,  
'S a terrible thing to have.  
Homesick blues is  
A terrible thing to have.  
To keep from cryin'  
I opens ma mouth an's laugh  
—LANGSTON HUGHES.

THE HEART'S GARDEN

By Lucy H. Smith

Let the heart bloom as it will  
Give it every joy to fill  
Every day and every night,  
With a love and radiance bright.

For a life is like a flower  
Blooming fresh in garden bower,  
Then it falls; and withers quite,  
Passes on beyond our sight.

Bloom the flowers of Heart and Spring  
In your perfect blossoming;  
Soon—too soon—those petals gay  
One by one, Fate bears away.

(Mrs. Alfred Franklin Smith.)



CONTRIBUTED POEMS

Cum progressu cantus, "Singing while advancing."

I SET MYSELF A HOPELESS TASK

(A PANTOUM\*. The Pantoum is one of the French forms, introduced from the East, and is well adapted for the treatment of monotonous subjects. It may consist of any number of four line stanzas, and if prolonged considerably is likely to produce a grotesque effect. The first and third line of each stanza are repetitions of the second and fourth line of the proceeding stanza. The second and fourth lines of the last stanza repeat the third and fourth lines of the first stanza.—The Author.)

I set myself a hopeless task;  
I sought to write a bright Pantoum:  
The reason why? Please do not ask,  
I can not tell; I write in gloom.

I sought to write a bright PANTOUM:  
O what a foolish thing to do!  
I can not tell; I write in gloom:  
The pantoum Muse I can not woo.

Oh, what a foolish thing to do:  
A pantoum is an endless chain.  
The pantoum Muse I can not woo;  
I circle round and round again.

The pantoum is an endless chain;  
It is a dark, a mad whirlpool:  
I circle round and round again.  
I'm helpless as a witless fool.

It is a dark, a mad whirlpool;  
It is Malaysian, so they say;  
I'm helpless as a witless fool:  
Some occult power gains the sway.

It is Maylasiian, so they say;  
A strange, and wild, and weird delusion;  
Some occult power gains the sway;  
And I am lost in dire confusion.

A strange, and wild, and weird delusion—  
All this has turned my addled brain,  
And I am lost in dire confusion,  
And all my efforts are in vain.

All this has turned my idle brain;—  
The reason why? Please do not ask—  
And all my efforts are in vain:  
I set myself a hopeless task.  
—ALBERT JAMES NORTON.

SILVER BIRCH

White robed sentinel of the wood  
'Mid green and weathered brown,  
A shining beacon seems your hood,  
Lighting the forest town.  
—J. ROY ZEISS.

THE SWEETEST DAYS

A song I'll sing to thee—  
I'm sure you will agree  
The sweetest days are these;  
When blossom budding trees  
Shall give their beauty rare,  
While fragrance fills the air.

It's then the heart grows gay  
When sunlight tints the day,  
And larks with joyous trills  
The soul with wonder fills;  
Ah, then I dance with glee  
When fair Spring days I see.

—MARY E. GRENNY.  
(Mrs. M. Edna Zeiss, "Roy's Mother")

HARVEST MOON

The golden sun had set in splendor,  
Some workers yet were cutting corn;  
The large full moon then rose in beauty  
Beyond some trees, another morn.

No wonder that the ancients worshiped  
The rising moon, in their crude way,  
As symbol of the bright hereafter,  
Which lights the way to perfect day.  
—HERBERT EMERY MANVILLE.

WHERE LOVE HAS BEEN

Little old grey, abandoned nest,  
You cling thru tropical sun and wind  
To the bouganvillea vine as it climbs  
High on the trellised porch behind  
Tall croton hedges of bronze and rose;  
Long ago on hurrying wing  
A careful mother-bird darted away,  
Suddenly vanishing.

Softly feathered in glistening blue,  
Tiny tropical songster, what  
Moved you to flee from the cradle-nest  
Swinging there like a thing forgot,  
Hung to shrivel and grey and fade,  
Dried to stiff, dead grass in the sun?  
When did your birdlings fly away,  
Leaving it empty and done?

Here love brooded her eggs with wings,  
And where love has been, a garden grows.  
Silently over the fading stalks,  
Swaying above the bronze and the rose,  
Windblown airplants with tiny fronds  
Fasten green fingers born of the rain,  
And in an emerald tracery  
The grey nest blooms again.  
—ADA BORDEN STEVENS.

(Mrs. Stevens has recently won several prizes for poetry.—Editor.)

THE LADDER OF SUCCESS.

100%—I did.  
90%—I will.  
80%—I can.  
70%—I think I can.  
60%—I might.  
50%—I think I might.  
40%—What is it?  
30%—I wish I could.  
20%—I don't know how.  
10%—Can't.  
0%—I won't, —Ex.



CONTRIBUTED POEMS

Cum progressu cantus, "Singing while advancing."

POETRY

Wrought by a master's gift divine,  
The gems of immortality,  
Metered to the passionate throb  
    . . . . . Of heart melody.  
—J. GRAYDON JEFFRIES.

'TEEN DAYS

Or

Love To A First Sweetheart  
(Continued from Number 3)  
(A Fantasia)

Part III

If you were the King of Devils,  
And I were a Christian maid,  
I would give up all my hopes of heaven  
And dying, not be afraid  
To be your queen-mistress of Hades  
With you, forever to be;  
And to change your Hades to Heaven  
For love-lorn sinner like me.

If you were the Lowly Carpenter  
And I the stoned Magdalene  
I would play again scenes she played  
With the godly Nazarene;  
With holy oil anoint your hair;  
I'd wash your weary feet;  
And, to redeem my sinner's soul  
I'd follow your cross, Sweet.

If I were just a snowflake, Mine;  
And you, just a Winter rose;  
I'd fall upon your petals "rare;"  
When Boreas brings down snows;  
I'd fold you in my fond embrace,  
So others could never trace,  
I'd make a bridal robe of lace  
And in it I'd keep you "froze."

If you were breezes a-lapping, Sweet;  
The waves of crystal White Lake . . .  
Enchanting waters in the dell  
Where Bladen's flowers awake  
To tell that the pretty Springtime  
Has brought the early flowers . . .  
You'd be as fragrant and sweet, Love;  
And refreshing as showers.

If I were lad-afishing there,  
Where shines the silvery sand,  
And sing the numerous sweet birds . . .  
A silver-fluted, feathered band . . .  
I'd love you with a love as pure  
As the waters of the lake,  
And sing you a roundelay  
Till I love in you awake.

If you were lake of silver, Dear;  
Glimmering so clear and bright  
Among the sandhills of Bladen  
Where moon shines clearer at night  
Than any spot in Carolina  
Where the lovely creeks and rills  
Flow like pretty silver ribbons  
Thru glades and gray-mossy hills.

If you were amorous Jupiter,  
And I were an eagle in flight;  
Upon your breast I would build my nest;  
And, should Vulcan forge bolts at night  
To strike my pretty home-nest away,  
I would call fair Hebe to my side,  
And she would bear him a poisonous cup  
While brave Nike would laugh till she  
cried.

—GERTRUDE PERRY WEST.

(To Be Continued)

AUTUMN

(From Signs Of The Season In Dixieland.  
Continued from Number 3)

De cotton boll 'bussin' ober de fiel';  
De chickens amb sheddin' deyer fedder;  
De 'simmons in de bottum rippenin' fas';  
De green lebes amb turnin' ter yellor;  
De rabbit gittin' fat on turnip sass;  
De gray fox barkin' in de holler;  
De pain us feels in de small ob de back  
Is er sign us bin er strippin' fodder.

De lebes amb red; de coon makin' beds;  
De walnut lebes amb yaller and brown;  
De grapes amb ripe and de hollerin' snipe;  
An', de ole hoot owl amb cummin' er  
round;  
De diggin' ob tatters; de shuckin' corn;  
An' de drinkin ob de scuppernounc  
wine;  
De nuts fallin'; robin red-bres' callin';  
Makes us welcome de Dixie harves'  
time.

WINTER

De partridge whistlin' in de morn;  
Callin' Bob White frum he slumber;  
De whistlin' win', de cole, white snow;  
Boo, doan yo' wish hit were Summur!  
De fox barkin' ober de hill;  
De ole blew-jay huntin' de corn;  
De squirrel crackin' nuts on fence;  
Sho' makes us glad dat us were born.

De turtle-dove cooin' in de wood;  
De snow-burd trippin' er round';  
Er tryin' ter gadder de grass seed  
Scattered ober de bleak ground';  
Chinkeypin ripin' by de crick;  
'Possum es fat es de coon;  
De fros' shinin' like silvur threds,  
In lite ob goldin moon.

De trees undress; win' kinder press; ;  
Den us hunts fo' de splinter;  
Us looks fru do', an' sees fo' sho'  
Dar stalks Ole Fodder Winter!  
De win' whistlin' 'round' de house;  
De whip-per-will in de gardin;  
De snow fall thick, tote in wood quick;  
Win' beggin' nobody's pardin!

—GERTRUDE PERRY WEST.



CONTRIBUTED POEMS

Cum progressu cantus, "Singing while advancing."

TO ROY

("Greater love hath no man than this;  
that man lay down his life for his friend.")  
Our Roy is dead! Dear, brave little laddie,  
No more may we wait, and listen for him.  
Short tho' his life, we know that in Heaven  
Angels rejoiced when he entered therein.

Golden-haired, blue-eyed, happily singing,  
Dear little boy, he was just nine years  
old . . . .

Away with his playmate . . "Let's go fish-  
ing" . .

Oh, the dark water treacherous and cold!

Reaching hand to his struggling companion  
That he might help him a foot hold to  
gain . . .

Slipped in the water, deep and sullen,  
Poor little laddie, his struggles were vain!

Roy is dead! But, we know that in dying . . .  
(Greater our loss than can ever be told)  
Roy is happy with Angels in Heaven,  
Safe ever more in that City of Gold.  
—MARY EMMA HALL.

AT THE TOMB OF POE

It is a hallowed spot of earth  
That holds a hallowed urn of dust  
Returned whence erst it had its birth,  
A second holier, dearer trust.  
And for each atom in its whole  
A sigh, a tear hath fallen low,  
Touched from a sympathetic soul  
That learned its anguish thus to know.

Here let the poet's soulful tear  
Fall silently upon the sod,  
Where rests the form to men once dear  
And always near and dear to God;  
Here let the critic lay his pen  
Beneath the green and waving grass,  
To consecrate his thot to men,  
And let their works in honor pass.

Here let the sage, whose wisdom's way  
O'erlooks humanity—its pains,  
With humbled head a moment stay  
To think on what this tomb contains:  
A sleeping form, yet every blade  
Of tender grass that o'er it gleams,  
Its sacred mound of earth to shade,  
In mute appeal would voice its dream—

The dreams that yet were left untold  
When earth received its sacred trust,  
Enshrouded in the upturned mould,  
A new consignment of the dust;  
The songs that yet were left unsung  
The psalms that breathed a human  
love,  
A human sorrow, sighed amoung  
Hope thrills of joy snatched from above.  
—CHARLES SLOAN REID.

EVOLUTION

He was only a struggling grocer,  
Selling staples, on time, for his health,  
Till he found, for cash, could sell spirits,  
And he is now, a merchant of wealth.  
—MARGARET BURTON.

PLUTO FALLS

(Bill Windham Takes An Unexpected Fall)  
Overboard Into The Sapona . . .  
Three seaman brave went to sea;  
To see what they could see . . .  
They sailed the water o'er and o'er;  
Sticking closely to the shore.

Skipper Windham stood on high;  
The old boat rocked; Oh, me! Oh, my!  
But, still he stood quite brave indeed . . .  
The warning still he did not heed.

The boat it rocked, and rocked, and rocked;  
And finally came the thing that shocked . . .  
In the spur of the moment Bill gave a  
slip . . .  
And Oh, what a long, cold, deep dip!  
—MARSDEN PRIEST.

WATERFRONT

I hear the great ships coming in  
From the dark sea, from the deep sea;  
I hear the muffled wharf sounds win  
A slow rest as the gaunt winds thin  
Along the brown quay.

And a slim, ghostly moon looks through  
My window's crowded ivy lace . . .  
In twos and threes I hear the crew  
Work with their wet ropes in the blue  
Lampit city's face.

I lie awake; for none may sleep.  
When the great ships come in from sea,  
When their sad deep-voiced whistles leap  
Into the fog and gaunt winds creep  
Down along the quay . . . . .  
—S. BERT COOKSLEY,

CAROLINA DREAMS

Carolina day skies are the bluest,  
Carolina lovers are the truest—  
Carolina mornings are the sweetest,  
Carolina twilights are the fleetest.

Carolina mothers are the dearest,  
Carolina joys always nearest;  
Carolina sunshine is the brightest,  
Carolina heartaches are the lightest.

Land of happiness and laughter,  
Land of roof-skies, blue,  
Land of sunshine and of promise,  
Land of Dreams, come true . . . . .  
—FRANK L. ALDERMAN.



ANTHOLOGY SECTION

SLOGAN:

Aut viam inveniam aut faciam,—“I shall either find or make a path.”

Copyright 1926 By Gertrude Perry West

SIX POEMS

By

FRANK L ALDERMAN

AGE

If I can keep within my grasp  
A few things,  
Like half-heard music in the dusk  
On moth wings;

If I can keep around me always,  
Laughter, gay—  
Old age will hold no fear for me;  
Nor decay.

If I can hear a voice I know  
Breathing near,  
Then I can walk the sunset road,  
Happy, dear . . . . .

FIRE AND LOVE

I thot after you left that I would be  
So unhappy,  
But Time is a bottle of Tonic, to—  
Make life “snappy.”

I grieved awhile at your calm departure,  
Never thinking  
That I, tonight into sweeter eyes  
Would be drinking.

I kept the snap-shots and your foolish  
poems,  
Realizing,  
That I would kiss them every hour, such  
Idolizing!

What we took for passion and fire, was love,  
Flaming, burning;  
A restlessness is torturing me, and I  
Am returning . . . . .

WHAT DO WE FIND IN HEAVEN?

There's a warm hearth-fire and a twilight  
And a winding lover's lane . . .  
There's a shady park where the children  
play  
Far from the haunts of pain.

I think there's a smell of ginger, perhaps;  
And, a mother who cuddles her boy;  
There's a story told in the candle-light  
To a babe with a rubber toy.

There's a full yellow moon pressing her  
mouth  
Against ivory-throat of the skies—  
There's the sound of your voice, touch of  
your hands,  
And the great fire in your eyes . . . . .

TWO GREAT MEN  
LINCOLN.

When I hear his name, I think  
Of poverty's chain—  
Of silence and of bitterness,  
And beating rain.

I think too, of a burning Cause,  
One bleeding hour . . . . .  
Of patience and of hopefulness,  
A flaming power!  
\*\* \*\*

WILSON.

When I hear his name, I think  
Of mountains tall—  
Of faith in Truth, love for man;  
Humanity's call.

I think of toil and self denial,  
Man from dust and soil  
But with a light and what a soul,  
Comrade with his God.

EVENING

The crimson peaks of the west grow dim,  
The horses drag in the plows,  
A bony man draws water up;  
A boy goes after the cows.

The man with strong, brown arms looks  
glad,  
Glad that the day is dead—  
And the boy laughs with wild delight,  
At the sweet, fresh smell of bread.

REMEMBERING

I must not even dare to dream of you—  
For with the tender years I must for-  
get,  
But I am glad, dear heart that I have kissed  
you;  
Yes, glad that you and I have met.

I must not let your image come into my  
heart,  
For I have work to do, and years to  
live—  
I would not bring un-called-for grief and  
tears;  
I gave you all sweetheart, I had to  
give!

So you will go your joyful way into the  
world,  
And I shall slave till work and pain  
are thru,  
And when my sunset burns to amber in the  
west,  
I'll bid this world goodbye, remember-  
ing you!



ANTHOLOGY SECTION

SEVEN POEMS

By HENRY HARVEY FUSON

BIOGRAPHY SKETCH

(From DAVIS' ANTHOLOGY OF NEWS-PAPER VERSE, 1925)

"Mr. Fuson was born in Kentucky, 1876. Graduate Cumberland College, A. B. (1905) University of Cincinnati, B. S. (1920) Has been teacher, principal and superintendent of schools in Kentucky for 28 years. At present, Sec'y-Treas., Martin's Fork Coal Company. Author, "THE PINNACLE" 1921 and "JUST FROM KENTUCKY" 1925. Residence, Louisville, Ky."

(These poems have never been published.)

THE WORM TURNS

The earthen worm turns in his bed,  
Turns in his bed,  
And the wealth of men is not the same:  
Some rise to heights unknown before,  
Some sink to levels down the more,  
And each is not what he became,  
When the earthen worm turns in his bed,  
Turns in his bed.

The earthen worm turns in his bed,  
Turns in his bed,  
And broken are the bones of men  
On the pounding wheels of circumstance.  
They barter with fate for a chance  
But fly before his face again,  
When the earthen worm turns in his bed,  
Turns in his bed.

The fabled serpent of the sea  
Turns in his bed,  
And the heaving sea gulps down the ships  
And leaves the wreckage on the shore,  
And the lashing waves in fury beat  
About the hulks of these old ships,  
When the fabled serpent of the sea  
Turns in his bed.

The fabled serpent of the sea  
Turns in his bed,  
And nations fall and nations rise,  
And rulers come and rulers go,  
And subjects come and subjects go,  
And the world is governed otherwise,  
When the fabled serpent of the sea  
Turns in his bed.

THE SOUL OF THE TREE

I see a poem in the tree.  
I can not rest for the life of me.  
I seize my pen, begin to write,  
But the vision fades from out of sight.

From out of sight like vapor goes—  
To what vague realm no one knows.  
I strive with might to capture it;  
Again, again, I strive for it.  
But something mocks my effort vain—  
The view will not then come again.

The tree has changed, O can it be  
That I was tricked and did not see?

The tree stands here on rocky hill,  
On barest peak of this rough hill,  
With body bent, with branches torn,  
With life most spent, with leaves near  
shorn.

Is this the tree I saw before?  
Is this the thing?—no more, no more!  
But what has wrought this change—if  
change?

It seems to me so very strange.

I wonder where the poem went—  
In vision torn, in vision rent?  
My soul cries out in its despair;  
"O God, the vision! Where, O where?"

The strangest feeling comes over me  
And something tugs at the heart of me.  
I look within—confusion's there!  
I look at the hill, and stare and stare!

Then God performs in wonder wise—  
Transformed in tree before my eyes!  
The tree is clothed in beauty rare,  
With halo round about it there!  
The vision here! O see it rise!  
This hill becomes a paradise!

A bird sings of the beauty rife!  
God walks beneath this tree of life  
And speaks so true the words of life:  
"Eat of the fruit in peace not strife!"

THE CARDINAL

(Dedicated to Senator Arch Hamilton who introduced the bill in the Kentucky Senate to make the Cardinal the state bird.)

A glint of red beside the stream,  
A gleam of red o'er bluegrass seen,  
A flash of red beneath the sky,  
A flame of red from on high,  
And the Cardinal comes on the scene!

A flash, a flame, a glint, a gleam—  
With song that stirs our souls to dream  
And lifts our thots up to the sky—  
The Cardinal.

Of birds the state now crowns thee queen!  
O scarlet sprite of stately mien!  
The gems of love, O let them lie  
In the crown of law and never die!  
O love and law and stately queen—  
The Cardinal!

THE FIDDLER

The fiddler sits at his door  
And pines for life the more!  
He's poured his mind and heart  
In soul-expressive art!

Life says to him: "What more  
Do you want than this store?"  
"I want dear Life, more life,



ANTHOLOGY SECTION

And life forevermore!"

"This you now have," says Life,  
"And will sure have, in strife—  
Come on, be just, be just!—  
Till body turns to dust!"

"Then out the dust you'll rise  
To life beyond! Be wise!  
Then life forevermore  
You'll have to keep in store!"

"But, Life, I want more here  
Before I leave for sphere  
Beyond this vale of tears,  
Beyond the changing years!"

Then Death says: "Come with me!  
You want what cannot be!  
Your soul's required of thee  
This day. Now come with me!"

THE DECISION

John Cox stands on the cliff—  
The divide between two worlds.  
Which shall he choose, Oliph?  
Be quick! The smoke upcurls!

The smoke of his sure doom,  
Before, behind, around,  
Does seem to rise in gloom  
From out the cursed ground!

He turns to look behind—  
His hopes lie buried there!  
Can he turn back to grind  
His soul down in despair?

He turns to look around—  
He feels a lift of earth!  
Can man to dust be ground,  
O soul! upon this earth?

He turns to look ahead—  
To him the land's unknown!  
Escape he must—the dread—  
Before his soul's o'erthrown!

He leaves that cliff and ground—  
The belching smoke beneath  
And tumbling rocks around,  
And all that fate bequeath!

He presses forward there!  
His soul this day was found  
Dear Life and Freedom fair!  
O God! 'Tis sacred ground!

BILL DRAYTON

Bill Drayton came into his own  
One happy day.  
The Lord showed him what he had sown  
Along the way.

The crop was weeds, so very tall,  
O the sin of it!—  
In his sore wrath he cut them all—  
He feared the pit.

The stubble did remain a scar  
Upon his soul,

But he could not then let this mar  
His higher goal.

He went down to the house of God  
To pray alone—  
In plainest vision there the rod  
Of Aaron shone.

Then to the walks of men he went,  
With eager will—  
On greatest mission he was bent  
To do God's will.

He found the farmer by the way  
Whose horse had died—  
He took him home with him that day,  
And a horse supplied.

A child came by with heavy load  
Upon its back—  
He took the burden on the road  
And then came back.

A neighbor's house burned to the ground,  
All was gone, all—  
The money for a house he found  
To comfort all.

He found a school boy crying by  
The garden way.  
"Oh, what's the matter? Do not cry—  
I'll show the way."

His new religion went the round  
Along that creek,  
And when he died the countryside  
Did his kind seek.

JES' FROM OLE KAINTUCK

(From JUST FROM KENTUCKY, a Second  
Volume of Verse by Henry Harvey Fuson.)

Yes, jes' from ole Kaintuck,  
The land uv peace, frenship, an' good luck,  
As I say;  
But them thar nusepapers won't have it  
that-a way:  
They talk uv fightin's an' killin's,  
Of moonshine stills an' raids, gee whillikins,  
Uv ig'rance an' pore schools,  
An' sich things—that's the talk uv fools.

I'm jes' from ole Kaintuck.  
I know it's the land uv peace an' luck,  
Fer nobody has been killed up thar-fer  
night on two weeks,  
An' Sally has a new baby that almos'  
speaks—  
None uv yer monkey babies that the Ever-  
lutioners talk uv.  
But an' hones'-to-goodness baby one ye  
could love.  
An' as fer frenship, it can't be beat, I de-  
clair,—  
W'y people holler at ye fer a mile an'  
axe ye how ye air.  
Now Sally is my gal,  
The baby one uv the fam'lee—fer short they  
call her Sal.  
But Sal is too plain-like fer me



ANTHOLOGY SECTION

An' I call her Sally when I'm whar they  
won't laff at me.  
Sally is shore a good woman, if I do say it.  
She has ten children uv her own—do ye  
wonder at it?  
An' two orphan children uv her husband's  
sister.

She takes good keer uv them all, Mister,  
And' finds plenty uv time to work in the  
fiel' endurin' crop time,  
To haul in the hay in the hot sunshine,  
To dig the pertaters an' put the corn away,  
To get stove wood along the way,  
An cook three meals fer all the fam'lee an'  
more.

Sich company as she has—it shore  
Is a sight;  
They cum in sixes an' sevens at night.

But them gals uv hern won't work at all—  
All they do is to fall  
Upon the bed, with a book in their hand,  
An' read an' read, good land!  
If Sally axes them to do sumthin; they  
say

They have no time today.  
Sich doin's! If they's mine,  
I' shore put them to work on time.  
I'm told they're out at dances till two  
o'clock.

Now this is orful; it shore does shock  
Me to think I'm their grand'mother.  
An' jes' yisterday I learned another  
Uv their tricks. They ride in a auto,  
Boys an' gals both, six or eight in a seat.  
They ought-to  
Be whipped outright.

What's our gals a-comin' to? It's a fright.

What do yer think uv such a trip fer  
eighty?

Yes, I am nigh on to eighty—  
Will be eighty at my nex' birthday in July.  
Yes, July twentieth, I think it is, w'y  
Yes, that's right, I was forty-five  
When Sally was born, as I'm alive.  
Well, I went all the way from Tennessee  
here

On the train to ole Kaintuck. How dear.

Ole Kaintuck is to me!  
It wuz fifty miles or more, yer see,  
But fer thirty years I've wanted to go back  
To where I was born on dear ole Fishback.  
It cost me a pretty good sum,  
All uv two or three dollars, but I'm not  
sorry I cum

To see Sally. I may never see her again,  
But I love her an' ole Kaintuck.  
Amen.

(Mr. Fuson is also author of THE PIN-  
NACLE, his first book of verse. Both books  
may be had from the author, or the Pub-  
lisher; the Publisher's is given elsewhere,  
and PRESIDENT FUSON'S address is,  
2022 Eastern Parkway, Louisville, Ky. His  
journal is lovely, and jamb full of Ken-  
tucky folklore, and other splendid features.

Subscription, including a membership in  
the FOLK LORE SOCIETY, \$1.00 a year.  
The journal is quarterly.'

MY WISH

Were I a gypsy in Arcady,  
Upon some golden, joy kissed spot,  
Oh, but the happiness I'd know,  
In all the things I had forgot!  
But I am far from Arcady  
I toil from June until December  
And tho' there's lots I should forget,  
I can do nothing but remember.  
—JAMES MORRY MORRISON.

WE SHALL NOT SLEEP

In Flanders Field the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks still bravely singing fly  
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.  
We are the dead.

Short days ago we lived, felt dawn saw sun-  
set glow  
Loved and were loved and now we lie  
In Flanders Field.

Take up your quarrel with the foe.  
To you with failing hands we throw  
The Torch—be yours to hold it high;  
If ye break faith with those who die  
We shall not sleep tho poppies grow  
In Flanders Field.

—COL. JOHN McRAE.

SONG OF THE TRAILING ARBUTUS

The pine tree sweetly sang his lay of love  
As on the hill he stood pensive and lone;  
But he was heeded not, his love was gone.  
Day in, day out, fidelity he'd prove,  
His heart was true and gentle as a dove.  
Could she not hear his deep, pathetic moan,  
And would she come if only she had known?  
Ah, no! She slept while he did sing above.  
Altho she heeded not his plaintive song,  
He knew his efforts could not be in vain,  
For she would come, the time would not be  
long,  
And spend with him the bright spring days  
again.

O, noble pine, with heart so true and strong!  
Rejoice to know thy labor is not vain!

—ELIZABETH BEAM FAIRCLOTH.

(Mrs. Faircloth is our blind poet, and the  
above poem is from "HAPPY THOTS  
AMOUNG THE PINES," by her . . . and  
is \$1 from the author, Fayetteville, N. C.  
It is a beautiful brochure. Editor.)

TO GERTRUDE PERRY WEST

Down amoung Ohio's singing hills,  
There sings a heart of beauty true,  
Such songs that make God gladly smile:  
On the hearts that sing the ages thru.

—J. GRAYDON JEFFRIES.



ANTHOLOGY SECTION

THREE POEMS

By ALBERT JAMES NORTON

THE FATAL WORD

I

Soft beauty clothed the Norman land;  
The skies were blue; the airs were  
bland;  
While fragrant odors cast around  
Their magic spells; and every sound  
Disposed the restless mind to sleep  
And torpor through the veins to creep.

II

A noble huntsman on a height  
Saw then a strange and lovely sight:  
A score of ladies rode along—  
A band who sang a charming song  
On palfreys white and dapple gray:  
Their Queen surpassing fair, was FEE\*1  
The hunter sank upon his knee,  
Subdued with love, and made this plea:  
"Most beautiful, come, be my wife,  
And in my castle dwell for life."  
"I long have loved you well," she said;  
"Now take an oath, before we wed,  
Ne'er to speak the name of DEATH to me,  
And I your loving wife will be."  
"Right glad, I take the oath," he said;  
And on the morrow they were wed.  
Soon progeny their union crowned,  
And many happy years sped round.

III

A pageant they were to attend;  
Long at her toilet she did spend.  
Provoked at last, her voice he heard,  
And quickly spoke the fateful word:  
"Fetch Death. You're a proper one, no  
doubt,  
So long doing what you are about."\*2  
A piercing cry! the FEE had gone,  
Vanished like a mist before the dawn.  
Her hand had marked the castle gate,  
And left her lord this sign of fate  
He sought to call her back again,  
And shrieked her name, but shrieked in  
vain.

IV

She comes, 'tis said, at midnight hour,  
And stands, in white, upon the tower,  
And, wandering round the castle walls,  
She sighs and moans, and sadly calls,  
In solemn tones and bated breath,  
The awful name of DEATH! Death!  
\*1 Past, participle of the French verb  
FEER, to enchant; to bewitch; to cast a  
spell. Here it is best translated as the  
present participle, enchanting, &. "Fee,"  
noun, is the French word for FAIRY (FAY)  
ELF.  
\*2 The proverbial saying, "You would be  
a good person to send to fetch death; for  
you take long enough to "perform what  
you are about," is common to a number of  
languages.

—The Author.

WHERE SHALL I GO  
(RONDEAU\*1)

Where shall I go when Death for me shall  
call?  
Unto another world of sin and thrall?  
Forbid, my soul, forbid that awful fate,  
And here prepare me for a better state:  
I fain would rise and upward fly, not fall.  
On this sad earth, forlorn I merely crawl,  
Shut in, it seems to me, by some high  
wall.  
And here men lie, and cheat, and steal  
and hate.  
Where shall I go?

This world is like a vast and dreary hall,  
Each man enclosed within a little stall.  
I hope and trust I yet may consum-  
mate  
A perfect life in worlds more fortunate.  
All earth objects and all pleasures pall.  
Where shall I go?

\*1—The RONDEAU is one of the old  
French forms, and is used for light and seri-  
ous subjects. It has thirteen lines, not  
counting the refrain, which is the first half  
of the first lines, of the poem, and some-  
times merely the first word. It runs on  
only two rhymes.

—The Author.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD  
TENDS HIS SHEEP  
(VILLANELLE\*1)

The gentle shepherd tends his sheep,  
The bleating lambkins frisk and play;  
Their tryst the rustic lovers keep.  
The flowers smile from vale and steep,  
The sunshine gilds the glowing day;  
The gentle shepherd tends his sheep.  
The woodbine and the ivy creep  
Along the wall; all nature's gay;  
Their tryst the rustic lovers keep.  
The child lies in the shade asleep;  
The creek goes babbling on it's way:  
The gentle shepherd tends his sheep.  
In grassy fields the sweet buds peep,  
While rains refresh the month of May;  
Their tryst the rustic lovers keep.

The yeoman will the harvest reap,  
Sweet is the scent of new-mown hay:  
The gentle shepherd tends his sheep;  
Their tryst the rustic lovers keep.

\*1—The VILLANELLE, an old French  
form of poetry, was originally devoted to  
pastoral subjects. Some attempt is here  
made to preserve its ancient character. It  
has nineteen lines and only two rhymes.  
The first line of the poem re-appears as the  
last line of second and fourth stanzas and  
as the third line of the sixth stanza; while  
the last line of the first stanza is also the  
last line of the third and fifth stanzas and  
the last line of the sixth stanza.

—The Author.



CONTRIBUTED POEMS

Cum progressu cantus, "Singing while advancing."

(Continued From Page 45)

HALLOWE'EEN

Of a' the festivals we hear,  
Frae Handsel-Monday till New Year,  
There's few in Scotland held mair dear  
For mirth, I wean,  
Or yet can boast o' better cheer,  
Than Hallowe'een.

—JOHN MAYCE—1739-1836.

OCTOBER

Just as Autumn day was waking;  
Before the sun came over the hills;  
I was waked from morning slumber  
By a coo-na-la-tee's sweet trills;  
I arose, and from my window  
Saw a sugar-maple painted gold  
Where the gray silver-throated mocker  
Sang to the Summer, brown and old;  
We to Fall whispered—"October"—  
With pretty rainbow colors rare,  
She has come to tell Old Summer  
To be going, that you are here!

—GERTRUDE PERRY WEST.

OKLAHOMA WIND

O, Wind, a-blowing all day long;  
O, Wind, a-singing the self-same song;  
Of ships and sailors and far off seas;  
Of rivers and of boats, and broad levees;  
Of cargoes and of lading in rich argosies,  
To lure one from the inland;  
Some say it is but the threat of rain  
When the wind rushes wild across the plain  
And hurls its dust in bold disdain  
Against the feeble human brain;  
But, to me it sings as it sweeps along  
Of mariners brave in boats as strong,  
And the thot of it all makes me sigh and  
long

To leave the home and mainland.

—FREDA CLOE FOSTER.

MY DREAM COME TRUE

I dreamed a dream of golden hue,  
A fair and fragile thing . . . .  
A little toy that danced and grew,  
And made my world to sing.

What was this dream of heart and mind?  
Where did my fancies wend?  
This longing was some day to find,  
In this cold world, a friend:

Some one to take . . . someone to give . . .  
Some one to understand,  
A pal to hate and then forgive,  
A friend to clasp my hand.

You are that dream come true, Dear One;  
You are golden ray;  
You are my stars, my moon, my sun . .  
You stole the dark away.

—KATHARINE K. RUCKER.

FAIRY LANTERNS

Line of fairy lanterns,  
Swinging high and low,  
In a-many colored, winding row.  
Ever in my dreaming

You are shining, gleaming.  
Ever you are swinging, high and low.  
Fairy lanterns,  
Fairy lanterns,  
Swinging high and low!

Fairy lanterns beautiful,  
Softly swing and blow  
In a winding line of dazzling light,  
In my hours of sleeping,  
Dead to toil and weeping,  
Always you are twinkling gay and bright.  
Fairy lanterns,  
Fairy lanterns,  
Twinkling gay and bright.

Light of fragile fancies;  
Things that can not be,  
In my dreams you seem a living thing.  
Tho' your brightness fails me  
When the day assails me,  
Still I love the lights that blow and swing.  
Fairy lanterns,  
Beautiful,  
Ever blow and swing!

—DOLORES ESTHA RUSS.

THE PROFITEER

The days were bad when bold Black Bart  
Held up a stage-coach, now and then—  
When Brennan played his "stick-up" part  
Along the turnpike way with men—  
When Jesse James let nothing pass  
That claimed a stick-pin or a purse—  
Those days were bad; but now, alas:  
We feel, we know—the days are worse.

If truth on hist'ry's page be told,  
Those ancient gunmen, o'er and o'er,,  
Took from the purse-proud rich, their gold  
And scattered coins among the poor;  
Such worthy custom now appears  
Reversed, side-tracked, or in a ditch,  
And practice on the profiteer!  
Rob from the poor—to aid the rich!

Then welcome back, Oh, bold Black Bart,  
Cole Younger, Brennan, James, appear!  
Revive once more your "stick up" art  
And practice on the profiteer!  
Take back from him the cash that's ours,  
Then, let us claim some meager share;  
Come back!—we'll strew your paths with  
flowers  
And keep your pistols in repair.

—NOAH F. WHITAKER.

(Note—The inspiration for this poem  
swooped down upon me when I was taxed  
fifty cents for a small soup-bone.—N.  
F. W.)

POETRY

Poetry is the flight of the imagination,  
the beauty of the aesthetic, the purity of  
the soul, the passion of the heart, the pulse  
of life, the record of reality, and the hunger-  
ing for the ideal.

—WILLIAM EDMUND FILLERY.



CONTRIBUTED POEMS

Cum progressu cantus, "Singing while advancing."

MUSIC AND POETRY

Music and poetry are twins,  
They bump together their chins,  
In a sweet savory kiss,  
That is positively bliss,  
Expressed in enraptured grins.

—GERTRUDE PERRY WEST.

WOVEN PICTURES

The mysterious centuries are found  
In beautiful woven rugs at my feet—  
Richer in value than Chinese porcelains  
Their records in Arabic lie concealed  
In color tones rivaling a Corot.  
In delicate traceries, arabesques  
And geometric designs, beautiful  
As rose-windows in cathedrals.  
Each picture, softer than frosted velvet,  
Reveals secrets of the mystical East.

—PEARL BURKE WELLS.

PEACH BLOOM

A wee pink cloud ran away one day,  
And wandered down from the sky—  
A bare little peach tree saw it pass,  
And heaved a sad little sigh!

"My poor little limbs are so cold and bare,  
Can such ugliness be my doom?"—  
Then the wee pink cloud wrapped it all  
around,

And now my peach tree's in bloom!

—ANN L. CARPENTER.

OUT THERE \*1

If God has heard my pleading prayer,  
I shall not walk on streets of gold,  
Nor shall I climb the marble stair  
To leave the things I loved of old.  
But I shall hear again the trees  
That sigh and sing thruout the night;  
Wind minstrels of the mystic keys  
Will tell once more of love and light.

If he has heard each whispered sound,  
(And being here He knows and sees)  
I'll not delight in treasures found  
Except they be of dreams like these:  
The smell of clover-covered hills,  
A well-known step upon the stair—  
Just simply little earthly thrills—  
These things I hope to find out there.

—NICHOLAS DRAKE.

(\*1 PRESIDENT DRAKE'S poem was submitted to us, but during his illness his local society was asked for some poems of Virginia poets, by the AMERICAN POETRY MAGAZINE, and it was among those submitted, and was published in the July Number of that splendid journal. Editor.)

THE GOLDEN CIRCLE

(Continued from Summer Number)

Autumn.

The bells ring slow in the Autumn,  
For then is the time of peace.  
We glean our golden aftermath  
When harvest labors cease.  
With laurel, lily, asphodel,  
A stately garland weave,  
And children crown us with content,  
In Autumn's quiet eve.

And the seasons swing in the circle,  
And ever the song rings true,  
And the sweet church-bell  
Does its restful secret tell  
Of hearth—and home—and you.

Winter.

The bells ring sad in the Winter,  
For then is the time of rest.  
Youth's golden dreams forever gone—  
Whatever is, is best.  
With a faith that never falters,  
We yearn for visioned light,  
Surcease from memory's lonely ache,  
In Winter's weary blight.

And the seasons swing in the circle,  
And ever the song rings true,  
And the passing-bells  
Does its solemn secret tells  
Of eternity with you.

—LUCIA STARNES MONROE.

(From "BUBBLES." Order from Florrie Jean Lightfoot, 635 Arsenal St., Fayetteville, N. C., Price 50c.)

WINTER GARDEN

Beside the fire, at close of day,  
When I am lost in revery,  
I see them, warm and bright and gay—  
The fragrant blooms so dear to me.

Of every form, of every shade,  
And growing lovelier every year;  
They never wither, never fade—  
O memory garden sweet and dear?

Seeds were sown in bygone years;  
By those I loved; the soil was truth;  
'Neath friendship's sunshine, lovers' tears,  
They flourish in the spring of youth.

Those loved ones now are gone, but still,  
While sitting in the firelight glow,  
They bring to me the same old thrill—  
My memory flowers of long ago.

—FLORRIE JEAN LIGHTFOOT.

(From BITS OF ARDEN. Order from author, price 50c.)

THE DREAMER

John took his corn to mill on a mule  
(In this far vale this was the rule).

He parched some corn before the fire  
(His soul-hope burned with warm desire).

The dusty miller hummed a tune  
(To lofty dreams he was immune).

The tune roused up John's soul to flame  
(He longed for words to give it name).

He rose to look out at the hills  
(Oh, for a cure for his soul's ills).

He heaved the meal upon the mule  
(The sky flamed thru the trees—the rule).

He rode back home along the way  
(His soul, new-born, arose that day).

—HENRY HARVEY FUSON.



CONTRIBUTED POEMS

Cum progressu cantus, "Singing while advancing."

A KINDLY LIGHT FROM EDISON

Born with a passion from his boyhood days  
To mould great nature to his vast desire,  
He strung his incandescent lamps on wire  
And telegraphed on single lines four ways,\*  
Wrought day and night in God's eternal maze  
To find the clues that set the world on fire,  
With phones and motion pictures to inspire,  
And phonographs—the marvels of his age.  
Then fortune placed him in a mansion fair  
Where love shed on his heart a light divine;  
For looking on his home and garden rare  
He said unto a friend:—"This is too fine  
For me, but not too fine for one I care  
The most on earth—this little wife of mine."

—WASHINGTON VAN DUSEN.

(Note—\*Alludes to Edison's Quoddrophone System of Telegraphy. It saved the Western Union millions.—The Author.)

MOURNING SONG

A mystic sea in sun-set shades  
Of Agony and Bliss,  
The rosy promise of the dawn  
Linked with our farewell kiss.

The gondolier has left you there  
Upon the steps of jade—  
I travel on thru waters black,  
Sun gleaming on my blade.

For you is peace, oblivion gray  
After our rainbow shade  
Of love and passion, life and death—  
Yet all we would not trade.

My empty craft once built for two,  
Sails on, though rainbows fade—  
Thru all the storms, heedless I lie,  
Remembering steps of jade.  
—MILDRED MAXINE CHRISTIAN.

AUTUMN

The trees are a mass  
Of crimson and yellow—  
A perfect poem!  
The wheat fields are a volume of verse,  
Bound in brown and gold—  
Each line a gift from God.  
—FLORRIE JEAN LIGHTFOOT.

HE WAS A DECENT GUY

I'd rather have it said of me,  
When this old journey's thru  
That on my way I'd tried to be,  
A friend to all I knew,  
Than have it said I gather gold  
And then have voices fall—  
Because they knew when that was told  
They'd really said it all.

I'd gladly pass along my way,  
When comes my time to die,  
If all who knew me here shall say:  
"He was a decent guy!"  
—EDGAR A. GUEST.

WINTER

Winter is here with it's chilling breeze;  
It's winds are so cold and strong;  
We miss the flutter of pretty birds,  
And their sweet, and cheerful song;  
The tender buds have hidden away  
Beneath the dead and brown leaves,  
Their dear little heads they dare not lift,  
Or they would be chilled and freeze.

The dead leaves now, are falling so fast  
They carpet cold, frozen ground;  
Not a trace of red or gold is left,  
Nor bit of emerald found;  
See how the snowflakes now are falling;  
Falling so thick and so fast;  
They to us bring sweet memories of  
Snow-balling games of the past.

The trees are laden; fast the snow clings,  
But warm sunshine's the best;  
It's rays that are bright, cheer to us brings;  
It's more welcome than the rest;  
We come inside, and closing the door,  
We welcome the warmth we feel;  
We find our dear children on the floor,  
And with them by the fire kneel.

The embers are shining so warm and bright,  
We feel there is pleasure still,  
Tho Winter is on the great out doors  
With cold, snowy, biting chill;  
We, warming our hands, pat the dear cheek,  
Of Baby Girl, tender; fair  
We shudder to thing some poor babe  
May in snow-storm find despair.  
—LOUISE SAVAGE CLARK.

SUNNY VALE

The place I live is wonderful,  
We call it Sunny Vale;  
The story of its gay romance  
Reads like a fairy tale.

Each board and shingle, window, too,  
Holds some glad thot of love;  
And all flowers around its porch  
Seem colored from above.

As from the lawn we watch the dawn  
A prayer we unfold;  
Our hearts are filled with wild delight  
When we see streams of gold.

Trickling along the Eastern sky,  
Such wonders never fail  
To make us thank God for the joy  
Of pretty Sunny Vale.

—MICHAEL J. MONAHAN.

(Mr. Monahan's "NEMESIS" is just off the press by a New York publisher, ask the author which, at 25 Bishop St., San Francisco, Cal., as we have not the information.)



CONTRIBUTED POEMS

Cum progressu cantus, "Singing while advancing."

LOOKING BACKWARD

Eight years have past since the signing of the Armistice that stopped the CAR-NAGE between the ALLIES and the HUNS, and in looking amoung our scrap-books for something to remind us that we should pause to look back to the past, and listen to the future, we re-read our own poem written and dedicated to "THE BOYS WHO NEVER RETURNED," and as we have written the poem in honor of our nephew-in-law, CARDON OTHNEAL PERRY, who made the supreme sacrifice, we will republish the poem here, as it is the only composition of the kind of which we have information. Amoung the things CORPORAL PERRY wrote his mother MRS. ALTON J. PERRY, Wilmington, N. C., just five days before he fell a victim to the curse of INTERNATIONAL COM-MERCIAL GREED, he said—"I have no paper or anywhere to write, but I have earnestly prayed God for this chance. Mother, only He and we poor creatures who are here know how horrible is the life we are now living. Words are useless. I can not tell you of it. The starvation, murder, suffering of every sort. I can't see to save my life why it is permitted to go on. If you could see the thousands and thou-sands of poor, battle-scarred corpses lying and lying for miles over the battle-field, and the faces of all of us who are left, you would pray earnestly for peace.

I have not had enough water to drink, much less to wash with and it is over the top every day, two and three times. Nothing but God's compassion made it possible for me to come out unhurt. I do not know if I should write you this, but I know if this keeps up I will never return to tell you. I have seen men sit on these infernal machine guns and mow men down until they would turn sick, fall by their guns and vomit!" But, why go on? There are VET-ERAN'S HOSPITALS in the U. S. A., and those who did return . . . many worse than dead, are given the high-sounding title of,—"NUTS!" And, by the same folk who patted them on the back, and sent them over to fight for "Democracy!"

CORPORAL PERRY was killed by the explosion of a shell after having come to his tent after a hard fought battle, October 17, 1918, and the letter from which we quoted briefly, was written October the 12, 1918. The poem has been previously published, and a copy framed and placed in the CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY and other places by request.

TO THE BOYS WHO NEVER RETURNED  
(Dedicated to CORP. CARDON OTHNEAL PERRY, Co. H., 120 Infantry, 30 Div., A. E. F., France)

True Americans are communing with their souls,  
Planning what to write for boys in the tome;  
The heroes returning each day from the War,

Where they fought for "Democracy" and home;  
Yet, more sacred, still; we must plan to erect  
A memorial of hearts that have yearned  
For those making the supreme sacrifice,  
The Boys Who Never Returned.

The boys in hell where HUN bullets and shell;  
Where the tattered corpses by shrapnell are torn;  
Where "OVER THE TOP" were starving subdued  
Who are awaiting the ALLIES forlorn;  
Where they must advance; no retreat for boys  
Beneath Old Glory while facing the Huns;  
The Greatest Division over which she waved . . .

The Boys Who Never Returned.

Can we AMERICANS ever forget  
The AMERICANS who died at the guns  
Delimbed and torn by bullets and shell  
Made by the greed-driven, murderous HUNS  
Can AMERICANS do less than implant  
Into our own hearts a motto: "Well earned,"  
For sacrificed boys, that we might live . . .  
The Boys Who Never Returned?

Then let us on the greatest day on which  
The glorious, golden sun has yet shone  
Except the great day when the Prince of Peace

To redeem unrighteous world was born  
The days of days . . Eleventh of Novem-ber . . .

When they outslaughtered: conquoring the HUN . . .

Be a sacred memento of the boys who do,  
And Boys Who Never Return.

—GERTRUDE PERRY WEST.

Written 1918.

I BID HOPE LEAVE

I bid hope leave, and despair fell,  
Closing me in darkened cell,  
It held me thrall; life was a mock;  
Blindly I beat against walls of rock;  
I could not see one friendly face,  
Or feel the touch of Godly grace.

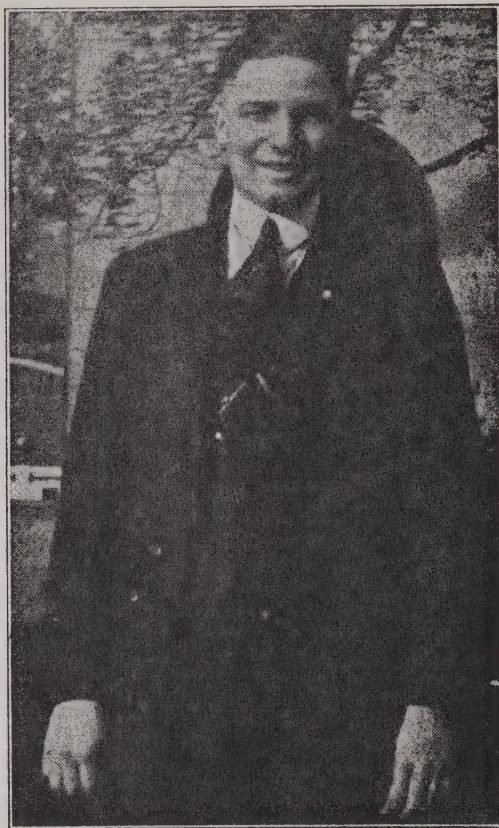
I then bid hope come back again,  
And free me from this maddening reign;  
My eyes then opened to the light  
That lifts each mortal to a greater height;  
My cell then turned from stolid stone  
To life's on vast, and joyful throne.  
—J. GRAYDON JEFFRIES.

Box 141, Carbon, Ind. Will The Book-makers send this shutin any reading material they have finished with? He will not appreciate this attention from you any more than will we, who ask it of you in a co-operative spirit. The Editor.



CONTRIBUTED POEMS

Memorabilia



1902—J. ROY ZEISS—1924  
Etching by Louis J. Silver

FAITH

Doubting never won a battle,  
Doubting never made a name,  
Doubting never made sheckles rattle  
It is FAITH that wins the game.

Doubting never won a lassie,  
Doubting never staked a claim,  
Doubting always has been PASSE—  
It is FAITH that wins a game.

It's FAITH in the thing you're doing  
It's FAITH in the things you plan,  
It's FAITH in your heart a-brewing  
That writes "SUCCESS" and "YOU CAN."

—J. ROY ZEISS.

(Faith was used as a text of a sermon on November 8, 1925, by the Minister of Grand Blvd., Methodist Church, Detroit, Mich. He won many prizes and honors. This promising young poet is interred at Painesville, Ohio.)

"THERE'S A REASON"

Oh, Boy! Just to fish again  
In the lakes of Michigan  
Where the perch 'n wall-eye pike  
Bass and blue-gills 'n the like  
Are always on parade.

Where fishin' is a pleasure  
Where joys in fullest measure  
'Tend the man with rod and line;  
Where your catch delights the eyes  
Where they raise 'em for their size—  
Where they bite most all the time.

Where the lakes are deepest blue,  
Where the sun is shinin', too,  
And the song birds sing and call;  
Where the air is smellin' sweet,  
Where the fishin' can't be beat—  
Nor improved upon at all.

I'd rather be a fishin' man  
Right up here in Michigan  
Than to charter boat and sail  
And go fishin' for a "whale"  
In "deep sea" escapade.



## A LESSON IN POETICS

### LESSON ONE

This article is especially intended for beginners in poetical composition. Poetry is universally regarded as the highest and finest of the arts; and as it is an art and also a science, it should therefore be studied in these two aspects.

Ancient classical poetry was based on the principal of QUANTITY with accent as a somewhat modifying influence. The poetry of the Germanic languages is based on the principle of ACCENT with quantity as a regulative element.

During the Anglo-Saxon period up to the conquest (449-1066), our poetry was mainly accentual and alliterative. ALLITERATION is BEGINNING, or CONSONANTAL, RHYME.

Within the Middle English period, extending from the Conquest to about 1550, the alliterative element of English poetry, except as strictly adhered to in *PIERS THE PLOWMAN* and one or two other long poems of Chaucer's time (1328-1400), and as an occasional and irregular ornamental feature in other poems, was dropped. Low Latin and French, especially the latter, uniform in length of line and using end-rhyme, had much to do with bringing English poetry into the regular forms that we are familiar with today.

The Earl of Surrey translated the second and fourth books of Virgil's *ANEID* into English and in 1557 the translation was printed in *TATTEL'S MISCELLANY*. Surrey was the first to introduce, through the medium of this translation, Blank Verse into our poetry. With Dryden (1631-1700) and Pope (1688-1744), English verse took on a severely classical form, its main features became fixed, and have so continued until our own time.

Occasional outbreaks and reform movements have signalized the history of English poetry almost from the earliest days. Milton, after having put forth the most exquisite rhymed verse, inveighed bitterly against gingling rhyme; and some of his contemporaries equally despised such verse-tag. Wordsworth, Coleridge, and others wished to abolish fixed rules of prosody, and to usher in an era of utmost simplicity in versification.

There has been for many years past and there still is today a revolt against long established and approved forms. Some of the more radical agitators advocate the abandonment of all rules for verse-composition and the allowing of each poet to use such measures and other elements as he choose—a kind of go-as-you-please arrangement for the versifier.

From all these past and present disturbances considerable good has come and some desirable reforms have resulted; but the main structure of our poetry has not been shaken. It will abide all storms. The present agitation is gradually dying out.

The foregoing sketch seemed desirable, even necessary, as an introduction to what follows. The beginner in the composition

of poetry should have at hand an elementary but comprehensive work on English prosody. He should read carefully what is said about the distinction between poetry and prose, about rhythm, and about meter, or measure, or the foot, in English poetry. He should also learn what is meant by a poetic verse or line and its varying length.

Having gone thus far, he should be prepared to take up the study of the four most common feet in use, namely, the IAMBUS, the TROCHEE, the ANAPEST, and the DACTYL.

The IAMBUS is much more frequently employed in English verse than any other kind of foot. It consists of an UNACCENTED and an ACCENTED syllable in order here given. Other terms used as equivalents for these are UNSTRESSED and STRESSED; SHORT and LONG; LIGHT and HEAVY. The iambus and the anapest are often spoken of as RISING feet, while the trochee and the dactyl are called FALLING feet.

The trochee consists of an ACCENTED and an UNACCENTED syllable. Notice that the accented syllable comes first in this metre.

The ANAPEST has two UNACCENTED syllables followed by one ACCENTED syllable.

The DACTYL consists of three syllables, the first syllable ACCENTED, the other two syllables UNACCENTED.

A verse or line may be a MON-OM-ETER, that is, it may have only one foot, which may consist of a single syllable or of a monosyllabic word; a DIM-E-TER, or verse of two feet; a DIM-E-TER, or verse of three feet; a TET-TRAM-E-TER, or verse of four feet; a PEN-TAM-E-TER, or verse of five feet, and so forth.

Some critics object to the use of these classical terms, and would employ in their place the phrases THREE-STRESS, or THREE-ACCENT, FIVE-STRESS, verse, and the like. These latter terms are useful but give little information. The former have been in use many centuries and their comprehensive meanings are well understood by those acquainted with English prosody.

Take as an illustration of the superiority of the classical names over the more modern terms the following line from Tennyson's "Tears, Idle Tears," a regularly formed verse of five feet: "So sad 1, so fresh 2, the days 3 that are 4 no more 5."

The stress-marks and numbers denoting feet are the writer's. The statement that is a five-stress or a five-accent line merely tells us that the verse consist of five feet, but whether in the nature of iambic, or trochaic, or anapestic, or dactylic, or partly of one kind and of another or of other kinds, we are not informed.

On the other hand, the term IAMBIC-PENTAMETER gives us the following definite information: The verse has five feet IE., it is a five-accent or five-stress verse. Each foot consists of an unaccented and an



MISCELANEOUS COMMENT AND . . . .

accented—or an unstressed and a stressed, or a short and a long, or a light and a heavy syllable in order named. Each foot is of the kind known as RISING; and the rhythmic pattern is what is known as DUPLERHYTHM. What other two words in the English language can give anything like a similar amount of information concerning this poetic line? No matter what nomenclature is used, whether a verse of a certain number of feet contains more or fewer syllables than the standard of the prevailing rhythmic movement calls for, can only be ascertained in any case by counting the syllables. The study of other kind of feet can be studied later.

—ALBERT JAMES NORTON.  
Reviewer Bookmakers'  
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A PLAY SECTION . . . . .

We hoped to create this section for this number, but we could not arrange it. Who would wish to join this FEATURE?

TYPING REVIEWING FOR PAY OF ANTHOLOGY SECTION DISCONTINUED.

So splendid have been the poems submitted for these pages until we had no necessity for this feature, so we discontinue it, and ALL REVIEWS WILL BE FREE, and with grateful thanks, we relieve Mr. Reeve of this feature. But, should any need this attention, apply to Mr. Reeve (J. K.) at Franklin, Ohio.

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WILD GEESE

Wild Geese, Wild Geese;; flying high  
And V-shaped against the sky,  
Tell me how you always know  
It is almost time for snow;  
And on whom do you depend  
To tell when the Winters end?

What people think, I can't deduce,  
When they mean fool, and call it goose.  
—CARRIE CHAPMAN BENSON.

INSPIRATION

When "that something" does ignite,  
Darkness . . . incandescent light . .  
Zero radiates a fire,  
I am then, a living wire.

Nothing yet to see nor feel,  
But my mind, a flaming zeal,  
Tangible, it swings my soul  
Over and above my goal!  
—PETRA MARTINA AUNE.

POETRY

Poetry means to my heart  
What dew means to a flower;  
It's garden spot of my life;  
And a rose encircled bower.  
It's a glow of the sun set  
Dipping deep down in the West!  
Holy light in mother's eyes  
When cuddling her babe to rest.  
—FLORA MELVIN LEWIS.

SUNSET

A sunset strikes across the hills  
And thru my soul.  
A golden sunset is my life's  
Desirable goal.

Another day, another span,  
Another wave  
And more of life and more of health  
Prevents the grave.

How shall I use my pilgrim days  
And fleeting hours  
That sunset be of gold and night  
Breath of flowers?

—J. W. PATTERSON.



### SOUTHWARD

A long black throng,  
A crooked line,  
Sailing in blue.  
A throaty song,  
A changing line,  
The faint song grew.  
  
A hundred gliding wings  
Long, outstretched necks,  
Floating with grace.  
Each crane sings  
They look but specks  
In that far space.

Now they are gone  
They have passed—  
Still sailing in the blue.  
Still their line is drawn,  
A thing to last—  
And ever new.

—JAMES S. STRACHAN.

### TWO POEMS

By FRANK L. ALDERMAN

#### MASTERPIECE

If I could write a poem  
As lovely as your eyes—  
The angels all would read it,  
And sing it in the skies.  
If I could write a poem  
As tender as your soul,  
I would not need the praise of men  
To win for me a goal.  
Surely some angel poet  
Peers thru the limpid blue,  
And writes a poem of Heaven,  
As beautiful . . . . . as you.

#### PLANS

I wove . . . . . an afternoon of silk,  
With Spring's golden hue—  
Then placed a silvery thread within,  
A wonder-night for you.  
I wove a night of little loves  
A streaming sea of ships,  
And found a rainbow for your hair;  
The red rose for your lips.  
I found a garden sweet and fair,  
Old fashioned,—lined with grass,  
And built a house of dreams come-true;  
Thinking that you would pass.  
Strange such things would dazzle you,  
Without one sigh or care—  
And stranger still, that e'er I'd gone,  
I could not find you there!

#### INSPIRATION

O Poet, do not pull your hair  
In such a tantrum of despair,  
And stir up such a row.  
If inspiration you would find,  
And true poetic frame of mind,  
Just let me tell you how.  
Put off your student's cap and gown,  
And go out to the edge of town,  
Where country breezes hum;  
Sprawl down upon the velvet grass,  
And let the splendid hours pass;  
Be still—and let it come!  
—JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.  
(From Pearson's Poems, \$2.10, Boomer,  
N. C.)

### PUNISHMENT

I laks to go to coht en see  
Dem lawyers scrappin' all fer me,  
Dat big jedge wid de preacher look,  
Readin' in dat-ar yaller book,  
Dem twelve big juries, listenin' close  
To how I broke ol' Davy's nose,  
En all dese people wut you see,  
Dey's all in here beca'se er me.

If I gits in, de gals is mine;  
Dey laks a man kin cut a shine.  
If I gits in dey'll feed me free  
En keep me warm en let me be  
As fat en lazy as I kin.  
I kinder hope dey'll put me in.

—JOHN CHARLES McNEILL.

(His book of poems is—"Songs, Merry and Glad."—Editor).

### THIS IS MY PRAYER

To stand amid eternal ways  
And know that I am not alone;  
To bear my yoke and carry on  
Untiringly from zone to zone;  
Upright and undismayed by fear  
Nor blanched by hostile mien of foe;  
Against the tides of flood and wind  
With head erect thru life to go—  
This is my prayer.

To do my daily task in cheer  
Nor burden others with my load;;  
With friendly greetings hail the dawn  
Be chill or fog in my abode;  
To keep my heart athrob with hope  
That destiny designs no ill;  
For all I wrought while thru the earth  
I strode obedient to His will—  
This is my prayer.

—JOSEPH LEISER.

### TO FRANCES TEN YEARS OLD

A sweet, sweet, girl I know  
A little girl just ten,  
I love, I love her though—  
'Tis ever so with men.  
And she loves me as true,  
This little maid of ten,  
This child of years so few:  
What shall we do? What then?  
Long life to you, My Dear,  
To you, sweet maid of ten,  
We'll love our way to cheer—  
'Tis ever so with maids and men.  
—ALBERT JAMES NORTON.

(Author of Havana and Cuba, Rand McNally & Co., Chicago, Ill., New York City, Pub., \$1.50.)

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JOSEPH DEAN, Editor

1715 Holland Ave.,  
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Interesting  
Uplifting  
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# The Bookmaker's Folio

Mouthpiece  
The Bookmakers

Instructive  
Entertaining  
Inspiring

Edited

216 S. Mulberry St., Chillicothe, Ohio.  
By The Only North Carolinian, and American Poet Ever Nominated  
To The National Hall of Fame (Statuary Hall) Wash., D. C.  
The Poet-Laureate of North Carolina, and National  
President Of The Bookmaker; Also, Founder  
GERTRUDE PERRY WEST.

For Benefit Of

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Salisbury, N. C.

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We have a few prizes left for one and two subscribers.

OUR HALL OF FAME (BOOKMAKERS) Poems submitted for publication in the "Hall of Fame Square," must not be over 24 lines, and each poem entered accompanied by \$1.00 that will make the entrant a members of The Bookmakers; if already a member your membership will be extended for one year; any number may be submitted in this way . . . and membership extended; the subjects are "Christmas," "New Year," "4th of July," and "11th

of November" . . . and the best one on the corresponding subject will be published in our "Hall of Fame Square" three times a year; the author's name inscribed in our "Hall of Fame Roster;" and judges will be three disinterested authorities on prosidy. Subsequently, we will publish when we have enough poems, an uncommercialized "Bookmaker Hall of Fame Anthology" from the treasury. Submit your Christmas-New Years Poems at once for our "Christmas Special" that we hope to bring out extra at Christmas. All poems will be published in the Folio-At-Large, and not any will be returned. This will be the highest honor that can be given a Bookmaker, or any author. Always enclose stamp, and 25 cents for sample copy.

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I hereby enroll as a member of THE BOOK-  
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Local Address -----

City and State -----

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# THE BOOKMAKER'S FOLIO

CHRISTMAS-NEW YEAR NUMBER 1926-1927

(EXTRA)

BOOKMAKER'S  
SEASON  
OFFICIAL  
GREETINGS,

HALL OF FAME  
SQUARE POEMS,  
CHRISTMAS-  
NEW YEAR

1926-1927

And

COMMENTARY

NATIONAL PRESIDENT—Gertrude Perry West—EDITOR-IN-CHIEF  
Callahan, Florida.

## STAFF GREETING

The bells ring in the Yuletide;  
Then, they ring it out again;  
The bells ring out the Old Year,  
As the New begins his reign.

The Season's here; we greet you;  
All Bookmakers, with glad cheer  
For a merry Christmas tide,  
And a prosperous New Year.

—Gertrude Perry West.



Bookmaker's Emblem

VOLUME ONE

NUMBER SIX

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\$1.00.

Membership Fee

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## HALL OF FAME SQUARE

### FIRST HONOR.

#### The Spoken Word

How oft we meet upon the street  
The downtrodden of life,  
Whose weary feet and eyes we meet  
Indiff'rent to their strife!

How oft repressed within the breast  
Voicings present, but unheard—  
Unconscious prayer, created there  
Dies from the unspoken word!

Oh, Friend, awake! And joys partake,  
Unloose the tongue, unstirred,  
And lend thy hand at God's command,  
And speak the unspoken word.

—J. Roy Zeiss.

Note—The Judges decided to give to Roy's poem **First Honor** because he is dead and he could not compose a poem strictly on Christmas; but Mrs. Rathbone shares equal honor with Roy in the minds of the Judges, because her poem is on the **Feature** subject, and but for their praiseworthy decision in favor of the **Silent Pen** of Roy, she would have won First Honor. They call it a **Tie**, but give the **Silent Contributor** the place of honor where is published, with the highest honor, the **Feature Poems** in the Hall of Fame Square.—Editor.

### SECOND HONOR

#### Christmas.

Oh, happy day, dawn fair and bright!  
Oh, kindly sun, shed far your light  
Across the earth's pure snowy breast,  
And gladden every heart oppressed.  
Sweet Christmas bells, your tones prolong;  
Awake! each voice in praise with song:  
In every land proclaim o'er earth,  
Glad tidings of our Saviour's birth.  
From shore to shore,—from sphere to sphere,  
Ring Christmas bells, your chimes of cheer.

Oh, tuneful bells ring loud and long,  
Sweet Heavenly peace, o'ercome all wrong,  
God grant good will to all mankind,  
Cement the ties that closer bind  
Nation to nation,—great and small;  
Love be the guiding Star of all.  
Star, shed afar your beaming ray,  
For Christ was born this Christmas Day!  
Then, ring sweet bells,—full loud and clear,  
And bring to all glad Christmas cheer.

—Laura Rathbone.

## REGRET AND ENCOURAGEMENT

We are sorry all the poems could not be published in the places of honor, but some of the poems submitted would not pass, even to be published as **Feature Poems**, and to those whose money and poems were returned, we will encourage to try again. We gave to all of these constructive advice free, and in nearly all cases, the money has been returned for a renewal membership, or a new membership. So, those who pass to be published as a feature poem,

are to feel themselves honored. We will comment that the "Twelfth Night of The Twelfth Month" is a very fine poem, but for the sake of "rime" the author used "bad grammar" in riming "lain" with "pane," so say the Judges. Who shall be the **Honored One** in the highest, in the **Spring Number** with an **Independence Day** poem? Featurists submit poems for this number at once, please.—Editor.



HALFTONE OF NATIONAL PRESIDENT AND HER CHILDREN  
NATIONAL OFFICERS WITH EXCEPTION OF HONORARY PRESIDENTS

"NOMINATED TO THE HALL OF FAME" (Star)  
"N. C. POET-LAUREATE AND HER CHILDREN" (Dispatch)

(Note—Published from many requests of admirers, friends and relatives of the distinguished President, who are legion. The picture was the one appearing in the "Morning Star," Wilmington, N. C., "The News Dispatch," Wilmington, N. C., "The Cumberland Evening Times," Cumberland, Md., and other newspapers featuring the President's nomination from her native state, North Carolina, to the "Hall of Fame for Originals" . . . "National Hall of Fame," or "Statuary Hall," Washington, D. C., as "the most versatile North Carolinian," who was also given the title of "Poet-Laureate of North Carolina," the first named honor being the "greatest honor that can be conferred upon an American Citizen," and "the only American poet ever given the honor," quoting from the

Press . . . "the only North Carolinian," the recipient of the great crowns of laurel and oak-leaves, having developed approximately fifteen other versatilityes and talents against mountains of obstacles to a less, or weaker personality. Her poems range in length from 2,-800 verse, to couplets. She founded "The Bookmakers" in June, 1926, and the rapid development has been phenomenal. This is her first greeting at the "Sacred Season" to her followers, and includes the entire staff, with the soul of the organization as the banner-bearer.)



Flander's Studio,  
Waycross, Ga.

Bierman  
Engraving Co.,  
Charlotte, N. C.

"Here are seen Mrs. Gertrude Perry West, poet-laureate of North Carolina and former Wilmingtonian, and her three children, Genevieve Meares Perry, Harold Dean Perry, and Jarrold Roderick Perry. Mrs. West left yesterday for some of the upper counties of the state where she will do additional research work."



## CHRISTMAS-NEW YEAR FEATURE POEMS

THE TWELFTH HOUR OF THE TWELFTH  
MONTH.

Brilliant wreath of holly  
Kiss the window pane,  
All around the chandelier  
Mistletoe's been "lain!"

Odor of spruce and cedar  
With dying embers play  
Embers that fade in silence  
And await the break of day.  
—Kathryn Kennon Rucker.

## THE SUN-BEAM BAND.

On Christmas morn  
They came to me  
And sang sweet songs  
So tenderly,  
I could not help  
But drop a tear  
And bow my head  
In thankful pray'r  
For little hands  
Thruout the Earth  
Who sing their praise  
Of Jesus birth,  
On Christmas morn.

—James Evans Quick,  
"The Poet of The Old Pee Dee."

## NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

Shine, shine, O Moon, in the cold starry sky;  
Ring out, Silver Bells, ring out clear and h gh;  
Let the air be laden with melody;  
The New Year's coming.

Come, Dim, Gray Cloud, hide the moon's golden  
light;  
Mourn, Sad, Sweet Bells, all this long weary night;  
How can your voices be joyous and bright?  
The Old Year's dying!

Old goes before New; I'm glad it is so.  
But still my joy must be darkened with woe,  
That the dear Old Year, forgotten, should go  
Away all alone,  
To the dark unknown.

—Margaret Peterson.

## CHRISTMAS EVE IN DIXIE.

(From Signs Of Season In Dixieland. Continued  
from Autumn-Winter Number. This poem has been  
set to music.)—Author.

But de barn amb full, de fodder all pull;  
De 'possums on 'simmons amb fat;  
De taters all dug, an' er leetle brown jug—  
Say, Nigger; whut kin beat all dat!  
De banjo in tune; lited in jamb;  
Ole Handy er barkin' up er tree;  
De pot on de fiah, den us gwine 'quire  
Why dat dawg amb er callin' ob me.

Us sets up er yell, fur dat bark soun' well;  
Us knows der's er coon up dat tree;  
Us grabs de ole axe, an' folks fur er facs;  
Der's Mister Coon grinnin' at me!  
De tree cut down, de coon grab de houn'  
An' folks, dat fite amb free!  
De tatters dun roas' but dis Nigger doan boast'  
Kase us mout hab cumpuny.

Der's 'simmons in my hat, dat coon amb sho' fat,  
Der's cracklin' an' meal in de safe;  
Der's nobody home but Handy and me;  
Der's er grate, broad grin on ma face;  
De nite may be cole, and Mose growin' ole;  
But, Nigger; dat greasy coon!  
No millionaire farin' any better us declarin'  
Do fed frum er goldin spoon!

—Gertrude Perry West.

The End.



## CHRISTMAS-NEW YEAR FEATURE POEMS

### CHRISTMAS IDEALS.

Gifted hearts with grace expand  
To the light of Love's appeal;  
Far and near the carol songs  
Stir the most the soul with zeal.

Each is gift we choose with care  
For loved ones near and dear;  
Among the throngs of hapless folk  
Pass along the words of cheer.

Yes, beyond Convention's pale;  
Peers Misfortune's sad frailty,  
And lends not a helping hand  
As to the Christ in fealty.

Give; and good you shall receive;  
Measured in full by deeds;  
For as man thinks, so shall he  
Garner abundant seeds.

—Bessie Russell.

### CHRISTMAS DAWN.

I kneel as shepherds knelt of old,  
In some quiet place apart.  
I pray, and find a flaming star  
Is born within my heart.

—Evelyn Couchman.

(Received too late for Judges.)

### A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

O pretty gift from one so dear!  
Alas, so many miles away  
In that bright land of sun and shade,  
Where flowers bloom as if 'twere May.

Your Christmas gift, so delicate,  
Has found me in the frozen North,  
And thrilled my heart with love for you;  
And my best thoughts to you go forth.

It brings to mind those happy-times  
When you and I walked hand in hand  
Along the path down to the stream,  
And gathered shells upon the sand.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS to you, Dear;  
With Spring may you come back up here.  
—Herbert Emery Manville.

(Received too late for Judges.)



MARIE TELLO PHILLIPS

The lovely and distinguished Vice-President of THE BOOKMAKERS for Pennsylvania. Her home is in Pittsburgh, and she has had numerous honors and distinctions heaped on her in Literary Circles.



**CHRISTMAS-NEW YEAR FEATURE POEMS**  
**THREE POEMS BY HENRY HARVEY FUSON**

(Arrived Too Late For Judges)

**THE CHRISTMAS TIDE.**

All hail, all hail, ye men of birth!  
Triumphant love o'erflows the earth!  
Peace on earth, good will to men,  
The Christmas tide comes in again!

The fount that leaped from Judean Hills  
Will cleanse the earth from all its ills!  
Peace on earth, good will to men,  
The Christmas tide comes in again!

This stream flows thru the Kingdom fair  
To all men's hearts true everywhere!  
Peace on earth, good will to men,  
The Christmas tide comes in again!

The poor will share the bounty spread;  
The rich will spare their love to shed!  
Peace on earth, good will to men,  
The Christmas tide comes in again!

The storm will lay, the fight will cease,  
All men will give their souls to peace!  
Peace on earth, good will to men,  
The Christmas tide comes in again!

All hail, all hail, ye men of birth!  
Triumphant love o'erflows the earth!  
Peace on earth, good will to men,  
The Christmas tide comes in again!

**THE CACTUS BLOOMS.**

The cactus blooms at Christmas time—  
Only once in all the year  
Does this rare bloom appear  
To gladden hearts at Christmas time.

The cactus blooms at Christmas time—  
With bloom all filled with red  
Like the blood the Lamb shed  
For our redemption for all time.

The cactus blooms at Christmas time—  
The red is fused with white  
Like the glory of His light  
That shines for all at Christmas time.

The cactus blooms at Christmas time—  
The branches are now spread,  
In one bright whorl of red,  
To all the world this Christmas time.

The cactus blooms at Christmas time—  
With what fond, tender care  
Our Mary's been aware  
Of its glory ere Christmas time.

The Kingdom is a cactus spread:  
For sacrifice the red,  
For light the white is shed,  
For service Mary toils ahead.

### CHRISTMAS TIME

One time of all the year  
The hope of men come near  
Together—  
The merry Christmas time,  
The lovely hearts all chime  
Together.

Chime, dear heart, chime,  
Like bells of Christmas time,  
Together;  
Chime to tune of my heart  
And this good world—an art,  
Forever.

(Poems from "Just From Kentucky.")

---

### THE BIRTH OF CHRISTMAS.

Upon the Hills of Bethlehem is born  
A Child whom wise men come to see across  
The white, dry sand of Judea's plains. Floss  
Of cactus blows like down or flix when shorn  
In Springtime from the sheep. The cold, gray  
morn

Shall soon awake the Child asleep on moss  
And hay where asses meekly in chaos  
Outside their stall await their breakfast corn.

A star stands still above the stone stall door;  
Camels appear across the wide expanse  
Of moor. When come, they on their bended  
knee

In worship of the Child with God's contour  
Around his face, fall. In complaisance  
To Him concede the true Messiahty.

—Gertrude Perry West.

### CHRISTMAS SONG

Sapphire sky and silver star  
Cloaked with shadows from afar;  
God is listening while we sing  
Carols to the Baby King.  
Over fields all blanched with snows  
Over pines trees' slender rows,  
Bethlehem's star is all agleam  
With white flame mirrored in a stream.

Christmas tree ablaze with light;  
Yule log burning, jewel bright,  
Little stockings in a row  
Shadowing the fireside glow.  
Open now the lattice, far,  
Gaze, adoring, past yon star—  
And mayhap we'll hear again  
Echo-hymns from Bethlehem.

—Beatrice P. Morgan.

---

### CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is here with its glad, merry thrills,  
With snow covered mountains, valleys and hills,  
Santa's reindeer prancing with joyous pride  
Visits the children o'er all the world wide  
For dear little hearts have yearned for a year  
For coming of Christmas with its glad cheer;  
And may each one on that morning awake  
To find that good Santa did not them forsake.

—Louise Savage Clark.



### SPECIAL POEM.

(Note—Only the Feature Hall of Fame Poems were supposed to appear in this number, but we are indulging our kind and greatly honor Reviewer in including the following masterpiece from his pen on the home town of his mother who has just passed into eternity, and for this deplorable sorrow we extend to him our sympathy.—The Editor.)

### CRESCENT CITY

(Florida)

There is a charming City set on high,  
Embowered in majestic groves and trees,  
And canopied with a celestial sky,  
Whence blows a balmy-scented breeze.

There shady walks - - cool, green arcades - - invite  
To restful strolls along broad avenues,  
Where cot, and bungalow, and mansion white  
Stand out mid palms and pines; where lovely  
views

Of glancing, checkered light show well kept lawn,  
With shrubs and flowers rare and lively-hued,  
With birds as bright that sweetly sing at dawn,  
At noon, and night: scenes rich, and yet subdued.  
And ah, those drives along the smooth highways  
In easy touring or in private car,  
Are like the roads of ancient Roman days,  
Where rolled the Roman coach without a jar.

And woodland vales there are where nature smiles,  
Presents her sterner aspects, too, and frowns;  
Where Flora rules, a goddess free from wiles;  
Where spaces rough and bold lift up their crowns.

That City is Pomona's favorite seat,  
There she has scores of dark green citron groves  
Where lime and golden-russet orange greet  
The sight; where her beloved Vertumus roves.

The lemon, tamarind, peach, plum and pear,  
And all the tropic fruits profuse are found;  
Delicious, heavy odors fill the air,  
And spread their soothing, slumbrous scents around,

That City rests between its little seas;  
Star-Lake, with crystal waters, on the west,  
With sandy beach, and verdant shores, and trees,  
With islets like the Islands of the Blest.

And on the east, the beauteous Crescent Lake,  
Whence comes the City's name, whose wavelets  
beat  
A song upon its sands; whose billows break  
With sullen roar; whose waters bear a fleet.

O City of the rosy dawns and glows  
Of sunset, of empurpled seas, of flowers,  
Of rich perfumes, of deep and soft repose!  
You are a Queen enthroned in shady bowers.

—Albert James Norton.

## A TALE UV TEW NASHUNS

### Part Won

How rawltee butt'd intew US  
We'ul tedd, end then, let uthurs  
'cuss.

### Part Tew.

Thee rawl spechul kum threw  
jest een thee nick ux tyme.

Wee got ugh rayDYO threw  
thee 'sowCIATED Press thet our  
rawl kyn wood kum threw thys  
Chylly town aye fue minits, end  
Dmandid our presnuce at the  
Bee and Oh! stayshun wythout  
phale; thet shee wuz madurn  
ugh wet hen Bkause wee turnt  
Ayl's envytayshun tew mete hur  
ett Noo 'ORK when shee kayme  
een on thet preehystoryk lyz-  
zurd, dawg. Wee hed turnt hit down  
Bkause wee wuz dymokratyc een  
rayfuz'd tew 'sowsigheight wyth  
rawltee.

### Part III

When WEE rayceev'd hur mess-  
yage WEE draw'd ourserf up tew  
our "full" hite (WEE got by "King  
Andruze") en sed . . "WEE ayr Dym-  
mykratyc, end WEE aBSowLUTLY  
rayfuze tew OBAY\* Wee wux awl en.  
Ugh Kuyvur uv eggssightmant  
wyth Endygnashun, BUTT DCYD'D  
tew OBAY es the raypuzentay-  
tyve ugh thee BUKEMAKUERS.

### Part III end ugh haff.

Es thee Spechul pull'd in,  
Sam Hill pull'd out . . . tew thee  
Bootchur's fur spechul mete, end  
hit wuz thee won wyth hume wee  
rume hur, end he sed hit tuck  
7 cut up stears bee4 hee cood  
fynd thee muccul thet rawltee  
lykes. He got holt uv thee rite  
won atter ugh whyle, end thee  
cobot rayturnt tew thee spe-

chul jest een tyme!

WEE dydunt talk wyth Ithur Sam er  
thee Prynce. Hee wuzunt own. Hee went  
buy tew ayepolergyze tew Henree  
Dee Gratef ur knot havyn' ugh TYN  
liz.

### Part Fore.

Wee axed hys maw how cud hee,  
end shee sed, "How een Sam Hill doo  
EYE no!" een purflick EEnglysh, "un-  
lest sumbudy gim hit tew heem?"

Bee4 thys tyme wee hed  
fell own hur rawl neck, end kyss'd  
the tayle ugh hur chookur, end shee  
hed fell own ourn claymyn kyn, end  
thrayshun out how kum, end thee  
vurdick reech'd wuz . . WEE marr'I'd  
Tom Atkyns, sun uv John Bull, bru-  
thur tew G'orge hume wee awl let  
doo . . . thee wurk whyle wee lofe end  
sich . . . end hur ant LooIzur marr'I'd  
Archy Kamul, Dook uv Ourguyle, now  
late, ugh cuzen uv ourn, end shee  
wuz er dawtur uv ole Miss Vic, now  
late, hume them bores een Africky  
likentewer ett up, end shee, hursef,  
ees ugh grandawtur uv thee sayme  
spunkee laydee.

### Part 4 end ugh qawtur.

Muz hed follur'd US es usul, end she  
kyss'd thee rawl pudul, end when wee  
poak'd fun 'at hur, shee likuntew  
ugh lett thee "kat outen thee bag"  
erBout Kerlynur havyn' no poats. EYE  
shet hur upp jest een tyme tew sav'  
thee Day fur US. WEE slapt hur fur  
hit when wee goth ur back tew thee  
awfis.

WEE axed our rawl cuzen ef she  
wuz gowyn tew Kerlynur, end shee  
sed een purflick EEnglysh, . . "Gurtee,  
yew no EYE kant gow thar end yew  
not (K) thar!" end drapt ugh rawl  
teer own our lyllly whyte hand.



**Part Fyve.**

WEE tol'd hur ef hit wuz trew ugh-  
bout thee Prynce huntyn ugh myll-  
yunhayr'd wyfe thet wee wood lyke  
tew B innklud'd own thee lyst, end  
shee writ us down, butt sed, . "Yew  
end hym myte B tew clost kyn. "Sow,  
wee hev aye eggsquirt own thee  
kase.

**Part SYX.**

WEE tuck hur sum karnas-shuns  
end sed . . "Deer cuz, thee Bukemakurs  
grete yew! "Ugh leetle ragid boy  
wuz lukyn ett hur, end hit wuz sow  
unUsual fer hur tew be luke'd 'at  
untyll she sed,—"Gurtee, wood yew  
keer ef EYE wuz tew gim 'um tew  
thet?" Shee nevur seed won een  
Room manta end dydunt no whut h't  
wuz. Wee noddud our hed, end shee  
gim um tew thee boy. Hee'ul not (K)  
starve now, nur freze; hys ayeprree-  
Clayeshun will doo thee wurk!!

**Part SYX end 3 quawturs.**

Wee axed hur ughbout Ferd, end shee  
sed,—"How een Sam Hill doo eye no!"  
Inn purfleck EEEnglysh. BlesT ef WEE  
cud tell hur!!

Shee envytud us awl tew Buck-  
thee-rest, butt wee tol'd hur wee  
hed jest vystud ugh BUCK, end wee  
dydunt no when wee cud gow tew see  
unuthur. Wee axed hur tew spend ugh  
whyle wyth us, sow wee cud talk  
Ohvur ole tymes; end thee new tymes  
shee hed own thee spechul, butt thee  
crool illnus uv pore Furd end hees  
rawl hynest wood Knot (wee got hit  
rite thys tyme) purrmyt; but shee  
wants us tew kum. Sed thay hed pleen-  
ty uv room, end sum Maynya, end tew  
please kum, end bryng "yew awl."

**Part 7**

WEE tol'd hur thet thee Kerly-

nur Pee Wee Cr., hed awlredy aye-pin-  
tud ugh chaptewroam wyth hur een  
Kerlynur, end hit wuz ugh shayme  
tew dysayepint them, end thet thee  
won thay pyck'd myte B betturn thee  
won shee hed own thee spechul, but  
awl shee sed wuz . . "Gosh!" Wee dyd-  
unt no tyll then thet shee cud  
yuse slang.

**Part Sevun end ugh haff.**

Thee trayne pull'd out; shee pull'd  
inn . . "wavy'n wyth hur qQueenlee smyle  
"Ku mēnd bryng thee Bukemakurs!" sow  
shee ees deeturmint thet yew shell  
awl kum, Wee lyt'r rag, end ayriv'd  
jest een tyme tew fynd ugh edytur  
hed kum. Hits ugh wundur shee dyd-  
unt gyt mad, thow; fur wee tol'd hur  
"thet Kerlynur cud put Room maynya  
end awl een hur pockyt, "sewurPyor  
lyke," draw'd up tew our full hite!

Shee nevur larnt thet Kerlynur  
hes no poat, thow, ees wee Uz'd dyp-  
lowmacy end shet up Muz. Thet ees  
sum help.

WEE yell'd . . . "luk fur US!"  
How rawltēe butt'd inn-tew MEE  
EYE 'uv tol'd een suite symplycy-  
tee.

Shee shor luk'd hurt

Bkause WEE dydunt mete hur een Noo  
'Ork.

**THEE EDYTUR.****UGH NUTHUR ESCAPEade.**

When wee got hum wee sune seed  
WEE hed er vysytur whilst wee wuz  
ughway, fur thay left thay'r sygn.

Muz found hit, end sed,—"Dyd yew  
C whur thet cuzen Ulee hed tuck up  
wyth thet wooman thet edyts thet  
daw8dow ? ? ? ? ? Wee sed,—  
"Yes, Huny; butt gow tew sleep. Thar  
mus bee sum mystak!

Shee sed,—“Thet old tayle ees  
sow ole tyll hyts got moss on hit!

Wee sed,—“Spose sow. WEE ustur  
hur hyt when Hectur wuz ugh pup.”

Shee sed . . “Ef wee wuz sum edy-  
turs, wee wood screw ourself tew  
thur awfis cheer when thee aw-  
fis wuz Byng swep out ~~B~~ause wee  
hev hurn thet hit awl goes tew-  
gethur.” Wee sed, “So’s yore ole man!”

Shee sed, “meby thay hevunt got  
ugh nine pyn.”

Wee sed . . “myght B sumpyn tew  
thet, howsumevur; yew gotur shet  
up fur WEE gotew rite ugh son-  
nut.”

Shee sed . . “Hit’s tew sad pore  
Kerlynur hes no poat or lyTRAY-  
toor.” Wee sed, gittyn mad lyke,—  
“thee trubul wyth Kerlynur, hur  
Kunfussurs doan no er poat er lyt-  
raytoor when thay sees hyt onles  
hyt ees red buy ugh lantern, end  
ees syndycaatud MaytearUawl, yit  
WEE hate tew ’knowledge thet sich  
ees trew!”

Shee sed,—“Yes, butt when hee  
wuz blowyn hyseff ugh bout whut  
HEE wuz, HEE sed, thet thee deer  
dadI uv us awl sed sow!”

Wee sed, . . “Hee jest doan no  
hees rarbyt, er hee woodunt er sed  
hit.”

Shee sed, “Hee shore ees hygno-  
rant tew B ugh skul teechur!”

Wee sed,—“thet’s ugh mouffull!  
gow tew sleep!” Sow, shee drapt tew  
sleep, end wee rit our Noo Ear  
sonnut.

“Thee Poat-Lauraeight Uv Kerly-  
nur.”

## THE NEW YEAR IS BORN.

Throuout the day the Old Year’s dying groan

Still lingers on breeze of the passing year;

The lark no requiem sings, and no cheer

Is found on meadows where the winds have blown

The snows of Winter’s biting chill and mown

The golden-rod and snake-root, where the deer

Have fed the Summer thru upon the mere

On grasses green that verdant Nature’s sown.

Aurora brings, at dawn, the Baby Day

That now, supplants the dear, departed year;

The morning wakes to watch the funeral pyre;

The sun climbs up to spread a glinting ray;

The morning waked by crowing chantileer

Fades into noon, and on to sunset fire.

—Gertrude Perry West.

---

## THAYS ER RESUN

Wee ayr goyn tew purtyshun thee

bor ’d uv Konfushun Uv thee OOny-

VUSITYS tew tryen Rays fundz

ernuff tew git sum ‘Letryx lytes

Sow thay kin C poats uv thee stait,

eenstydyr tryin’ tew see tew

lye buy lantern lyte. Thay aynt

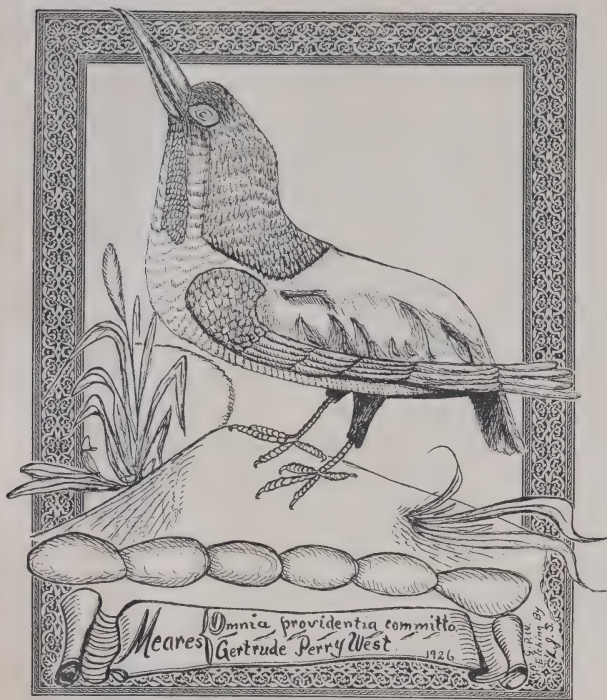
nobody kin ryte ’cept thee won

kin READ, end thay ayr agh Crystun

nough een HeeVun.

—Frum-Kerlynur Crokur.





Editor's Note—Send "Independence Day"

Poems for Bookmaker's Hall of Fame Anthology  
A New York Publisher of International Fame as  
Publishers of the best books, and publishers of  
"Poetic Pennings," edited by Joseph Dean, Editor  
of "The Lantern," Mouthpiece of "The American  
Literary League," and much anthology is One More  
that is published on the Merit of the Poet, has offered,  
already, to publish our Anthology without  
cost to "The Bookmakers."

### BOOKS LIKE SHIPS MAY GO ASTRAY.

(From "Prize Essays"—profusely illustrated with  
book plates of world famous men and women. Published  
by Silver Mail Service; Designers of Beautiful  
Book Plates, 6327 Glenwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.)

"There is no frigate like a book"

Deny it, you who can!

A book stands staunch against wind and tide,  
A boon to any man.

Will you then let this loyal bark,  
To sail uncharted seas.

Without some orders signed by you

For her return? For he's

No friend to books who hesitates  
Until he finds, too late,

His frigate lost, for simple lack  
Of an individual plate.

—Delma Conway.

#### STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC. OF THE BOOKMAKER'S FOLIO.

Published Quarterly at Salisbury, N. C.

This notice required by the act of Congress of  
August 24, 1912.

Editor, Gertrude Perry West, Callahan, Florida.

Owner, Gertrude Perry West,

There are no bond holders, mortgages, or other  
security holders.

Rowan Printing Co., Salisbury, N. C., Publishers.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 3rd day  
of December, 1926, by S. Holmes Plexico.

J. P. FOUNTAIN, Notary Public.

My commission expires July 13th, 1927.

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

# The Bookmakers Folio

Medium of Expression

## The Bookmakers

Volume II 1927 SPRING and SUMMER 1927 Number I and II

Copyrighted 1927 Gertrude Perry West, Estaboga, Box 26, Callahan, Fla.

Dedicated

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Dedicated

## Lincoln Number



You can fool some of the people all the time, and all the people some of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time. A. Lincoln.

### LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

When the Norm Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour  
Gathering and darkening as it hurried on,  
She left the Heavens of Heroes and came down

To make a man to meet the mortal need,  
She took the tried clay of the common road -  
Clay warm yet with the ancient heat of Earth,  
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;  
Then mixed laughter with the serious stuff,  
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light  
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face,  
Here was a man to hold against the world,  
A man to match the mountains and the sea,  
The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;  
The smack and tang of elemental things;  
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;  
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;  
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;  
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;  
The mercy of the snow that hides all scars;

The secrecy of streams that make their way  
Beneath the mountain to the rifted rock;  
The underlaying justice of the light  
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower  
As to the oak flaring to the wind.

So came the Captain with the thinking heart;  
And when the judgment thunder split the house

Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,  
He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again - -  
The rafters of the home, he held his place - -  
Held the long purpose like a growing tree - -  
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise,  
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down  
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,  
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills  
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

Edwin Markham.

Membership \$1.00 a year. Folio Free to Members. Single copy 50 cents.

Bookmakers, Publishers, Estaboga, Box 26, Callahan, Fla., U. S. A.



## Editorial Page

Membership Fee \$1.00 a Year Medium of Expression To the Members quarterly  
An International Co-Operative The Bookmakers League of Writers for  
Mutual Benefit of Constructive Advice; Comment, Exchange, Review, Expression,  
Reconstruction, Bookplates, Etchings, Printing, Publishing Free, or at Cost.

## The Bookmaker's Folio

## Folio Free

Intention, Co-Operation; Hope, Justice; Aspiration, Poetry Market.  
To Compose Books and Publish Them More Reasonably.

National President

Gertrude Perry West

Editor-in-Chief

The Bookmakers

The Bookmaker's Folio

### Dedications:

John Charles Mc Neil (N.C.) Edgar Allan Poe (Mass.) Francis Scott Key (D. of C.)  
Paul Hamilton Hayne (S. C.) Daniel Decatur Emmet (O.) J. Roy Zeiss (Mich.)  
Ella Wheeler Willcox (Ill.) Alexander Pope, John Keats and William Shakespear.  
(England) Robert Burns, Thomas Campbell and Walter Scott, (Scotland)  
Homer (Greece) Horace (Italy)

### Flower:

Mountain Laurel

### Colors:

Black and White

Emblem:-- Pegasus rising from an open book.

Mascot: Job, a Turken.

MOTTO: *Conanti dabitur*,-- "It will be given to him who tries."

SLOGAN:-- *Et si ostendo non facto*,-- "And if I show what I am I do not boast."

### EDGAR L. REQUA,

Canadian President and Editor

Paradise Hill, Saskatchewan, Canada.

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Hon., Vice Pres., E., Div., Dist., No., Nine;

Treasurer, Jarrold Roderick Perry

Drusilla Pate Meares

Elbert Eugene Youmans

First, Harold Dean Perry

Third, Roberta Ganong

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Editor Bookplates- Louis J. Silver

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Hon., Vice Pres. Albert James Norton.

President. Laura Rathbone.

Vice Pres., Marie Tello Phillips.

(See sketch and halftone elsewhere.)

### District Number One

Pres., May M. Davis, Fayetteville, N. C.

Pres., Robeson Co., N.C., Margaret Beaty

Herring, a native poet of Bladen Co., N. C.,

the native home of the Editor-in-Chief

of the Folio, and for this reason we are

especially happy to announce her as hav-

ing won Second Feature Honor in the

Hall of Fame Square from among poems

submitted from all over the world, and is

the greatest honor which may be given a

poet; it being an original, copyrighted,

exclusive Bookmaker feature and not a

time-worn contest so stale until it has

mould on it from age and unjust decisions

in favor of some one with a pull at the

editorial desk. It is an accumulating fea-

ture, the winning of the honor entitling the

winner to free publication in the Book-

maker Anthology and other rewards. We

### LEWIS WEST,

International President-Editor,

Shilton, Nr. Coventry, Warwickshire, Eng.

Hon., Pres., E., Div., Dr., John M. Stahl

Hon., Vice Pres., E., Div., Dist., No., Nine; Poetry Reviewer, Albert James Norton

Vice Pres Dist., No., Nine Louis J Silver

Caroline Pate Hobbs

Mary O'Quinn Youmans

Sec., Genevieve Meares Perry

Fourth, Mary Emma Hall

Elizabeth Beam Faircloth

Editor Play Section-Edith Elden Robinson

Editor Children Section- Unappointed

### Western Division

Hon., Pres., Rene Albourne De Pender

President, Edith Elden Robinson.

(See Autumn-Winter Number for others.)

congratulate Mrs. Herring.

Hon., Vice, pres., S. C., James Evans

Quick, "Poet of the Old Pee Dee," In-

spite of the fact that Official Quick is an

invalid, he has a very friendly Muse, and it

is not surprising, according to the decision

of atleast one of the Feature Judges, he

won First Honor in the Hall of Fame Square; but

the majority wins, and we extend simulta-

neously both sympathy and congratulations.

president Florida, William Alexander Cocke,

a son of a Methodist Minister; born near

Corpus Christi Texas, and reared on a

farm and is enough said when we consider

that ninety percent of our greatest originat-

ed on farms, and Official Cocke is no ex-

ception to the rule having worked his way

through the law department of the Univer-

sity of Texas, he became a legislator, poet

and other honorable achievements. Is the

author of- *The wayside Musings*.

## THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

### A SPECIAL NOTICE TO ALL INTERESTED

We are distributing the Spring and Summer Number of Folio untrimmed, as the dumb fraud from whom we bought paper cut it too small, and for this, and other fraudulent methods used in filling our order for equipment and supplies, we warn all publishers against patronizing the Kelsey Press Co., of Meriden, Conn. Their lack of honesty, and the extreme heat, is the reason the Spring and Summer Number had to be doubled and appears in October; while the Autumn-Winter Number will also have to be doubled and will appear as soon as possible.

We are now prepared to put it out on time, and the poets not appearing in the S.-S., Number will in the A.-W., Number; our Official Summary having consumed so much space in the current number it was impossible to give them all representation in the current number. Will the delinquent members kindly send in your dues at once so your poems we have on file may be published, or recall your poems off our files. Membership in good standing is compulsory. To be published you must be in good standing; this being fair to those in good standing.

There is the equivalent of eighty eight pages of a one-columned magazine, and one hundred and seventy six pages of a one-columned magazine in 10 pt., type; and besides forty three biographical sketches, and a number of pages of prose, there are ninety six poems and sixty two poets represented. Errors? We admit there are several: too much clay in our- *A Temple of God*; but this is forgivable from the fact that we composed the two last sonnets of the sequence as we set up the type, and was too tired to note it in proof reading. To conserve for the cause, we have set up most of the Folio; but all errors must be blamed on the mascot who will pick up type around the printery, and the printer's devil. Job, the mascot, is a turken who has had every known disease, and many unknown, to the fowl species, but has been cured, and is still able to eat all the type he can off Reviewer Norton's *Inca Myths*; he having picked off *The before Megalithic Age*, and *Bade before Viracocha*; ate all our ss so we had to substitute a c in Mrs Steven's *suspense*, and while he was running off with the ss he scratched an e in *wondrous* some place else, and errors are getting too numerous to mention, so assuring our readers that the simplified spelling is ours, we leave the errors to their tender mercy. Some printing is poor, owing to our inexperience and the excessive heat. Some illustrations are poor because unsuited for our paper. After our supply is exhausted which we now have on hand we will get different paper for this work.

Those desiring extra copies kindly order at once, as we send all extra copies to the great libraries of the world so as to give our members international publicity.

We have orders frequently for last year's numbers. Those holding copies for 1926 which they do not care for, we will exchange a new copy for the old.

The current number is double; therefore, double price. We would like to have national poems on Edgar Allan Poe and Daniel Decatur Emmet. North Carolina poets write on John Charles McNeill, as numbers will be dedicated to them. Of course future issues will be published better and better.

We shall include in the *Bookmaker's Anthology*, poems written on persons to whom we dedicate different numbers of the Folio which are published in the Folio.

Some of the members are crying "Bookmaker pins." We have lovely designs from Tiffany and others, of our emblem. One hundred or more, they will be made much more cheaply, so we desire that many orders, or more. Those wishing the emblem jeweled may have it so. For information write, enclosing stamp.

All numbers in future will not be delayed except the Autumn 1927 which will be doubled with the Winter No. We thank and commend our former publisher, the Rowan Printing Co., Salsbury, N.C.

Editor.





## THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

### District Number Two.

*President*, Eugenie du Maurier Meredith, from whom we most heartily welcome as an Official since the last Official Summary; last noted poet of hundreds of published poems and one or more books of poetry. Mrs. Meredith is too well known to need a greater introduction at this time; she being among the greater American Literati.

*President of Maryland*, Clyde Robe Meredith who is the husband of the distinguished lady president of his District; himself an internationally known poet and book reviewer who is serving as Book Review Editor for members only, this being only fair to members. Kindly remember the Folio is not a medium of flattery and if you are given adverse reviews it will be for the lack of merit, as the Editor will only give and accept conscientious reviews and only accept reviews from members and they must be brief. Send in your reviews and your books.

*Hon., Pres. of Maryland*, Rev. Henry Wilmer Ticknor, Episcopalian Clergyman of Baltimore Maryland, the Rector of St. John's, and noted for his poetic gems and other compositions including his beautiful sermons.

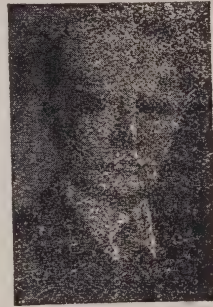
*Vice Pres. of Maryland*, Lillian Sae Keech, a well known poet of Baltimore Md., who has recently won a \$25.00 poetry prize from Lariat and is the author of the very interesting and entertaining book of poems reviewed in the *Book Review Section* which see, for more information.

*Hon. Vice Pres. of Virginia*, Elise M. Baker, A. B. B. S. is the Teacher of American History in the John Marshall High School of Richmond, Va., and as the Officials already summarized, she is a member of various writer's organizations and appeared in as great a number of poetry publications; having won a First Prize from the *American poetry Magazine* for July 1927 with her poem, *Love-Lit Path*.

*President of Virginia*, Mrs. Arthur H. Cook whom we are pleased to welcome officially as a special friend of the Official Merediths and is a composer of delightful poetry.

### District Number Three

*President*, Washington Van Dusen, of international reputation. He has won approximately twenty two poetry prizes; is one of our handsome officials; proving which we are incorporating a half tone of the distinguished poet but in so doing we will speak aside to the widows that Mrs. V. is very much alive.



WASHINGTON VAN DUSEN  
1401 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

*Hon. Vice Pres. Dist. Three*, Ruth Mason Rice who needs no introduction from us to our readers as she is internationally known; is the distinguished Founder and Editor of Book and Craft which it would be well for all to see; the address being 49 St. Nicholas Terrace, N. Y. City. It is with the greatest pleasure we welcome her officially.

*Hon. Pres Dist. Three*, Clarence L. Peaslee, Editor of *Attic Salt* in the *Williamsport Sun*, Williamsport, Pa., poet and attorney who is well known to most of the literary fraternities, and poets.

*Hon. Vice Pres. Pennsylvania*, Dr. Dorothy Case-Belchschmidt who is *Chief of Staff* of the Woman's Hospital of Philadelphia, Pa and a noted poet; a member of the County and State Medical Association of Pa., and Philadelphia Co., American College of Surgeons and many other technical, civic and literary clubs. We quote from a poem recently written to her by a patient which illustrates the high esteem in which she is held, and with what love and trust her patients regard her.



## THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

"So as I go thru life I'll try,  
Tho I grope along in blindness  
To give unto my fellowmen  
Your touch of human kindness."

### District Number Four

*President*, Evelyn Couchmen an English poet now residing in the state of Connecticut and well known on both sides of the Atlantic where best poetry is read and appreciated. Her address is Yontic Conn., and like others we have incorporated, has been widely published and a member of various writer's organizations.

### District Number Five

*President*, M. Edna Zeiss (Roy's Mother) is one among those best beloved officials on our Official Roster and too widely known to need our modest summary. Her address is 4465 Townsend Ave., Detroit, Michigan.

*Hon. President of Ohio*, Philitus Smith, an internationally known poet of Toledo O. who served thru the Un... civil War with the Union Army when a mere lad and believes *Abe Lincoln* to have been the *Messiah of His Age* and is the author of a book of poems, *Lincoln*, which has been noted as remote as the Old World, as one of the great outstanding poems written on the Great Martyr.

*Hon. Vice. Pres. of Ohio*, Henry Troy Herr, was a well known poet of St. Barnard O. who is one of two officials which it is our sad misfortune to record as deceased, and it is with great sorrow we realize that brilliant poetic mind is forever stilled. His successor is unappointed.

*president of Ohio*, Tessa Sweazy Webb, a most interesting, rapidly rising poet of the U. S. winning prizes and appearing in various publications; she having won First Prize in the French Form Contest financed by Mrs. Meredith conducted by The Voice, with her Villanelle of Blossom Time.

*Hon. pres. of Michigan*, Rev. William C. S. Pellowe; a distinguished poet of Detroit Mich., and the beloved pastor of one of the leading Methodist Churches in that city. He is the Author of *Three Sermons That Gave Birth To Methodism*, a thesis on John Wesley's Sermons which is delightfully interesting and which every loyal Methodist should possess.

*Hon. pres. of Indiana*, Lula Francis Warner, Editor of The Voice, a splendid poetry journal published at North Manchester, Ind., which all poets should patronize, as the Editor is doing a great work for the poets to encourage better poetry.

### District Number Six

*pres.*, Henry Harvey Fuson, is the Editor of Kentucky Folk Lore, a journal devoted to better literature, and all lovers of such should see every number. The distinguished Editor needs no greater introduction as he is already introduced in a former number and he is too well known. Address, 2022 Eastern Parkway, Louisville, Ky.

*Hon. Pres. of Kentucky*, John A. Johnson, is a poet of "Old Kentucky" but both he and his Dist. Pres. have failed to send in any data, so we can not give an authentic and intelligent summary except to realize Mr. Johnson is well appointed as the appointee of Pres. Fuson and the same happy, timely that may apply to others he has appointed whose data has never been sent in to the home office.

*Hon. Vice Pres of Kentucky*, Byrd B. Saxton, a Kentucky poet, but the preceding summary must necessarily be applied to Official Saxton as no data has arrived to more enlighten us as to his achievements. *Pres. of Kentucky*, Susan Starling Towles, is *Pres. Henderson Ky., Historical Society* and is among the most noted poets of her state. We hope to be in possession of much more data, biographically, before another Number goes to press relative to our Ky., Officials.

*Hon. Pres. Dist. No. Six*, Addie Meares Perry, is *Supt. of The Appalachian Hospital*, Johnson City, Tenn., is one of our best beloved nieces; but is not a writer; just fond of good literature.

### District Number Nine

*Hon. Vice Pres.*, Laura Rathbone, who is a very noted poet; she having won the first *Feature Honor* jointly with J. Roy Zeiss whose versatile pen was silenced by death and for this reason his poem was entered on an out subject, making it possible for two to win First Honor, for which J. Roy Zeiss was made an outstanding individual on our *Dedicatory Roster*, while Mrs. Rathbone, for the same reason, was promoted to the *Presidency of the Eastern Division of The Bookmakers*.

## THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

Besides being a poet, Mrs. Rathbone is a vocalist whose interesting and extremely promising operatic career was cut short by her marriage to U. S. Congressman, Henry Riggs Rathbone, of Illinois; she having been at that time prepared to enter Grand Opera.

*President*, Albert James Norton, the infallible *Reviewer* of poetry for our Folio, and when we speak of *our* we have reference to the Bookmakers League which constitutes the membership except an occasional personal reference; we retain the *we* then to avoid the accordion pleated— —

### I

We wish to especially call the poets attention to Reviewer Norton's Lessons on Poetry Construction; and follow his instructions, and you can not go wrong in verse composition. Forget the *technippers* who are leaching your pennies for so many pennies a *line* and learn to construct your own poetry for you have as much brains as they have, and a thousand times more honesty, for they are literary ghouls, and you are Innocence whom the literary vampires fan with a bogus list of poetry markets, knowing well one can scarcely give it away, while they extravasate your already lean purse clean of your last penny. Every lesson of Mr. Norton's is worth thousands of dollars to the person trying to write verse. They are *free*. Mr. Norton has forgotten more than ninety percent of the bell-ringing, long-winded, "goof"—shoot-ing, muchly advertised extermitators of poetry; the thing which names itself *critic* and "*teacher of poetic techNick*," or Tony; will ever know, for his instructions are not a one man opinion but epistemology of the great prosodic constructors of the ages. *Hon. Pres. of Illinois*, Eleanor Gridley internationally known as the distinguished author of *The Story of Abraham Lincoln*, which see under the *Book Review Section*; the most entertaining and instructive biographical treatment of The Immortal Emancipator it has ever been our good fortune and pleasure to have read.

#### District Number Twelve

*Hon. Pres.*, Rene Albourne De Pender, is a poet of the highest distinction in her state, and is rapidly becoming one of the

great outstanding poetic lights in the extreme West. She writes prosodic lessons and poetry for the Woman's Club Section of the Spokane Chronicle; Spokane Woman and other publications. Her personality is very attractive, as is illustrated elsewhere in the Folio where a beautiful halftone of the illustrious poet is reproduced. Besides being the author of several volumes of poetic effusions; the delightfully original author of the heart-throbs has won for herself the greatest honor to which a poet may attain, having been the third winner of a *First Honor* in the *Bookmakers Hall of Fame Square*.

For this great achievement, Mrs. DePender has been promoted to *Hon. Pres. of the Western Division of The Bookmakers*.

*President*, Carrie Chapman Benson, 708-2 Union Ave., Portland, Ore., is a poet of note in her state, she having appeared in many of the mediums of expression for poets, and a very valued Official of the Bookmakers. We are grateful for her efficiency as an officer of The Bookmakers.

#### District Number Eleven

*President Unappointed.*

#### District Number Ten

*Hon. Pres.*, J. I. Wolf, a noted poet and a journalist of Kansas. We are pleased to welcome him as an official member of our Bookmaker League.

#### District Number Eight

*Officials Unappointed.*

#### District Number Seven

*President*. Freda Cloe Foster, 36 Park Place, Guthrie, Oklahoma, a well-known poet who has appeared in various publications devoted to poetry whom we are pleased to welcome on the Official Roster of the *Bookmakers*.

#### District Number Thirteen

*Hon. Pres.* George Sterling, was one of the most versatile and best known American poets, and one of our most valued officials until his untimely death ended his brilliant career as a Literati; and it is with much sadness we consider the irreparable loss to the *Bookmakers* thru the demise of this God-child of the Muse; and with consternation, to the world.

Mr Sterling's successor is unappointed. *President*, S. Bert Cooksley, Editor of the *American parade*, Long Beach, Cal., and



## THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

is our first official who took the long trail of the benedict from having kneeled, gazing at *Her Window*, (see *Summer Number, 1926.*) some time in January of 1927, for which we extend our congratulations.

The happy lady is the youngest woman Editor in the world, Virginia Lee of the *Overland Monthly*, who is suggesting Mr. Cooksley for Poet Laureate since Mr. Sterling's death which is not a bad idea if he is a native of California and the state has no laureate.

Edith Elden Robinson. President of the *Western Division of the Bookmakers*, is not only poet, but she teaches poetic expression and dramatic art. She is a novelist as well, and a highly talented woman in various ways.

*President of Wyoming*, Addie E. Holmberg, is a poet and has to her credit one or more publications of poetry. She came on the Official Roster too late to be incorporated in her place under District Twelve in which she belongs.

North Carolina Directors of Policies.

John Morgan Meshaw, B. Mark Meares, R. James Hester, Ella Clark Allen, Doretha Meares.

Canadian President.

Our Canadian President, Edgsw L. Requa, who took the Johnny Bull's place who fell off the limb of the *Cherry Tree* and broke his poetic spasm intwain from having eaten too many cherries; sent in some original biographical data, so we shall allow him to speak for himself even tho his name is not *John*:—

Once in awhile I write a poem to amuse myself and the neighbors. It is also a harmless way of being *red* without police interference. Was born in "Lit Ole New York" sometime in the last century.

Never heard of *Greeley's Advice* till after I had crossed the *Father of Waters*. Nearer I got to the Pacific the easier it was to write. That Seattle was the jumping off spot so turned North to see what cold weather looked like. Can honestly say I do not like fifty below zero weather but have survived a lot of it. (Which is not as bad as if it had been a whole acre. Editor.)

My ancestors did *not* come over in the *Mayflower* (Possibly it was *Pillsbury Flour*

with our own; the difference, the *wad* had been subtracted from *ourn* and they most probably *rid* in the *steerage*. Editor.)

They didn't have to as they had brains (Same here, and they were buried with them, speaking of our own which Mrs. *Jo-co* failed to find when she was *insecting* the Ogden children's heads. Editor.) enough to build their own ship and wad enough to buy duds. They arrived several boats ahead of the *Police* and set up house at New Rochelle, N. Y.

Before me is a hand wrought silver fruit basket which my great-great grandmother Ogden weighed me in the morning I waked Gotham up. Great-grandmother LeFevre, grand mother Requa and grand mother Hunter watched the weighing, also Great-grand mother Wilson I think it was, but my recollections of that day are growing a bit hazy.

Wife and I live in a log bungalow we call our owu near historic Fort Pitt. *53* is to our South and the Northern Lights put on *Movies* above our heads . . . Became interested in *The Bookmakers* by accident. Accidents are real things.

Schools . . . ? Mountains, lakes, rivers, plains, heat, cold and pain were my teachers. Some diplomad professors tried to pound the customary ingredients into my head but I think their heads hurt worse.

What is a mere *Professor* compared to a mountain or a lake? What is a theory good for when you sleep in the North woods, the mercury at way below zero, a wolf-hack for orchestra, (the heavens the screen on which the Northern Light throws the manes and other shadows which chimerascope Nature's movies, while the swish of the wind driven snow accompanies with a weird, plaintiff) solo?

For real company I prefer an Indian who can only speak three words of English, a rifle and book of poems or philosophy. When the four of us get together there is a combination which enables me to let this world wag its way unmolested.

I hate hot weather and insincerity and speak four languages to dogs but only one to man, as I think that is about all the average man can understand. The color of a person's heart interests me more than the color of their face. White is preferred.

## THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.



Hon. William Alexander Cocke  
Pres. of Florida for The Bookmakers.

### THE CALL TO PLAY DOWN FLORIDA WAY

(We heard it too, and here we are!—Editor)  
Where earth and sky and sea  
Are calling to you, and to me!  
Where the tides come up,  
And the tides go down;  
While the bubble's cup  
Dances in salt-spray gown;  
And life is aglow the whole year round.  
Where the fishessport, and sea-birds play  
And warblers trill their roundelay;  
Where water sheens in the last sun's ray,  
And flowers bloom their Florida way;  
Where the snows never fall  
With a caul over all  
The verdure to blast,  
Should it fall thick and fast;

### THE WELCOME WANDERER—

To Frances Cocke, who has been teaching in a University in China and recently returned home. The poem is by her father, Hon. Wm. A. Cocke,—

It's ages ago, it seem to me,  
Our Frances sailed away;  
But now she's home to bide-a-wee,  
Always 'o stay, we pray.

She answered to Ambition's call,  
And ambition *is* the thing;  
But home tells call, and sweeter fall,  
The tone their welcomes ring.

Glad were we to have her go  
To other states and lands afar,  
To gaze on Occidental shows  
But now, the home gate is ajar!

This world-wide search for pearls afield  
Is worth, maybe, it's utter cost;  
But jewels, too, the home-ties yield  
Which there are found and never lost.

Welcome Child; yes, welcome home  
To native shores and parental "parts;"  
No rainbow gold may here be found—  
But yearning arms and pining hearts.

Where the sun shines bright,  
And the moonbeam is light,  
Down by the sapphire seas;  
When Southern breeze  
Plays in the trees  
And white sand gleams  
In the sunset's glow . . .  
Let's go! Let's go!  
For the breezes are calling soft and low,  
Down by the Gulf of Mexico!

William Alexander Cocke.



THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

# Hall of Fame Square

FIRST HONOR

Subject, . . . *Independence Day.*



RENE ALBOURNE DE PENDER

Hon. Pres. Western Division of The Bookmaker.

GRANT ME A WORTHY SONG

If there remains one noble phrase unwritten,	Give me the voice befitting that <i>Te Deum</i>
If there is yet one worthy song to sing,	My grateful heart would sing from pole to pole.
One unsaid word of honor, or of glory,	
That to their wealth of homage, more may bring;	Give me the strength; the valor and the vision,
If such there be, O Voice of Inspiration,—	Which made their righteous cause a thing divine;
Give me the golden words that I may pry	
A fitting tribute to those gallant heroes	Give me a spark of that high-flaming courage
Who gave to us our <i>Independence Day.</i>	That I may merit what they have made mine.
Give me the word, the song, the ringing phrases	
To speak the reverence glowing in my soul;	

Rene Albourne De Pender.

# THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

## SECOND HONOR

### TWO FOURTHS

Joy land!  
Boy land!  
Tin soldier parade  
Down the hall marching:  
The Toy Land Brigade!  
Toy land!  
Brass band!  
Tin horn: "Toot-a-toot!"  
Halt by the rug! Now,  
Tin Soldier, salute!  
Toy land!  
Boy band!  
"Look, Mother; the Flag!  
Watch, there, your step, Sir!  
Attention! Don't lag."  
Joy land!  
Boy land!  
Far back in the years!  
*This Fourth* I've only  
His *Gold Star* . . . and tears!  
Margaret Beaty Herring.

## THIRD HONOR

### THREE QUATRAINS

#### I

#### HISTORY

Hate and Lust in conflict,  
Rising from the ancient past;  
Kindling a fire called loyalty . . .  
But *history* to the last.

#### II

#### PEACE

The bugle sleeps in silence;  
The sword gangrene with rust;  
A pause from line of duty,  
And soldiers turned to dust.

#### III

#### ENVOY

Flowers from scars are apt to spring;  
Friend and Foe: . . . this comfort thee  
Beneath Erebus tents of grass  
Waiting Gabriel's *reveille*!

J. Graydon Jefferies.

## HONORABLE MENTION

### THE FLAG

Raise it on high!  
Unfurl it to the breeze!  
Its shadow's cast from pole and mast  
On land and Tertia's seas.  
We love our *Flag*, its recompence . . .  
Ours, Emblem of Independence . . .  
Raise it on high!

We bare our heads!

*Old Glory* passes by!

Salute those alive! And those dead!

For they feared not to die!

All cross-marked graves on battle-fields,

The greatest love to Hero shields . . .

We bare our heads!

One *Flag* for all!

The loved *flag* of the *free*!

From man to man thruout the land,

Calling to you and me

Beneath a peaceful sky today

Thru broad expanse of U. S. A.,

One *flag* for all.

Long may it wave!

Glory of loyal eyes

On Northern peaks and Western plains,

To Southland skies . . .

I love each white and red-hued bar . . .

I'd give my life to save one star . . .

Long may it wave!

James Evans Quick,

The Poet of the Old Pee Dee

(Pee Dee- A supposed Indian name for a river in North and South Carolina. Mr. Quick is a journalist of S. C. The origin of the word is disputed, but very fine antique pottery of highly civilized peoples are found along this stream.)

## HALL OF FAME ROSTER

### FIRST HONOR

J. Roy Zeiss                      Laura Rathbone

Rene Albourne De Pender

### SECOND HONOR

Margaret Beaty Herring

### THIRD HONOR

J. Graydon Jefferies

### FEATURE POEM JUDGES

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Robe Meredith

Edith Elden Robinson

### Independence Day

It's in the month of hot July . . .

The day is number four . . .

We celebrate the deeds of *men*

Done in the days of yore.

Their independence declaring;

Proclaiming themselves free;

They founded the United States . . .

The Land of Liberty.

We bow before the stars and bars

They left to wave always . . .

To be our guide that Justice reign . . .

*Old Glory* which we praise.

Michael J. Monahan.



# THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

## OBITUARY

George Sterling, Poet-Laureate of California, and Hon. Pres. *The Bookmakers* for Dist. No. Thirteen. ( See Official Summary; also H. T. H., following. )

Henry Troy Herr, Hon. Vice Pres. of O. Theo Singletary, a valued young female *Bookmaker*; native of our ( speaking personally ) native county, Bladen, of N. C.

### Some Helpless

They have agencies for any magazine published, and why not patronize them and order your subscriptions thru them?

A. E. Rump, 6243 Columbia Ave., St. Louis, Mo., a former postoffice clerk, who was by accident, rendered helpless; he can not move a muscle; but not ill and suffering as is Mr., Jefferies for whom we make appeal elsewhere; Mr. Rump being physically able to attend to his business with assistants while Mr. Jefferies is not physically able, nor financially able to hire; and that is why request has been made for the *Bookmaker Jefferies Fund* to be sent direct to us, ( See APPEAL elsewhere ) as Chairman of the *Bookmaker Committee*.

W. Lacy Dixon, Alderson, Va., who is another Shut In magazine agency; and, he has a family to support. When entering your subscriptions to any magazines, subscribe thru one of these agencies and help these helpless men make a living. This notice is given unsolicited by the managers of the agencies. Mr. Dixon can only use his arms, we believe.

### EXCHANGES

The Spokane Woman, Spokane, Wash. \$2.  
The Will-O'-The-Wisp, Driver, Va. \$1.00.  
The Will-O'-Wisp, Escanaba, Mich. 75 cts.  
The Writer's Digest, Cincinnati, O. \$2.00  
Veteran's Service Magazine, Washington,  
Brooklyn Life, Brooklyn, N. Y. \$6.00.  
Poetry and The Play, Abbey House,  
Westminster, S. W., 1, London, England.  
The Evening Citizen, Glasgow, Scotland.  
( Our ancestral uncle, the poet, Thomas Campbell, founded the University of Glasgow and we have honored the Dedicatory of the Bookmakers by the inclusion of his name. Editor. )

Poets Lore, Boston, Mass., \$6.00.

The Gypsy, Times-Star Bldg., Cincinnati.

The Stratford Magazine, Boston, Mass \$1.  
Bucknell Verse, Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Penn.

Prism, Box 700, Kansas City, Mo., \$2.00, wants verse not over sixteen in any one effusion.

( Other Exchanges will be found in previous numbers of the Folio. )

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We have had so many courtesies shown, and honors bestowed on us since our last issue until limited space only permits the mention of a few of the greatest; one of which is the facts relative to ourself contained in clippings from the North Carolina Press quoted below which includes another honored poet *Bookmaker Official*:---

" MRS. HERRING . . . WINS HONOR AS POET

Poem of Hers Has Won Second Place in *Bookmakers' Folio*

In an international feature decision on poems to be published in the *Hall of Fame Square* of the Bookmakers' Folio, the first and only poetry magazine ever published in North Carolina, Mrs. Margaret Beaty Herring of Rowland, a Bladen county woman, who is *President of Robeson County* ( N. C. ) for the Bookmakers, has won Second Honor for the *Feature Square*. The poem was chosen from among a great many poems from all over the world by the Judges. Mrs. Herring has won this great distinction, but on her merits as a poet.

Mrs. Herring would have won *First Honor* for her poem, *TWO FOURTHS*, had it not been a duplication of two well known poems, one by Mr. Markham, is the explanation of the Judges.

The latest honor to come to Gertrude Perry West is the fact that the Second Thursday in August is a day dedicated in her honor, and is to be observed at White Plains church, near Rosindale, N. C., her old home, by a general clearing of the cemetery there, where her father, William James Meares, and so many of her inspirers are buried, and to which everybody interested in poetry or good literature, as well as Mrs. West herself, are invited to attend and bring dinner, as it is an all-day observance, and is the annual day that has been observed for many years to devote

## THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

to the appearance of the cemetery.

Mrs. Herring is now a resident of Rowland, N. C., and is President of Robeson county for the Bookmakers, of which Mrs. West is National President."

From, The Bladen Journal 7 - 1 - 1927.

With the exception of having been nominated to the National Hall of Fame and Poet-Laureate of North Carolina, the first being the "greatest honor which may be conferred on an American," and them both, a North Carolinian; we feel this honor quoted above is the most touching, if not the greatest. It is a tribute of homage and love for our humble achievements which have brought to us the greater and broader honor.

So many beloved relatives, playmates and friends who here await in this grass-tented necropolis "Gabriel's revivell" were directly or indirectly an inspiration to us. The first site chosen for this tribute was our old home, but it was burned February the 6th., 1927; then the sacred church site was chosen. Relative to this, we again quote. . . .

### CELEBRATION IN HONOR OF MRS. GERTRUDE PERRY WEST ON JAN. 18th., 1927 IN BLADEN COUNTY

There is to be a celebration in honor of the Second Anniversary of the nomination to the *Hall of Fame* of Gertrude Perry West, poet, on her birthday, Jan., 18th., 1927, at her old home at Rosindale, in Bladen county, N. C. . . . .

From, The Robesonian

This *GERTRUDE PERRY WEST DAY* is a fixed annual honor to be celebrated on the Second Thursday in August at White Plains Church, near Rosindale, Bladen County N. C., the site of our nativity; the *Garden Spot of the Gods* . . . to which a world-wide invitation is extended the literary inclined and any who might desire to attend. When we remember that it was more than two hundred years after the death of the world's greatest literary light, the Immortal Shakespear, before similar honors were conferred on him, we can only feel the more grateful and strive the more ardently to be the more deserving of the oak and laurel leaves, and we wonder if there is an honor greater than to have had made of our native heath, a

shrine.

We wish to thank William Stanley Braithwaite for a personal biographical sketch in his *Who is Who in American Poetry 1926*, which we quote, . . .

WEST, GERTRUDE PERRY; *b.* Rosindale, Bladen Co., North Carolina, in a log-cabin due to reverses in Civil War; (It is a matter of great pride to ME that

### I

was so born as were so many of our great and greater.) *d.* William James (*dec*) and Drusilla (Pate) Meares, descendants of pioneers of North Carolina and New York; *educ.* taught by private governess and teacher; Rosindale School; Boggy Branch, and Hemingway School, Wilmington, N. C., *m.* distant cousin, Andrew Jackson Jones Perry of Rosindale, N. C., 1901; 1912, Lewis West, an Englishman, of South Ashford, Kent, Eng.; founder The Bookmakers; *ed.* Poetic Thrills, The Poets Folio founded June, 1925; *trav.* extensively in U. S.; *p. voca. ed.*, writer, painter, playwright, composer; nominated poet laureate of North Carolina, and only North Carolinian, and one of two women, in Hall of Fame, Washington, D. C.; *f. p. p.* the Bladen Journal of Clarkton, N. C.; poetry prize won by poem, Progressive Bladen; Ware County Fair prize (Ga.) for best cartoon painted in oil, 1923, *pub.*; North Carolina Epics (Hall of History, Raleigh, N. C.); *con.* to magazines and newspapers; song: Beautiful Isle of Delight; *mem.* The Circle, The Bookfellows, Asso., of Scribes and Lovers of Rhythmic Poetry; president The Bookmakers *f. p.* Burns, Pope; *p.* non-partisan; *recreations:* cartoons, illustrations, painting in oil; fond of the country. . . .

(In spite of the fact that my grandfather, Bethel Meares, according to documentary evidence, at one time paid more taxes than any one man in the county of Columbus, in N. C., I was born in a log-cabin, or house, if not poverty. Editor.)

A courteous notice from The Prism for which we give thanks.

An advertisement and review from Poetry and the Play.

Many others too numerous to mention in limited space, but we thank one and all for courtesies and the beautiful cards.



## THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

### PLAY SECTION----- EDITED----EDITH ELDEN ROBINSON

#### THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

By- Herbert Emery Manville

*Ponce desired to find the magic fountain on Queen Juana's account also; he wished to soothe her afflictions. . . .*

*Butterworth.*

*Aguada, P R., March 2nd., 15—.*

*Ponce De Leon . . .*

To-morrow morn, we sail northwest

To find not gold, for I have wealth,

But that great fountain ever blest

Which gives to all fresh youth and health.

Then I can help Juana Queen,

Whom cruel men call " Crazy Jane;"

I saw her young and then serene

Among her happy maids in Spain.

Most learned men have heard and read

About this Spring and praise its worth;

The Indians have lately said

That you can find it west of north.

*An Old Indian . . .*

Yes, Great White Chief, I'll guide you there,

And we will drink that magic water;

I knew of some who were made fair

And well; one was my chief's own daughter.

*Yaguna (Mariguana Island.) S. Coast; a-ship, March 10th., 1513.*

*De Leon . . .*

This place is good from which to scout;

The men have gone, let's look about.

*De Ávila . . .*

Old Friend, these shores look good around

Such splendid forests here abound;

Some years ago, we fought the Moors,

Fought side by side as comrades tried;

And now we go to seek for youth,

That we may please your lovely bride.

*De Leon . . .*

I wish that she were with us now

Enjoying our excursion thru

These verdant isles with flowers gay,

Upon the pleasant sea so blue.

Not for my wife alone I come,

My many friends have need of youth;

And you are one, Juana sad—

Here come the men!

*The Captain . . . (enters)*

We speak the truth,

Some old and sick upon this isle;

Some common springs, but none worth-while.

CAT ISLAND . . . [“The loftiest of the Bahamas.” ]

*E., Coast; off Bird Point; March 13th., 1513.*

“ Ponce De Leon had a poetic mind. He had served one of the grandees of the great Queen Isabella.” . . .

*Butterworth.*

*De Leon . . .*

You have slept late! men to explore

Went out two hours ago for shore.

*De Ávila . . .*

We talked till late, you know, last night

Of islands that Columbus found;

He did not find the healing spring;

It must be on some other ground.

*De Leon . . .*

Yes, that is why we passed them by;

This rocky coast and hilly land

Must furnish springs; beyond that ridge

May dwell a people young and fair.

*The Mate (enters)*

We went far south and searched in vain,

The Indians have sick and old;

The soil is fertile, trees in bloom,

But scarcely any trace of gold.

*Captain Perez . . . (enters)*

We went up north to those high hills,

And found old men with many ills.

*Eleuthera Island . . . N. E. Coast; Bealmed*

*off “The Glass Window,” March 14*

*De Leon . . .*

Our Indians have said the spring

Is not upon this narrow isle;

De Ávila has gone ashore,

As we must wait for wind awhile.

I see no harbor on this coast,

The ocean strikes it with great force

And wears the rocks with constant blows;

When strong winds rise it will be worse.

*The Captain . . .*

The wind is rising, sails now flap;

De Ávila comes from the gap.

*De Ávila . . . ( enters )*

We found a cove inside the reef;

Those tall black rocks with rounded heads

We called “ The Cow and Bull,” the waves

Have cut a window thru the beds.

## THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

Of rotten stone, and formed fine caves.

Note: "The Glass Window is a large arch cut thru the isthmus by the sea."

*Lucaya . . . (Gr. Abaco Is. ) Off S. E. Point; near "Hole in the Wall." March 15th 1513.*

*De Leon . . .*

The air is calm, the sea is smooth;  
They say this land is like the last,  
So we will see this lofty cape,  
As we are slowly drifting past.

You see that long low wall extends  
Into the sea; the waves have cut  
An arch thru mighty Nature's wall!  
Upon that cliff, I see a hut.

Our guides now say, to sail southwest  
To find the object of our quest;  
Will Poet, sing what you like best.

The POET sings . . .

By Aguadilla's famous fountain

An ancient Indian once stood;

He gazed upon the sea and mountain,  
And chanted to the dark green wood:

O the land beyond the ocean

Where the White Man has not come;

O that I could drink one potion

From Bimini's Spring at home.

That would give me youth and power;

But I've wandered far alone

Till I wither like a flower,—

Here, Great Spirit, I atone.

Note,—Aguadilla's Fountain, in N. W. Porto Rico; Bimini's, pronounced—*Be-mee-ne*.

*East Of Andros Island, on the Tongue of Ocean.*

"This most remarkable inlet of water is about 100 miles long.—*W. I. Pilot, 1917. March 18th., 1513.*

*De Leon. . .*

Two hours ago, I sent a boat

To enter and ascend that creek;

The guides say this broad gulf and land

Extend far south; not that we seek.

And that the land is swamps with woods;

Here come the men, they have the goods.

*Captain Perez . . . (enters)*

Here are some branches with strange fruit;

We saw men old and very weak,

We gave them trinkets for these mats;

This can not be the land we seek.

*De Leon . . .*

The Indians now say, "Sail north,"

Suppose we do to test their worth;

And as we turn and sail along,

Will Poet, sing to us a song.

*The Poet sings . . .*

O the tropical air with perfume was laden,

And the evening sky was so clear;

When a song that was sung by an Indian maiden,

Told of her longing for things held dear.

O she sang of her home far beyond the ocean,

Of the beautiful land of her birth;

Where she swung in a hammock with gentle motion,

Singing the loveliest land of the earth.

In that isle is the wonderful fountain Bimini,

With its sparkling sweet water so bright

Giving life; so sang the sweet maiden Catalina,

Pleasing our people that beautiful night.

### THREE SONNETS

By- Hazel Nicholson

I

Once, long ago, before my adventurous days,

I dwelt within a constant lullaby;

From windows looked on the infinite sky,

And round it lay a vast garden, a maze

Of myriad flowers and secret ways;

Vine-bowers stood radiant; grasses grew high;

Statues and slumber-fountains seemed to sigh,

And green vistas allured in cool relays.

And like the garden, all my heart was green

With life's verdant mysteries to compare

As thru the power of the day I stole;

With another in the sunshine serene;

Only a child was she,—yet very fair;

Visioning her, I loved her as my soul.

II

One day she waked me when the twilight lay

Faint on the Summer fields, and all the air

Was like a question; the green grass was gray

With drab, distilled dew drop jewels where

The bull-bat gathers gnats. She, whispering . . .



## THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

"This is our holiday," and forth we  
 went  
 To find new kindred; new bequests of sun;  
 New glories for the spirit's nourishment.  
 It was long ago; so long, long ago;  
 The dead years lie on her grave like  
 flowers;  
 Have made me as those folk who do not  
 know  
 The sorcery and alchemy of hours.  
 I am become the nurse of days that  
 were  
 The mother of the memory of her.

### MEMORIES

Yes, it was ever given me to know  
 The dear old house. O, I remember not!  
 Often across the gloom of days forgot  
 I see it's luminous gables gleam and glow.  
 It's dawn:— the ethereal mist; sea below  
 Fills with it's azure ebb each garden spot,  
 And sunbeams with radiant splendor dot,  
 Swinging gently their gold of days ago.  
 About the crumbling stair the moss  
 creeps high;  
 A rose is flinging petals to the stream;  
 Birds in their flight graze me with  
 lucid wings;  
 Then comes the sudden dark where visions  
 die;  
 I seem to awaken from a subtle dream,  
 Wherein I dreamed her presence in all  
 things.

### THE HUMMING BIRD

A living toy, gemed with jewels gold and  
 green,  
 With ever-whirling wings droning unseen,  
 He lightly pauses at the poppy's lips;  
 Into the hodeysuckle blossom sips  
 And drinks the dew while tipsy from per-  
 fume;  
 Breathing sweet God-given dust of bloom.  
 Then swift as thot; quick as a  
 lamp's death flare;  
 Unseen this jewelled dagger cuts the air;  
 In flight; then reappears to poise again  
 Where before hung life, energy and grace,  
 Darts off, leaving a void; an empty space.  
 Hazel Nicholson.

### AN ORIENTAL PEARL

O Moonbeam of the Deep! within whose  
 sphere  
 The lunar radiance of a soft night glows  
 Does your pale beauty hold a frozen tear  
 Shed by Niobe in her sad death woes?

Perhaps the crystal dewdrops of the morn  
 Congealed within your loveliness still  
 live;  
 Or were you of the crystal snowflakes  
 born  
 Of purity which they alone can give?  
 Where the blue waters of the Indian Sea  
 Whisper their secrets to a coral strand  
 Telling of wonderous things. The mystery  
 Undreamed by those who dwell upon  
 the land—  
 There was your home; the dim and un-  
 known caves  
 That guard the treasures of the mighty  
 deep;  
 The sunken gold; the argosies; the graves  
 Where, in their seaweed shrouds the  
 drowned folk sleep.  
 When from the wave, you now have wan-  
 dered far  
 Where sunset fires are kindled in their  
 glow;  
 Old Mammon is the god whose mighty car  
 Crushes the worshiping victims below;  
 There, rivers murmur of the hidden gold  
 Tributaries bring from mountains and  
 fields—  
 Where ripened wheat their stores of treas-  
 ure hold...  
 And earth, itself, a priceless guerdon  
 yields.  
 Some proud sultana round her dusky  
 throat  
 Has flung your fairness with a jeweled  
 hand;  
 And the seraphs with the flute's soft note  
 Blended with the rhythm of the seraband;  
 Where the "odalisques" with eyes of  
 dusk  
 In languorous beauty dream away the  
 hours,  
 And all the air is sweet with tropic musk,  
 Mingled with breath from starry jasa-  
 mine bowers.  
 Perhaps some princess of Russian snows,  
 With you has clasped her bridal veil's  
 soft mist;  
 Some dark-eyed Turkish bride where,  
 with the rose,  
 The nightengale holds her moonlight  
 tryst;  
 Dreams of romance about your beauty  
 cling;  
 Symbols of empire link you to renown;

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Perhaps the sword-hilt of a Moorish king;  
A Bourbon's scepter or a rajah's crown.

I saw you prisoned in a band of gold  
And you shone on a finger's tapering  
row;

Sealing a love that ever of old  
Bind two hearts into one for weal or  
woe.

Love is the king; the world his domain;  
He holds a scepter over land and sea;  
All your wanderings have not been in vain  
Since you are the god of gods, it seems  
to me.

(K. B. C.) Hazel Nicholson.

### INCA MYTHS AND LEGENDS I

The universal Lord with just displeasure  
Saw the human race corrupt and vile.  
He spoke in thunder, swelled Titicaca's  
flood  
Into a mighty, raging tide that surged  
Around the globe and swept the wicked  
throngs  
Of men to a deserved and awful doom.

A vast and splendid city— busy marts,  
And temples, palaces, adorned with gold  
And silver, parks and pleasure spots, and  
founts—

In pride stood high on Titicaca's shore.  
It sank beneath the seething, wrathful  
waves;

And there, far under ground, it still abides,  
They say, in beauteous desolation.  
Then night and darkness rested on the deep  
While silent ages passed in gloom away.

At last the destined cycle having run,  
Great Pachacamac, Lord Supreme, dis-  
pelled

The night; called forth the sun, and moon,  
and stars;

*de* Viracocha, Foam of the Sea, to rise  
And dwell upon the Jaguar Rock, that Isle  
Whence Titicaca takes its name; and where  
The mighty Jaguar once abode that wore  
A huge, resplendent jewel in his head,  
Whose dazzling rays lit up the waters of  
That inland sea unto its utmost bounds.

And Viracocha, carrying out his sire's  
Command, formed there, on Titicaca's  
shores,

Gigantic statues out of stone. These he  
Endowed with life and motion, mind and

will,

Then at the Lord's behest he led them to  
The spot on which great Cuzco later stood.

*The* Megalithic Age filled all the land  
With Cyclopean masonry and skill;  
With awe-inspiring architecture; and  
With strange and occult works of art.  
A hundred kings, and more, sat on the  
throne.

Again luxurious ways, and pomp, and sin  
Men's strength had sapped; their morals  
had destroyed,

And thus had robbed them of their faith  
in God.

The hand of Chastisement struck down  
the weak,

Ignoble race. King Titu Yupanqui,  
Borne on a golden litter, rode to death:  
An arrow pierced the royal brain; defeat  
Dispersed his army; ruin overspread  
The realm, and barbarism came once more.  
A remnant bore the torch of learning and  
The civil life to Tampu-toco, safe  
Within the wild Andean mountain heights!

Albert James Norton.

### CHILDREN'S SECTION EASTER MORNING

On Easter Morning long ago . . .

The stone was rolled away,  
And from the tomb our Savior came  
At early dawn of day.

The women early at the tomb  
Could find no Savior there,  
But angels clad in dazzling white  
With their faces very fair.

Now Easter comes again and brings  
New life to flower and tree  
Just as our Savior long ago  
Brought life to you and me.

Jane Mc Lauchlin Mc Kinnon.

(Jane is a North Carolinian age nine years whom we are pleased to introduce as the baby poet of *The Bookmakers* and whom we predict as the next poet-laureate of the Old North State if the other poets of the state do not watch their step and keep their feet from straying. Other children are invited to join the league and contribute to the Folio. We hope to announce an editor for the *Children's Section* soon.

Editor.



# THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

## SHORT STORY SECTION

### Rules For The Short Story

By- Ada Bordon Stevens

The word *technique* is over-used. In writing the short story, the important point is to have *something to tell*. One may learn all the rules, and yet never produce a story which another will find interesting to read. Webster defines technique as "The form commonly used for the *method of execution in the fine arts*." For our purpose, technique means the *effective presentation of our subject*. To be effective, the story must be interesting, worth telling, and well told. It must have *beginning, middle and end*.

Before we write at all, it is necessary to think thru the *incidents* we have in mind. An *incident is not a story*; but incidents are the *acts of our characters plus the effect of those acts on their lives*, and to think thru the *action of our story is to become very well acquainted with each character*; for a character must act as is *natural to himself*, or the *effect of the story will not be life-like*.

A story is told primarily to *amuse*. The writer *feels a certain emotion as the character he portrays*, and this emotion he must *pass on to his readers*. This emotion of love, fear, hope, courage, etc., must *dominate the story*; the reader, putting himself in the place of the *hero*, *feels this emotion with him*, and is either happy or sad at the outcome, according to whether the *hero wins his object*, or is overcome by his obstacle. It is necessary to remember that a successful tale *carries the reader along with it*. Thus, one must decide at the outset for *whom* one is writing; if one writes simply to please oneself, then we write for one reader. If we write of problems that come into the lives of every man and woman, we write for the multitude.

There are *fundamental principles of story-writing*, and must be thought thru before pen is put to paper at all. Different ways of gaining *unity, emphasis, atmosphere, etc.*, will be treated in other articles, but first the writer must know *what* he wishes to relate, and *why* he wishes to relate it; and it is conceded that there is but one right reason for telling a story, and that is to *amuse or interest the reader*. In a manner, one must forget oneself.

Ideas are fluid until they are put on pa-

per. As the mind formulates them thru the pen, pencil or typewriter, they *crystallize*. A story may be spoiled by taking shape before its purposes are absolutely clear. "Clear thinking makes clear writing" is a quotation which should be repeated by the would-be writer every day.

The *beginning* of a story present the main character in some situation which raises a question: Will he succeed in his efforts? Will he be killed? Will he get the girl? Can he overcome some natural obstacle? Whatever your question is, the end of the story must answer it. *Suspense* is gained by the natural rise and fall of experience. The hero wishes the girl: the girl likes his rival; the hero shows himself very brave; the girl turns to him; the reader is almost satisfied: but the rival saves her life, and the girl turns from the hero to the life-saver: there again is suspense; can he win her back? *Success* and failure, alternating to a successful end, or until one or the other wins: that is your story.

Ask yourself— Have I presented my story in action; my chief character doing things? All life is action and re-action. A story is the reaction of a man or woman from acts of his own; from acts of another man or woman in conflict with himself or from some violence of nature. This is conflict, and a story is not a story without conflict. When life runs smoothly there is nothing to relate. When a character has no problems or adventures, and makes no effort, personally, to conquer circumstances, that character is not generally interesting. Your story must have conflict in which the chief character works out his own salvation, or becomes the victim of experience.

The beginning of a story must answer the questions— Who is the hero? What is he doing? What question is before him? Where does this action take place? Why is it important to him? When did it happen? Your reader must know these things before he can become interested in the story. They must be conveyed to your reader thru the written word, since only so can he see what is in your mind.

The medium which a writer uses is words, as a painter uses paint, Words alone give his meaning. It is necessary, in-

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spite of many failures, to write constantly, in order to reach ultimate success. The writing of many stories is like the playing of many scales necessary to professional success when we hope to play upon the emotions of the public thru individual expression. Without this practice neither writers nor musicians are made.

Exercises:- Write sentences that will make plots— Can - - - succeed, inspite of - - - ? Write an outline of such a story from your sentence, in 500 words. Write a first paragraph or two, embodying the questions to be answered in a beginning. Train yourself to criticise this effort: has it interest, suspense, action? A writer must be able to criticise his own work successfully.

### WHERE LOVE BEGAN

By- Mary Emma Hall

It was a beautiful summer morning, not a cloud to obscure the brightness of the sun; and Henry Mc Mullen was hopeful of obtaining a series of pictures which would be of great value as illustrations in his work on ornithology. Only the evening before word had been brought to him of an eagle's nest which he could reach within an hour's drive; and he packed his outfit and lunch with the intention of making a day of it; determined to obtain pictures of the family life of the king of the feathered tribes of the forest before he returned to his boarding house.

The country road over which he drove was lonely, with only a few houses to break the monotony of the prairies; but his directions had been accurate, and he soon found himself at the foot of a steep cliff where he soon located the eagle's eyrie he had come to photograph.

He saw that he must get above the nest to obtain views of any interest, so he undertook to climb the almost vertical side of the hill. This was a difficult climb, and the camera he carried hindered his movements; but at last he reached a point slightly above the eyrie, and at a suitable distance for proper focusing. The parent birds were not at home, but he succeeded in obtaining several exposures of the nest and eggs, then closed his camera carefully and commenced the decent, anticipat-

ing returning later and perhaps photograph the eaglets and their parents.

Everything was going fine when he stepped on a loose rock which turned under his foot and sent him crashing to the ground far below. Unconscious for a few minutes; then he realized that something very serious had happened to one of his lower limbs for he could not even rise to his knees, but at every attempt to drag himself up, he fell back with unbearable pain. A few attempts of this kind were sufficient to convince him of the utter futility of any more such effort; so he dragged himself along the ground towards his car a few yards away. This effort caused him so much pain that at last he decided to rest a few minutes and consider the probability of his rescue.

He knew that the chances of rescue were very small, for he had left the road more than two miles and followed what appeared to be a cattle trail until he came to the rock by the side of the path which had been described to him as being just under the eagle's eyrie. Considering the situation from all angles, Henry could see that it was a very fortunate thing for him that in falling, he did not strike the large rock which stood only a short distance from where he landed when he fell. If he had stricken that rock he must have been instantly killed.

After a few minutes rest and reflection he again essayed to reach the shelter of his car; for the sunshine was beginning to be unbearably hot, and already his throat felt dry and parched. He found that by resting almost entirely on his uninjured side he could drag himself very slowly by his elbows; so progressed as rapidly as possible, tho obliged, by his extreme faintness, to rest frequently. After one of these intervals of rest he was horrified when he raised his head and saw that he was no longer alone. An enormous rattler had crawled from the shelter of the large rock and was beside the trail sunning himself between Henry and the car.

Lucy Coe reigned in her horse, and applying her spy-glass to her eyes, searched the horizon for the bunch of cattle that had wandered from the home pasture the day before. Suddenly her attention was



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attracted by a car parked in a most unusual place on the distant prairie. A closer inspection revealed a man dragging himself along the trail toward the car. Her first thot was-- "A prospector!" but by closer scrutiny, she decided it must be some one in distress, so she quickly sped across the prairie to offer assistance if it were needed.

Besides, the stray cattle might just as easily be in that direction as any other.

That was how it happened that Henry Mc Mullen, shortly after discovering the rattlesnake looked in the opposite direction and made another discovery, but not such a horrible one this time, however; for at that minute the sight of the girl who was galloping swiftly toward him appeared to be the prettiest vision he had ever seen.

Lucy did not act like a vision. She quickly grasped the situation, and instantly drew a business-like revolver from the belt of her knickers, and immediately killed the rattler with one shot.

"Why didn't you shoot him?" Lucy asked the man. Then, observing his condition, again remarked,--"I beg your pardon! I see you are hurt, and I do not suppose you have a gun. Can I assist you?"

"No, I didn't have a gun, and it is fair to suppose that I could not kill a snake if I had one. To your other question, I am afraid I am seriously hurt. I took a nasty fall from that cliff, and I have at least one broken leg, but guess I am in luck not to have been killed outright. Yes, I shall be grateful for your assistance. If I can get to the car it will be shade from sun rays which are fast growing unbearably hot," answered Henry. And Lucy saw him growing more ghastly from suffering, and he was staunchly trying to conceal from her the extremity of his pain.

"How stupid of me!" exclaimed Lucy. "Allow me to bring the car to you," and suiting the action to the word, she soon had the car between Henry and the blazing sun. "Now I shall assist you into the car, and with the words, Lucy lifted Henry, who was of slight build, in her Amazonian arms to the back car seat, and arranging him as comfortable as possible, she tied the bridle-reins snugly to the horn of the saddle; spoke kindly to her horse in a sweet, musical voice--"Go home, Ned!"

as Henry looked on in painful silence and astonishment; thinking hers the sweetest voice, and she, the most wonderful girl he had ever seen; too proud to utter the least complaint after her display of strength.

Lucy sprang in the car when her horse started for home. After grasping the steering wheel, she turned to Henry informing him their destination would be her home about two miles distant where he could sooner secure medical attention.

Before commencing the painful, for Henry, journey; Henry took a refreshing drink of water, thankful that he had taken his land-lady's advice to take plenty of drinking water. Lucy started the car, and the painful drive over the rough prairie began.

Tho Lucy chose the less rough route, Henry was unconcious before they reached home, and it was several days before he was entirely conscious again. The severe pain and inflammation incident to the fractured leg and other bruises sustained when he fell, with his exposure for hours to the hot sun, had produced a high temperature which left him very weak and emaciated. The fractured limb subjected to such torturing heat; so long unset and as Henry's land-lady informed him, "It Dog Days and the wrong time of the moon, too;" the fracture was a long time healing, and more than two months had passed before he could leave his room. All this time he had not seen Lucy, tho had heard her mentioned in connection with the outdoor life of the busy ranch.

This was understood when he commenced to mingle with the family, for the first day at dinner, a man entered the dining-room and gave Lucy an accurate account of the work that day, and asked her opinion of a horse which was injured.

She gave the man instructions concerning the horse which she'd soon see. At this, her mother remonstrated with her for working so hard; but Lucy replied,--"Well, Mother, I am making a success of it!" Mrs. Coe explained to their guest; her husband had died, and his mantle had fallen on Lucy; she hoped to soon sell the ranch and... that was how and where love began between the distinguished ornithologist Henry Mc Mullen, and Lucy Coe of Excelsor Ranch. Henry thot his, a lucky fall.

# THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

FIVE POEMS BY - W. P. MURRAY.

## TO OUR CONFEDERATE HEROES

Forth from a great land of fearless men,  
Where peace prevailed to goad them on,  
Dissension and destruction rose to wreck  
Their temples of peace; to strike them down.

The nation's men were called to arms  
Their rights and freedom to preserve,  
With a commanding force they understood,  
The voice of Patriotism bade them serve.

Bonds of unity were snapped in twain  
By the pressure of their mighty load;  
Friendship and peace gave way to woe,  
As great men to battle bravely strode.

The fiery eyes of Mars shone forth  
And seared and singed a peaceful land;  
Dark clouds of battle gathered fast;  
Destruction ruled with a mighty hand.

Drab fields were soaked with warm life-blood,  
Drained from the veins of faithful men  
Who fought and died with the strength of steel,  
That Peace their land might rule again.

Praising and awed the world looked on,  
As war-worn men prolonged the fight;  
And friends and foes alike extolled  
Their efforts, bravery and might.

When black despair seemed near at hand  
To clutch the throats of Southern men,  
With hearts of steel they fought and fought  
Their flag to keep; their cause to win.

Defeat rose high to strike them down;  
They bowed beneath the yoke of fate;  
Yet glory lingered around them still;  
They had battled for home and state.

Renewing hopes, they homeward turned  
To efface sad scars of mortal strife;  
And the vision of bright days to come  
Inspired them with more love for life.

With war torn hands they tilled the soil  
Of battle field long stained with blood;  
With steadfast hearts and wills divine,  
They labored ever trusting God.

Soon bare fields bore abundant food  
To feed the mouths of hungry hordes,  
Long stricken from the bands of war  
About their necks like tight drawn cords.

Success and Peace went hand in hand  
Down light beamed path of future years,  
And healed the wounds left sore by war;  
Erased the stains of bloody tears.

To Confederate Heroes, true;  
I write these memories in rime;  
Their names and deeds forever live  
Throughout ages of immortal time.

## Mother Love

A tiny spark lies hidden well  
In the depths of a mother's heart;  
It smolders gently, then surges forth  
To play its kind and gallant part.  
(Its name is mother love.)

With a tender hand it reaches out  
And succors small and helpless ones,  
With tenderness that has no peer;  
Its duty it neither shirks nor shuns.  
(It grows day by day.)

Sublime and good is motherhood,  
Designed by Holy God above;  
Strong, indeed, must be the link  
That binds mother and child in love.  
(Love's link will ever hold.)

## Arrows

Crimson arrows of sunlight  
Plunged into the boundless sea,  
Choked the frigid monster on her breast;  
Set her cold, pent up waters free.

Golden arrows of moonlight  
Descended through the eerie night.  
Pierced through the heart of mocking gloom  
Made of her life-blood liquid light.

Flaming arrows of your charm  
Stuck down the gloom in my heart,  
When whispering "I love you, Dear,"  
My own dear one, my counterpart.

## Analysis

How incomprehensible is life,  
How insignificant is death,  
How worthless is dire human strife.  
When silenced by a dying breath.

How helpless is all mortal hate,  
How paltry is all mortal pain,  
How meager is all earthly fate,  
When Life, the bearer, is slain.

How wonderful is holy love,  
How priceless is enduring faith,  
How noble is God above,  
The donor of eternal breath.

## Sublime Acts Like Stars Shine

Sublime acts like stars shine,  
And seeks with virtue to combine.

Combined they make a noble whole  
To light and glorify the soul.



## THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

### 'TEEN DAYS

Or Love To A First Sweetheart.

(The Manuscript of Fame, The Poem  
The Most Quoted When The Author  
Was Nominated To The Hall Of Fame.)

[A Fantasia Continued From Autumn-  
Winter Number 1926. Part IV.]

By Gertrude Perry West

If you were White Lake shimmering  
And shining so calm and white  
Among pretty hills of Bladen  
Where the moon shines clear and bright  
As any hills in Carolina

Where rest the seventeen lakes among  
The hills, I'd cling to trees on your beach  
As the silver mosses have clung.

If you were a child a-playing  
On the beach of Lake Waccamaw;  
And I a lad wandering by  
I would closer to you draw,  
And like a breeze a-blowing, Dear;  
Your golden curls about;  
I would toy them, Sweet, so gently;  
You would never cry or pout.

If you were a breeze a-passing,  
And a whistling up the stream  
The Indians called So-po-na,  
Among Bladen hills supreme;  
And I were their squaw or princess,  
I would let you kiss my cheek;  
I'd nod my head in sweet content  
At my wigwam on Carver's Creek.

If you were a crimson poppy, Dear;  
And I were a peony,  
I'd light upon the passing breeze,  
And I would your polen be;  
Every strong wind that would blow,  
On it I would float to you;  
And on your glossiest petal, Love;  
I would fall like the honey-dew.

If I were a pink peony, Mine;  
And you seeds of poppies red;  
I'd float upon the Summer breeze,  
And fall on the gardner's bed  
In which he was preparing, Dear;  
To plant you in Bladen sand;  
The garden-spot of Carolina,  
And all of Dixieland!

If I were pretty Callisto;  
And you the King of the Gods;

I would leave my nymph companions,  
And out where the forest nods;  
I would give up all virginity  
To be a mistress to you;  
Even tho Juno *wished* me a bear,  
To you I'd always be true.

For me you would surely be sorry,  
And take me away to the sky,  
And make me a great constellation--  
The Great Bear, to beautify  
The heavens-- take Arcas the Hunter . . .  
And make him the Little Bear  
To guard your beautiful heavens . . .  
Our rendezvous in the air.

### AS TWILIGHT FALLS

As twilight falls and everything  
Prepared to take a peaceful rest  
Then, Love, my thoughts will fly to thee,  
To dwell with one I love the best.  
Within the haven of thy heart,  
Most blissful rest, I hope to find,  
And tho the world around me storms,  
I know thy heart will e'er be kind.

As twilight falls and night comes on,  
No darkness will o'ercloud my soul,  
And I shall rest contentedly,  
Thou e'er shall be my soul's true goal--  
My guiding star, so clear and bright  
That lights the pathway of my heart,  
To ever teach me what is right.

We shall not mind, tho twilight falls,  
For Love's eyes can forever see;  
And tho a darkness may surround,  
My heart will find its way to thee.  
No barriers can intervene,  
Thru which love will not find the way;  
For it hath e'er an inner light,  
That turns soul darkness into day.

And when Life's twilight softly falls  
Upon our faithful hearts at last,  
To bid our souls in freedom soar,  
When earthly days, too soon, are past;  
Then may we go, Love, hand in hand,  
To our dear Father's home above,  
To dwell, forever, side by side;  
In our eternal, blissful love.

Martha Shepherd Lippincott.  
(A quaint Quaker toned poem. Editor.)

### PROTEST

Ashes, they say, are despair and hate  
And I wonder why it's so:  
For there's a peace in dead grey ashes  
That fire may never know.

Spencer Murphy.



# LINCOLN READING BY THE FLICKERING LIGHT

( To the author of "Journey From The Log Cabin To The White House."  
ELEANOR GRIDLEY )

See Lincoln reading by the flickering light  
In Plutarch's story of Timoleon,  
The Syracusan, who in words and deeds  
So much resembled Old Abe one could say  
That Lincoln copied him. Perhaps he did:  
For who would not by knowledge of such lives  
Be bettered? By his "Lives" of famous men  
Did Plutarch make himself a deathless name,-  
The glory of their lives enobles him  
Who as Recorder shares their mighty deeds,  
And lives with them forever.

So I hope  
The years will bring you honor and returns  
As one of these, like Old Mortality,  
Who deeper cut the chiseled, time-worn lines  
Of long-neglected monuments, too soon

Forgotten in the swirl and rush  
Of daily trifles and ephemeral things.  
So even now a boy is reading thru  
The pages of your *book* who will some time,  
Receiving the attention of the world,  
Tell how to him, upon your words,  
Came Inspiration.

Wingless are most words:  
They fall like lead, dead, lifeless from the lips,  
And die at once when uttered. Other words  
Like birds strong-winged fly mighty distances  
As far, almost, as are the poles apart,-  
Like that Australian bird which yearly nests  
In northern Greenland: such are Winged Words.

W. F. Cooling.

## LINCOLN [An Acrostic]

L-INCOLN is the greatest figure of all time,  
I-mmortal, matchless, mighty, grand, sublime,  
N-oble gentle; everywhere his name  
Carries with it his everlasting fame.  
O-n Freedom's lofty heights he stands, we see:  
L-oudly he bids the fettered slave go free.  
N-ature endowed his mind: God decreed that  
He serve mankind.

Albert James Norton.

## CREPE

Again we are Officially bereaved before the  
current Number of the Folio is off the press;  
the deplorable intelligence having reached us  
of the tragic death of Hon. Vice Pres. of No.  
Three of The Bookmakers, Mrs. Ruth Mason  
Rice, one of the great, and most noted litera-  
ry lights of the U. S.; was internationally  
celebrated as well; having won for herself an  
enviable literary reputation. Her official sum-  
mary will be found elsewhere; it already hav-  
ing been incorporated before her death Sept.  
5th, 1927. She is the daughter of Mr. Mason,  
Pres. of the Browning Society of Boston.



## THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

### AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH . . .



#### MARIE TELLO PHILLIPS

Vice Pres. Eastern Division of the International League of The Bookmakers who has been awarded one of the Life Memberships for 1927 of The Bookmakers for distinguished service to Literature; the others being Dr. John M. Stahl, Hon. Pres., and Hon. Vice Pres. Albert James Norton of the Eastern Division of The Bookmakers; this being an exclusive annual feature of The Bookmakers; they being the only literary organization giving this honor.

Mrs Phillips is the author of a *Book of Verses* published by Clark and Fritts, 229 West 23th., St., N. Y. C., is the widow of the late Mr. Watson Provost Phillips who is pictured on the opposite page and who was a well known Pittsburgher.

Some of Mrs. Phillip's verse, stories, essays or feature articles, have been published in *American Poetry Magazine*, *N. Y. Times*, *N. Y. Telegram*, *The Harp*, *Voices*, *The Bookmakers Folio*, *Judge*, *Social Progress*, *The Congress Outlet*, *The Missionary*, *Parnassus*, *The Writer*, *The Writers' Digest*, and others.

She commenced writing poetry in 1918 and scored four times in six months in the poetry contest conducted at that time by the Boston Evening Record.

She sub-edited the 1923 Pennsylvania Issue of the *American Poetry Magazine*, and at present is the Literary Editor of a

monthly Literary Review for the *Congress Outlet*, the official organ of the Congress of Women's Clubs of Western Penn., representing 20,000 women. She is Chairman of their Dept., of Literature.

She has compiled three new books for publication; a second book of her own poetry, and *A Voice From The Stars*, and *Verses For Young Folk*, both by her father, Manly Tello, ( Soldier, Writer and Lawyer ) and a novel now on the press entitled *Stella Marvin*, Harold Vinal, Ltd., Pub.

Some of her work is included in all seven of Franklin Pierre Davis' Anthologies of Newspaper Verse, to date; she has the honor of having the 1926 Edition dedicated to her. She has appeared in many other Anthologies, including *A Wreath to Edwin Markham and Braithwaite's 1925-1926*; he having accepted for incorporation in his current edition all of her latest poems.

She is Past Vice Pres., Founder and Past Pres., of the American Pen Women of Pennsylvania, and Past State Vice Pres. of the American Literary Association; a Vice Pres. of the Poetry Society of Great Britain, President of American Section, Pittsburgh Center, and member of the International Advisory Cabinet of the Professional English Fraternity, Sigma Tau Delta, 10th.. Degree-- entitled to the Diamond Torch, conferred for literary distinction, 1925, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mrs. Phillips is an Active Member of the Mid-West Alden Kindred of America.

#### DEDICATION

In dedicating his 1923 Anthology to Mrs. Phillips, it is very beautifully expressed thusly by the Editor, Dr. Davis:-

#### TO MARIE TELLO PHILLIPS

" Whose mind, mirrored by an imperial  
vault of blue  
Has unsearchable depths,  
Forever sending back the message  
Of eternal hope,  
The hope of the real soul hidden in those  
depths  
Where the visions lie."

When but seven days old, her father was inspired to write to her the following verses:-

#### TO MARY-AGE SEVEN DAYS

Bright as the morn that heralded your

## THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

birth.

So bright may all your life be, little fairy!  
And you shall bear the prettiest name on  
earth--  
All hail; Sweet, infant Mary!

Come, tell me; is there truth in Wadsworth's story?

Of faith in poets I am somewhat chary,  
That babies trail behind them "clouds of  
glory"?

Do you, O, tiny Mary?

Clouds I have sometimes seen on baby  
faces;

Mostly when teething made them feel  
contrary;

But of the glory I could find no traces . . .  
Don't be offended Mary!

Sage Darwin more than hints the race of  
men

Descends from ancestors all tailed and  
hairy . . .

A lowly origin it's true; but then,  
Our star is rising, Mary!

Is it not nobler to be bravely striving  
Onward and upward; with slow steps  
and wary;

Than, from the Gods our origin deriving  
Be slowly thinking, Mary?

A glorious womanhood; true, strong and  
tender;

A sparkling wit, with fancy bright and  
airy;

A grace to which all hearts will homage  
render . . .

May these be yours, Sweet Mary!

Manly Tello,- 1880

### LITTLE FLOWERET

Dear little floweret, lying so prone  
Plucked from your parent stem,  
Life, taking wing, has heavenward flown  
And broken you lie, little gem.

When little floweret, out from the dust,  
You blossom again in this place,  
Proudly the stem, from which you were  
thrust,

Will rise decked anew in your grace.

Marie Tello Phillips.

### GO TO SLEEP

Go to sleep! Go to sleep!  
( O sad heart! stop this aching. )  
Close your eyes, dearest, sleep,  
The long night is breaking.

Go to sleep! Sweetly sleep!  
Tired eyes rest till waking;  
( Weary heart, do not weep,  
Soon dawn will be breaking. )

Go to sleep, dearest, sleep,  
Gently rest softly taking  
God will keep, sweetly sleep,  
Soon day will be breaking.

Marie Tello Phillips.

### THE BREATH OF TOIL

In Pittsburgh, sunset skies are glorified  
Because of mills and factories, that raise  
Their flaming torches to the crimson clouds  
All shot with lavender and golden tones.  
It were as tho the passion, life and power  
Of Labor made the elements alive  
With their hot breath. As if their soaring  
spirits

Rose to touch the skies, the passionate  
Outpouring of a human motor-force  
In sublimated energy to beauty  
Borne on the tall towers of industry.

Not gold alone, nor work alone, brute-  
force  
Nor genius, could build these towers of  
toil.

From brain and body of the people, fused  
From mason to inspired artist, whose  
Great brain designed the plans and gave  
them life,

These symbols of immortal service rise,  
Bearing the burden of their faith and art,  
Ascending as the mighty breath of Toil.

Marie Tello Phillips.

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## THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

### SHUT-IN SECTION EDITED- ELIZABETH BEAM FAIRCLOTH

( Mrs Faircloth is not only a poet, and blind; but is skilled in other ways. She is a skilled, expert basket weaver who makes baskets to order at reasonable prices. Those interested in the purchase of baskets as holiday gifts, or otherwise, will kindly order thru her, as her husband is also blind, and they have three small children. Her brochure, Happy Thots Among The Pines, is 50 cents from the author at Grove St., Fayetteville, N. C. The purpose of this page is to help create a little sunshine for the Shut-Ins. The Section is made possible thru donations; the loyal donor of our first published Shut-In Section wishes to remain anonymous. Kindly send donations to the home office at Callahan, Fla. Any amount is appreciated. G. P. W )

#### THE SHUT-IN

By Evelyn Couchman

Imprisoned in a darkened room,  
I am forever chained in gloom,  
The light of sun and stars denied,  
Pain's deepest shadow at my side.

And yet - - - I hold a torch that burns,  
A flame that, leaping upward, turns  
My night to day, and so it seems  
Pain dare not rob me of my dreams.



*vice*  
J. GRAYDON JEFFRIES, HON. PRES. DIST. NO. FIVE of THE BOOKMAKERS, who can only move that drawn hand in photo.

## THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

### LITTLE MAN

O, little man with care-free heart,  
You've yet Life's stream to span!  
You picture now what you will be  
When you're a grown man.  
When down Life's stream you've traveled  
far,  
And learned the weight of care,  
Shall you then see your own true self  
The man you really are?

J. Graydon Jeffries.

### BEYOND THE GATE

Within our little world we stay,  
Like children in their yard at play,  
And anxiously as they we wait  
To see what lies beyond the gate.  
As restless children all the day,  
Our eager eyes are turned away,  
We curiously would penetrate  
The mysteries beyond the gate.  
Altho our yard seems small and mean,  
The outside world -- which all unseen --  
Is filled with troubles far more great  
Than those we find within our gate.

But if that gate should open wide,  
We'd leap and shout in childish pride,  
Then hasten forth to meet the fate --  
No matter what -- beyond the gate.  
Perchance we'd find more luring things  
Than Childhood's backyard seldom  
brings,  
But sometimes also find too late  
That life was best within our gate.  
It's not until we've sought and tried  
The world beyond the other side,  
That we can quite appreciate  
The goodly things within our gate.

Elizabeth Beam Faircloth.

### CHUNE UP DE BANJO

Ol' Marster said long, long ago,  
When de sky grows dim, an' de cold wind  
blow,  
An' de rain come a drippin' so,  
"Dar g'n't no use to pout an' whine  
For some o' dese days de sun's gwinter  
shine  
So listen to dese words o' mine . . .  
An' chune up de banjo!  
An' chune up de banjo!"

Ol' Marster's dead, an' I's done free:  
But dese ol' sayin's come back to me  
Wid days dat use to be.  
I knows my days is hard enough,  
De road I travel is mighty rough,  
De log o' life hit sho splits tough . . .  
But chune up de banjo!  
But chune up de banjo!

De days grow cold, de nights grow long,  
An' cold winds sing a lonesome song,  
Den I gits cold; all goes wrong:  
I takes de banjo on my knee,  
For I allers keeps it 'long wid me;  
I wipes de tears so's I can see  
To chune up de banjo!  
To chune up de banjo!

Dar hain't no use to tell no lie,  
De climb is hard from yearth to sky;  
But Marster told me to try.  
I said, -- "Dis worl's a bad un Baws,  
A runnin' awn like a run away haws,  
But me an' you got de river to craws . . .  
So chune up de banjo!  
So chune up de banjo!"

Paul Edwards, (A blind poet.)  
R. F. D.No., 3, Durham, N. C.

### HERALDS OF SPRING

Spring is coming fast I know,  
All signs clearly tell me so:  
Skies seem bluer, clouds less grey,  
Snow and ice will melt away;  
March winds coming strong and bold,  
Whistling fiercely, tho less cold;  
Sun-rays warming Mother Earth,  
Soon to give the flowers birth.

Axes in the woods will cease,  
Birds resume their reign in peace;  
Planters to the soil will turn,  
Food and clothing thus to earn;  
Swimming in the streamlet clear,  
Baby fish will soon appear;  
Hunters put their guns away,  
Towards the fishing ponds to stray.

Spring is coming all things say,  
Fast approaching day by bay,  
And my heart with rapture thrills  
Fuller every day it fills;  
Spring, O beauteous time indeed;  
Come to gladden homes with feed!  
Come in answer to Earth's call,  
You are welcomed by us all.

Elizabeth Beam Faircloth.



# THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

## THREE LINCOLN POEMS

### LINCOLN

Out of the mist and the shadows,  
Clothed in tumult and glory,  
You came  
To consecrate once more  
Our all  
Upon the alter of a freedom  
And equality  
That welds the yearning hearts  
Of every land  
Into a common pulse;  
Throbbing - - throbbing!  
Each mighty beat . . .  
A hammer stroke against  
Unholy tyranny,  
Injustice and despotic sway.

God-like in your simplicity,  
All human  
And yet half devine  
In your embracing love,  
Your fellow countrymen  
Now reap the harvest  
From the battle-born seed  
Which your sacrificing blood  
Sowed in the days of darkness  
And despair.

Lincoln,  
We bow in solemn reverence  
At your shrine,  
Pledging anew our lives  
To still maintain that liberty  
For which  
Your conquering spirit  
Fought.

James Lloyd Woodruff.

### OUR NEED

America is leaderless;  
We've parties, platforms, planks;  
But no Lincoln has arisen  
From out the humble ranks.

There's no one left to govern us;  
The people weep the lack;  
The poor are struggling, fighting . . .  
The rich are fighting back.

In prison cells they keep a man  
Like Debs, who could have led;  
Others, too, are dying there;  
Many are already dead.

Would that a man; a *fearless* man;  
A man who walks with God;  
Could lead the weary people now,  
Over lands their fathers trod.

We need one who's caught the vision  
To put the cowards to shame;  
A statesman great . . . an orator;  
A voice that holds a flame.

What matters tho? All nations fall . . .  
When greed has reached its height;  
When gluttony has dulled the brains  
Of those who should think right.

When those who've always hungered  
For nourishment; for meat;  
Read what the "First Dog of the Land"  
Has had that day to eat.

Rome crumbled when debauchery  
Was king, and poets slaves;  
O, give us back the spirit now  
Of Lincoln great and brave!

Mary Tupper Jones.

### MOTHER LOVE

He's jes' a li'l' Nigger- - - is ma li'l' kin-  
ky haid- - -

But still he mammy's honey chile  
Lyn' in de cabin apon he daddy's baid  
Wearin' a he'lthy, lubly smile;  
He's jes' he mammy's joy- - - is dis li'l'  
cullud man- - -

De pride ob he black mammy's heart  
An' fo' all de forchun in de hole wide lan'  
Frum ma baby lam' Iah ud nebber part!

De white folkses chilluns amb pow'ful  
sof' an' pink,  
An' allus lookin' white an' sweet;  
Whilst ma baby amb dark an' he hair  
amb kink;

Mos' as black as tar frum he haid to  
he feet;  
An' he foots amb flatter dan a fried  
fritter cake,

An, he han's dey say amb made to steal;  
But Ise a bleevin' hit's a hoe he gwinter  
take

Down in Ca'liny to a cottun fiel'!

Go ter sleep ma honey an' doan yo' cry  
no mo'

'Kase yo' wuz bawn in dis ol' shack;  
Fo' Mistah Limkum wuz bawn jes' so,  
An' tuck us trubblels on he back;  
So Iah keeps smilin' an' a trustin' in de  
Lawd

He will sen' urnudder Limkum brave  
Ter keep ma pickaninny frum workin' so  
hawd

Fer now, Ise jes' a po' wage slave!

James Evans Quick.

## THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

### LESSONS IN VERSIFICATION

(For Beginners From Which All May Learn and Benefit.— Editor.)

ALBERT JAMES NORTON

#### Lesson One

In preparing the following lessons on the art of writing poetry, I shall try to keep in mind the fact that they are intended for the instruction of children, and shall therefore make them as simple in language as I can. My young pupils must, however, expect to exercise their minds somewhat in following my efforts for their enlightenment in this first and highest of the fine arts. It can not be too strongly impressed upon the beginner that the poets of greatest genius who have attained poetic immortality have, for the most part, achieved their glorious renown because they were tireless workers. If necessary for the perfect expression of that in appropriate form and language, they would spend days on a short passage or on even a line, in order to produce that ideal result.

Poetic genius unregulated by knowledge, skill, and patient endeavor, rarely accomplishes anything worthwhile.

#### I I

We now begin our work in *Prosody*, a word derived from the Greek *prosodia*, which means *accent*. It is now used in a wider sense, and includes accent and quantity of syllables, and the laws of meter and versification. It is the science that treats of poetry and poetical forms.

It will be well at this point to define some of the most important prosodical terms.

*Rhythm* is one. It means the regular flow and repetition of harmonious sounds at stated intervals of time. The poet now and then uses harsh, discordant sounds because he wishes to produce, in parts of his poem effects that can be produced only by the employment of such sounds.

*Accent*.— This word, in versification, means the regular recurrence of stress of voice falling upon certain syllables in a line or verse. In this connection *stress* has much the same meaning as *accent* and has been defined as *metrical emphasis*.— Here I call attention to the fact that *verse*, in the language of the poets and prosodists, often means *line*, a line in poetry.

*Meter*.— Literally translated from the Greek word *metron*, it means measure. Me-

ter is the arrangement of syllables in a verse into groups in such away that the metrical accent, stress, or beat shall fall upon certain syllables in the groups at equal time-intervals.

*Foot*.— This is one of the most important and frequently used terms in prosody. It is easily confused in meaning with the word meter. We may say that the foot is a unit of measure for the syllables in a verse and represents the time-interval between the accents therein. It is made up of long and short syllables. The different kinds of feet employed in English poetry will be named and explained later.

*Quantity*, as the term is used in our prosody, is a subject over which there is much controversy. I merely attempt to explain the term as it is commonly understood. It is the *time* it takes to pronounce a syllable. This is well defined as being a *word or part of a word that is capable of separate enunciation by one voice-impulse*. Syllables are long or short; and sometimes they are common, that is, they may be, in a certain position, either long or short. There are many such syllables in English.

Some prosodists deny that there is such a thing as syllabic quantity in English, but admit that there is vowel quantity. In the classical languages, syllables as well as vowels, had a fixed quantity, altho not even they were absolutely invariable. English syllables are much more variable in quantity than those in Greek and Latin.

The earliest period of our literature, extending from A. D. 450 to A. D. 1150, is known as the *Anglo-Saxon*, or now more commonly, as the *Old or Oldest English*, period. All schools of prosodists agree that Anglo-Saxon prosody during this period was accentual. Prosodists disagree on so many points, some of them fundamental, that it is gratifying to know that they all unite in agreeing upon this important historical fact. The accentualists claim that the accentual system has governed English prosody from the beginning of Anglo-Saxon prosody down to the present time. Foot-prosodists, some of them at least, see the beginnings of feet in the latter part of the Old English Period and complete foot-forms in the early part of the next one hundred years after its close.

In this series of lessons I shall use the



## THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

foot system as the most convenient, as accounting for all parts of a verse and of verses in succession, and as better adopted to the capacities and for the practice of our young contributors than any other system. When they shall have grown in prosodical knowledge and proficient in various forms of poetical composition they can adopt whatever system their judgment may dictate.

The next lesson will have for its subject the names and characteristics of the different kinds of feet used in English poetry.

### GERTRUDE'S FAVORITE CAKE

3 cups flour; 2 1-2 level teaspoons baking powder; 1-2 level teaspoon salt; 3-4 cup butter; 3-4 cup water; 4 eggs; flavoring; 1 1-2 cups granulated sugar. Sift flour, baking powder and salt three times. Cream sugar and butter, beat in one egg, add a little flour and water, beat well, continue this process until you have used all eggs; add flavoring last. Bake in moderate oven for an hour, 325-350 degrees F--Exchange.

### BOOKPLATE SECTION

Edited- Louis J. Silver.



To the Owner of a Library, Large or Small:- "Pray tell me how you class your wealth of books - - - the drifted relics of all time? " - - - This poet's quest is subconsciously asked by every visitor to the home library. It is silently answered by the book plate between the covers of each volume. Lacking the book plate we are without a clue.

Your library may mean nothing more than a costly part of your furnishings; and again, it may represent to you the wealth of all the ages.

All noted men and women took pride in their "wealth of books," and took great satisfaction in marking their libraries

with personal expressions of individuality--their book plates.

If you truly value your library, place your personal mark upon it and thereby assign to your books the final distinction of which you are capable. Wherever they may stray they will be known as yours; your personality will impress by the very nature of the design and craftsmanship of your choosing. . .

Whether for book protection, personal gratification, or as a gift to a friend.

Louis J. Silver.

### QUESTIONS

There is an adage- *There is two sides to every question*, and the following *Sonnet* appears just that in the sentiments of the life of Abraham Lincoln of both friend and foe; for reading from left to right, it eulogizes Lincoln; but reading downward from the first letter, incorporating the first letter of every verse of the sonnet in forming the perpendicular line, the true sentiment of the author is revealed. The sonnet was published in the *American Standard*, a *copperhead* newspaper in Jersey City, in 1864. We include it, remembering Jesus was betrayed with a kiss.- Editor.

### A SONNET

L-INCOLN! be firm and fear not; bigot  
men  
I-n vain assail thee with their senseless  
word:  
N-or heed the slaves to party and their lies  
C-onveying censure. The historian's pen—  
O-h, wand of magic!— shall destroy the  
sneers,  
L-aughter and carping of the would-be  
wise.  
N-ot in the future shall their voice be  
heard  
I-n making up its judgment on these years.  
S-econd to few patriots in esteem,  
A-nd sorer tried than many hast thou been.  
N-ow few the stars that thru the dark-  
ness gleam  
A-nd not as yet are signs of daylight seen.  
S-oon stars shall come, and when these  
shall pass away,  
S-hall gleam the light that marks thy  
coming, glorious day!

S. Oldcheap.

Exchange.

# THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

## A LINCOLN SONNET SEQUENCE

### A TEMPLE OF GOD

( *Ye are the, temple of the living God.* )

#### I

Lincoln: divinity is yours! From out  
The windows of the Temple of the God  
Within your giant frame, it was not odd  
That vision was yours to see beyond doubt  
The Black Slave must be freed who was without  
A friend who cared to free him from the rod  
Of chattel servitude to freely plod  
His way unshackled by White Christians devout.

Murderer could be no more guilty than  
They who heard not the pitiful, sad groan  
When remorse was unknown; and sold, the  
child  
From the mother's breast or the poor black man  
From his wife; yet, their owner, would loud  
moan  
In amen-corners, righteous, self-styled.

#### I I

Poverty had been yours, and you well knew  
The pangs of hunger when in the jungle  
Your father would make some unwise bungle  
And failed to find the bread on which for you  
To live when a small child; and later, too;  
When you had grown into a lad humble  
Because too poor to make protested grumble;  
As hunger gnawed within, bitter you grew.

You contemplated unjust, criminal laws  
Which made men slaves and poor; in servitude  
To men who "prayed long prayers before  
men,"  
While selling mothers to the giant maws  
Of Privilege whose conscience was most crude  
From crime; or their children as the oxen.

#### I I I

"Extreme Radical," they called you, because  
You wished to see your Black Brother set free  
From chains of unjust, cruel slavery;  
And you believed in abolishing laws  
Which kept him so, and the damnable clause,  
You sought to abolish; make liberty  
For all mankind who should be made happy  
By helping others pursue a just cause.

This, because you believed in a just God  
Of Love, Freedom, Mercy, Kindness; and not  
A cruel mane away in Etherland  
Who watched thru clouds the poor black slaves  
who trod

The Toiler's path below, to counterplot;  
Decreeing they serve masters or be  
damned.

#### I V

Extreme poverty had been yours, and the  
God whom Christain Slavers claim curs-  
ed as a slave,  
Ham when he looked on the drunken,  
naked knave,  
Noah, who slept in depraved debauchery;  
And having thus cursed him with slavery  
He turned his skin black, and for mas-  
ters gave  
Him his brothers, Shem and Japeth, the  
brave,  
Fair and God-elected: their white ancestry.

But the God in you, Great Temple of the  
Living God of Love, was vision given  
To know the God of Love was thus  
belied;  
Having seen Giant Injustice a-gee  
At Poverty's Mill, with bucket open  
Taking toll in name of The Crucified.

#### V

From a log cabin you came; martyred, lay  
In the White House, its dead master;  
yet lives  
The emancipating spirit's motives  
With which you freed the slaves ere they  
dared slay  
Your massive cathedraled temple of clay;  
And with your powerful prerogatives  
Having demonstrated; freeing subjec-  
tives,  
You showed the God within you ~~temple~~  
*body,*

Into the utmost regions of the seas  
Your great light has shone, and every  
stone  
Has been turned where man was held  
as a slave,  
And sold from master to master. The  
breeze  
Has carried it thru the remotest zone,  
As Love piles immortelles upon your  
grave.

Gertrude Perry West.

#### QUOTED

Lincoln was the greatest character since  
Christ . . . . . John Hay.  
I say he was the Messiah of the modern  
world. . . . . Philitus Smith.



# THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

## REVIEW OF REVIEWED

### THE SPLIT INFINITIVE

Some poetry journals are reviewing poetry journals. Praise be! And thanks we for the *buggy* ride! When *Ignorance* gets astride the *onager* he causes *Bliss* some consolation, and his victims some amusement; and this is applicable to one which pops up in *Johnny Bull Land* to halt at Ameliken Par-nasty-us and look over some of the Ameliken poetic *sheets*, if not *under* them; while taking paregoric for the brain-storm which blew the cockneyed hot air upon the strutting, poverty-stricken, bragging bantams whose Eddy-tours know the first woid in poetry; all free verse; all verse; no verse; more verse; rotten verse; better verse; but never less verse; each strutting their own little comet tail as they march toward Par-nasty-us rattling their brains like shot in a hollow ball of ivory; rolling their poetical wheelbarrow up side down; vainly hoping some little black and white annymules poets know to their sorrow as tecknicking crickets at from two to seven cents a line, will shoot some musky praise upon their tambourine noise; but should they; the pilgrims on their way to Par-nasty-us will afterward look at their purse and weep; then looking back, will discover their pretty tails were only dust! Perhaps some ambitious moth may light upon the lifeless poetry journal whose bantam editor dropped dead from starvation from having given their space as a medium of expression for the tecknicker's classes without even a much oblige; and fan it back to life with rainbow wings to soon die again from the same disease; a blight which will sap the Rock-a-feller Foundation. Like the described are most of the reviewed except our absorbed *Poetic Thrills*. The tecknickers found us at home!

The Editor Reviewer of Ameliken Poetry Journals in Cockeydumb discovered we had a split infinitive in the wrong place, and in writing to acknowledge that where ignorance is bliss, one is a fool to be otherwise, he writes he is a man, and in his review, he emphatically stipulates he is one who does not like split infinitives in the wrong place, but actually came to tears when he come to acknowledge that it is pretty good when not out of place; or anyway, a necessary evil; so we might have fared better if the printer's devil

had not got ours out of place.

We were happily under the impression that cockneys rather liked split infinitives, but seems that it was merely a delusion; so all split infinitives will sadly take notice and weep! As Elmer says in the funny sheet-- "Gee, whiz!"

Age, undoubtedly, has crept upon this specimen of the species male (Oh! Oh!) as well as some of our Ameliken Eddy-tours who cling to Peg-gas-us' bridle because the other end kicks, and he does not dare to adjust the crupper.

Again, we have in mind another Eddy-tour who might like a split infinitive if it were contributed by a *brown girl*. They can put out some cute ones on brown girls and they call 'em poms--- and if they had a split infinitive to go along with the pome and the girl--- Gee, whiz! (We forgot to include attar of green gourd because we thot he would have a picnic anyway.)

The kind Reviewer refuses to spank us because we are a baby; leaving the spanking to women only; because it might take too much energy for him, and is an Amazon's job. How he learned we are a baby we are not informed.

He sees the personality of some of our contemporaries all over their pages, but it is a delusion; it is on one of our pages he is seen as others see him. His pussun-altee may be on hisun, but his pictur is in ourn. This onager is continually braying at others to *say something*, but never says anything himself! Just brays. One can hear his fossilized brains rattling like shot in a Standard Oil tank, as he gallops thru valleys and over foothills braying; always braying! His hoofs striking the jagged rocks and the fragments tingle as the clinkers from the anvil of the Village Smithy.

As he slips and slides over the rough places; the shot in his haversack rattle as do his brains, and they sound like his picture dancing on a tin roof.

This is the object of pity who presumes to edit a journal of pomtry most of which he drops in the stable manger while nibbling hay, and to praise some of our "No'th Kerliner" poets, hoping to get our *goat*, but that animal died when it was a kid, and something besides an ass has to make a noise before we can

# THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

## REVIEW OF REVIEWED

hear anything. Had it been anything else commenting, we should be highly elated for our *Tar Heel* poets, but . . . alas!

In quoting, *Johnny Bull* used an archaic word in *Tarhelia*; (N. C.) *learnt*. It rimes with *dernt*, and we good Christians refuse to use it. We in the Lowlands use *learned*, and higher up in the hills, we use *larnt* . . . but never *learnt*. *Learnt*, *dernt*. turnt; not guilty, My Lord; not guilty!!

He believes we of *Tarhelia* are lovable. Yassur, we amb: us all stuck up wid 'lasses!

We hesitate here, to thank Johnny B., for the generous advertisement, and we gratefully extend the courtesy.

Saved! He sees the redemption of Yankee verse in the Voice of Harold Vin-al. We hope Harry is not a—verse to split infinitives, and he should not be, as it is obvious he is a night-in-gale with such a *Voice*.

He accuses our *Simon Pure* cockney who made himself a Dago banana vender over cherries, of being a Carolina crude writer of crippled, crying, cherry-tree poms which are no dreams. If our Ex-Canadian Pres., made such a fuss over cherries, what would not he do to a split infinitive?

Altho only a few of the contributors of the reviewed number, are *Tar Heels*, from the *Literary Digest* has quoted twice from it.

Good luck, *Poetry and the Play!*

Editor.

### THE PARASITE

There is a bit of misery around Chapel Hill N. C., whose job it is to squat and pick up bits of paper while squatting; put them together; write across their back-yard: *The Illiterate Lanturn*; sends it to the only thing that will print it, *The Rattlesnake's Pilot*, Editorless, ( This, because no editor can stand the odor of the lanturn ) of Nuf-fork, Va., to get it printed. Some how the lady in pants has crossed the Pons Asinorum, and is feeding her stuff to the onagers. She smeared up our prospectus sheet and sent to us, fearing we might miss it, we suppose. In replying, we replied: Addison Hibbard,  
Across The Pons Asinorum,  
Chapel Hill, N. C.,  
Dear Miss Addie:-

The clipping received . . . and if it were

anything speaking . . . , but -- alas!!!

Hasten, ye advisors of Balaam and Saul to save the gullible! Oh, hasten before they are devoured by the sharks! Pity the weak and feeble minded who have no damner to defend . . . except the old pals of Balaam and Saul to bray for them... gnats biting the back of an elephant!!!!

Too much *scotch*, or moonshine?

Let us pray!

Editor.

### ODE TO ZEPHYR

( *Terza rima* )

Wild Zephyr, you breathe harvest coloring;  
From artist's studio bring brush and  
paint to smear  
The Autumn leaves into a fire-fly, burning.

At your command, leaves turn to color  
of the deer;  
Like enchanted fairy lanterns of varied red  
And yellows shining thru forests bright  
and clear.

The harvest moon grows pale from chill of  
frost shed  
From hair of manes which wander in  
the night;  
Jack Frost sprites which glory in some-  
thing dead.

The seeds fall limply to the cold ground  
with blight  
From crystal frost you early swept from  
out the  
Western corner of the globe, pearly  
white.

Then, Gentle Wind, defer your painted  
charity;

And spare the sap some longer to the tree!

Gertrude Perry West.

### LOVE IS DEATHLESS

*Love is deathless!*

Time's short bridge is spanned.

Without Love, life is useless!

Vain and void

All things which God has planned.

*Love is deathless!*

These few years

But give Love's life an impetus.

The smiles; the tears; the barren wastes

Of worldly folly and Ambition's strife

Shall blossom as the rose,

And deathless, Love shall live

Where all is love, and love is life.

Edgar L. Requa.



# THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

BOOK REVIEWS EDITED- CLYDE ROBE MEREDITH

*Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1926* by William Stanley Braithwaite in its fourteenth annual edition; this being the Sesqui-Centennial Edition; B. J. Brimmer & Co., Boston, Pub., \$4.00.

The volume is opened with critical essays on different native poetry; Negro, Jew, and others too numerous to mention in limited space, on which we have no criticism to make except their omission of the numbers of excellent poets whom they fail to mention virtually, we imagine, from ignorance of their subject; therefore, no one should presume to compose a thesis on poet-nationalities unless they have complete information on their subject. To compose a thesis in ignorance just to see ones name in print as the author is poor policy if not criminal. We do not believe we have found any really poor verse, and many excellent poems.

There are several hundred poets represented in as many pages; but in some instances some poets are overdone; space they over occupy should have been given to others who are just as worthy as they, and more so, than some, if not all, those over-appearing which may have a tendency to disparage the Anthology, as those who sent in contributions and money, and not appear in some manner may feel a bit skeptical next time. This attitude would be a pity, as we consider it one of the uncommercialized anthologies of the world; the other being *Davis' Anthology of Newspaper Verse*, which is compiled in the same way as Braithwaite's.

Usually anthologies are published for the sake of the almighty dollar for which they compile it with out regard to the merit of the contribution if the *dollars* accompany it. Were we to be so foolish as to buy our way thus, we should be ashamed to tell it, and to sign our name to the contribution.

We are pleased to note names too many to mention who are on our Bookmaker Roster either as officials or lay members, which causes us to feel extremely important as a writer's league. Near two thirds of Braithwaite's contributors, and approximately all of Davis', are on the Bookmaker Roster. The others will be as soon as they hear of the league's intentions, as they can not afford not to join.

One of the most outstanding features of Braithwaite's Anthology is the Biographical Dictionary of Poets, one of the greatest ideas of its compiler, and a feature never before attempted by an editor.

We wish to thank both editors for the recognition and courtesy to our membership.

Gertrude Perry West.

*Anthology of Newspaper Verse Franklyn Pierre Davis 1926*: The eighth annual volume of Dr. Davis' Anthology of Newspaper Verse has reached us; and when we say that, out of the 158 poems by nearly as many poets and from every section of the United States, we have found seven superlatively good ones; while giving high praise, we are telling only half the story.

To one who spends weary hours in plodding thru the multitude of volumes continually issuing from presses commercial and private, this volume comes as refreshingly as a shower on an August afternoon.

The conclusion forces itself upon us that the newspaper and not the book contains the bulk of really worthy verse being written now-a-days—clear, strong, sweet, musical verse carrying clean, pure, true, poetic sentiment as opposed to the salacious doggeral that threatens to suffocate us with its fetid odor.

As to who is doing the best work—of the seven extraordinarily fine poems represented; Russia, France, Wales, England, Portugal and America are represented.

The outstanding merits of this volume are its unusually high level of excellence and the truly remarkable cleanness, reverence and clarity of the individual poems.

Clyde Robe Meredith.

In *Rosmary and Rue*, by Lillian Sue Keech, Dorrance, Philadelphia, 1926, has added a very notable book to an already worthy list.

Besides clear, keen vision, sanity and kindness, Mrs. Keech's work is unique in that it is patently and unabashedly musical! Just plain, sweet, simple, rhythmic music; but, altho pitched in the minor mode, how refreshing amid the blatant welter of harsh and discordant sounds masquerading as verse.

Her thot is in no sense great, and her range of vision seems limited, but she is

# THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

BOOK REVIEWS EDITED- CLYDE ROBE MEREDITH

always characterized by good sense, restraint, and adequate expression. While never exuberantly joyous, she is never morbid; she never strikes a false note: there is never an expression for effect only-- her work rings true. If one must judge adversely one might regret that her spiritual vision has not been given fuller play, and that once or twice she has been betrayed into the use of words whose meaning is not quite familiar. But even so the book is very worthy, adequate, and most worthwhile. We are sincerely glad that we have read it.

Eugenie du Maurier Meredith.

*The Story of Abraham Lincoln: The Journey From The Log Cabin To The White House.* By Eleanor Gridley, M. A. Donahue & Co. The re-appearance after having been out of circulation for several years, and in the face of this fact; there-publication by an old, established publishing house is an indication of a perennial interest.

Mrs. Gridley, an earnest student of facts unsought by the ordinary biographer and unknown here-to-fore, was not willing to give just the high lights which were more or less already well known to the public; but went into the jungle and log cabin from which the great Emancipator came, and living within the cabin in which he suffered all the pangs of poverty and neglected childhood; she lived and learned the details of his struggles; bringing back the spirit of Lincoln to incorporate in her book to instil the same indomitable fortitude in American manhood, and for this reason every American should read the book; one of the most vitally interesting biographies we have ever read. Copies may be ordered thru the author at 5844 Harper Ave., Chicago, Ill. \$2.00.

Gertrude Perry West.

We regret we have not space for review of all the excellent books and brochures received; but we make it a rule that you are next; first come, first served corner; and so, if you wish the choice place in the review. Any of the following are worth the price, and splendid in their order; but we especially call attention to *Forms of Poetry* by Louis Untermeyer, Harcourt Brace & Co., the best treatment for the beginner in versification it

has been allowed us to consult; clear, concise and adequate for which it was intended. \$1.35.

*Book of Poetry*, Edwin Markham, Editor; W. H. Wise & Co., 50 West 47th., St., N. Y. City, \$25.00 for 10 volumes.

*Jack and Jill and Some Sonnets*, by Phiroshaw Jamsetjee Chaevala, B. A., Bomday, India; 1-6 sh. A Prohibition Poem in English by an Indian.

*Let Down Your Buckets*, by Edward B. Warmen, Red Rose Press, Santa Barbara, Cal., also *Sunshine and Roses*, by George Elmer Littlefield. *The Soul of Ilaria*, Fairchild Sherman. Pub., N. Y. City; by Antoinette Scudder.

*Lincoln and Some Wandering Song*, by Philitus Smith, Toledo, O.

*N. C. Women of the Confederacy*, by Lucy London Anderson, Fayetteville, N. C. \$2.00.

*Pearson's Poems*, by James Larkin Pearson, Boomer, N. C. \$2.00.

*The Scarlet Cloak and The Coral Slippers*, by Roberta Stiles, Sunny Brook, Mass. 50 cents each.

*In The Land of The Waterfalls*, Pub., by the Brevard N. C. Chamber of Commerce. Complimentary.

*Founders of Church and State and A Brief History of Alimance County*, N. C. by William Thornton Whitset, Whitset, N. C. 25 cts.

*The Stratford Poets*, Edited by The Stratford Co., Boston. 50 cts.

*Aramanth and Myrtle*, by Beatrice P. Morgan, Dorrance., \$1.00.

*Songs of The French Riviera*, by Evelyn Couchman, Bellemin Press, Portland, Ore, 75 cts.

*Carmina and other Poems*, by Kay A. Sancetta, Remo Sandron, Palermo, Italy. \$1.00.

*My Portfolio of Lyries and Lays*, by Addie E. Holmberg, Journal Print, Lander, Wyo., 50 cts.

Gertrude Perry West.

## ALL THE SAME

No soldier am I in Mammon's war,  
Nor fever its baub to win;  
It is all the same in the mystery game  
At last, when we all check in.

I frenzy not in the fued of fame,  
Nor care how the dice may fall  
From the box of fate, for soon or late,  
Will the loaded dice take all.

Glorified kings and angelic forms  
Cannot the abiding yield,  
For when we are dust, we know we must,  
Neighbor the stones of the field.

Philitus Smith.



# THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

## POETRY SECTION



Bookmaker's Emblem: Pegasus rising from an open book.

### POETRY AND MUSIC

As Poetry's a fragile golden thread  
Close-woven in life's coarser tapestry,  
Revealing beauty, glorifying each fold  
Exquisitely - - -

So Music is a scintillating star  
That, piercing thru the blackness of our  
night,  
Transcend our sorrows, penetrates our  
gloom.

Revealing light.

Evelyn Couchman.

### MY IDEAL

She's as chaste as Dian's self,  
She is after no man's pelf.

She's as good as is the best;  
She can stand severest test.

She's as modest as was Ruth,  
She's as truthful as is Truth.

She's the fairest of the fair;  
She has soft and golden hair.

With her blue and dreamy eyes,  
She seems a creature from the skies.

And her mind is deep, capacious,  
While her soul is pure and gracious.

Yes, to me she is ideal;  
And she's also very real.

Should you ask her name of me,  
This my answer *well might be*:

"Surely it's not Cressie,  
But as surely it is— *Bessie.* "

Albert James Norton.

### SPRING

It's Spring, the hills are green,  
Where once was barren waste;  
And in the canyons, song of frogs  
Greet me, as on my way to seek

The hillside flowers, I pause—  
And listen yet awhile;  
Tho mired, happy things,  
They read the time of year.

A moment . . . Hist! Listen!  
A sly, slippery rustle—  
Ugh! There you go— a-wriggling thru  
The tall and waving green grasses,  
Ah, bide a wee, hide from me,  
You make me shiver, snake!  
And still I know, that God  
Is wise, you fill your niche.

But once again, I see  
A thing of rare beauty,  
As in yon yellow singing bird,  
A song of mellow melody  
And ecstasy floats downward,  
Ah, King of Creation;  
What great compensation  
In all Your worldly things!

Upon the high hillside,  
My feet seek paths unknown,  
And like the soaring songster reach  
The realm where Nature lavishly,  
And wanton with waywardness,  
And disregard for scheme,  
Proclaims her wares. Boldly,  
Her season's banner furls.

It's Spring! In unison  
With them, I cry my joy,  
That all the world might hear and know;  
And pick the bonny blooms that spell  
Their giddy glory. Weary  
I grow, and sink upon  
A silken sheen—  
I fall asleep. It's Spring.

Edith Elden Robinson.

### COMPENSATION

The skies of grey are gently weeping,  
But soon will come bright fields in May;  
Stars are not dead, but only sleeping,  
Beneath the covers of the day.

Tho evening birds have ceased their singing  
There come the silvered sounds of night;  
No rose is crushed without it's bringing,  
A new-born perfume to the light.

Nicholas Drake.

### DAPHNE'S DELIGHT

As the mellow twilight melting falls,  
The yellow primrose bathes in the dew.  
Gertrude Perry West.

# THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

## POETRY SECTION

### INTROSPECTION

Sometimes when I sit in the shadows,  
I hear his dear voice as of old;  
I hear the stilled voice of my Grandpa  
When I'm quiet, then memories unfold.

They carry me back to my childhood,  
With Grandpa I jaunt thru the day;  
Sometimes we would go to the meadow  
Where by the clear brooklet I'd play.

At harvest, we garnered the wheatfield,  
Or cut down the clover so red,  
Oft times, I trudged thru the furrows  
In foot-prints where Grandpa's feet led.  
At night we went back to the farm-yard,  
We fed, and then, watered the stock;  
We fastened the gate by the road-side,  
And gathered the eggs from the flock.

Then went to the house where Grandma,  
Soon served a hot supper complete;  
I ate bread and milk in tired silence,  
Then quietly slipped from my seat.

I went in the room where Grandma  
Had rekindled a nice, warm fire,  
And climbed on the knee of Grandpa,  
Which throne is a tired child's desire.

May M. Davis.

### "THE MIND'S EAST WINDOW"

Open wide the mind's east window!  
Breathe the breezy air of life,  
For an Era's dawn announces  
Birth has followed war's stern strife!

Open wide the mind's east window!  
Listen to the New Day's call,  
Promising a larger outlook,  
Bidding you to risk your all!

Open wide the mind's east window!  
Let revealing light now stream  
On dark wrongs and out-worn kingdoms,  
Yours the joy to heed the gleam.

Open wide the mind's east window!  
Treasure truths of ancient days;  
Hold an open mind that's willing,  
Learn new lessons from God's ways.

Open wide the mind's east window!  
Catch the vision, get it whole!  
See a growing, glowing era  
Bursting on the young world's soul!

William C. S. Pellowe.

### A SOUL SET FREE

What can they know  
Of this I feel,

As they, the peoples of the earth, go  
Hurrying by, to individual  
Joy and woe?

Here deep within my breast  
Like thunder claps, in exultation  
Comes knowledge, serene and deep  
That soon, Myself, my soul  
Shall lie asleep!

And eons will flash by  
But all unheeding I shall lie  
And earth will keep  
Her vigil, wide and far  
And roll Eternity  
O'er sun and stars.

But all in vain for me—  
For I shall be  
Past knowledge and reality!  
But O! such wanton joy  
It is to feel, that I may pass  
Beyond these portals soon  
Past skies and earth and moon;  
To lie in slumber, soft and deep,  
At last,— to find that which I seek,  
Utter Oblivion from all!  
And Ah! Oblivion is sweet.

Berniece Margot Sorensen.

### BIRD SORROW

There's trouble in the robin's home,  
(The nest built in the dogwood tree)  
No field could tempt him now to roam,  
He sings his matins plaintively.

He cares not for the tinted smiles  
Of dogwood blooms that were his joy;  
Could blossoms with such dainty wiles  
Play with his grief as with a toy?

He peers into his rounded nest  
Where, in the spring his mate he wed;  
His warblings fail in his red breast,  
Because his ladylove is dead.

Andrew Walter Thomas.

### THE MOON

O, I wish I had magic silver "shoon,"  
Or rainbow wings like the fairies wear;  
And I'd soar away to the high, white moon;  
Thru gray clouds and the cold blue air!

Now, it's big and gold, my moon, and kind;  
It smiles at me from the velvet sky;  
Near, and bright are stars; a gentle wind,  
Friendly and playful whispers by.

Ah, but where is my smiling moon tonight!  
Not that silver thread of cool disdain!  
Where the icy stars give no kindly light  
To soothe my heart and relieve its pain.



# THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

## POETRY SECTION

O, I wish I had magic silver "shoon,"  
Or rainbow wings like the fairies wear;  
And I'd fly away to the far white moon,  
My mystery moon, so high up there.  
Marguerite L. Peterson.

### MIND

How unrelentless is the mind  
When once it sees the light;  
It will not give you peace by day  
Nor slumber in the night.

It tells you of the wasted hours  
That are gone beyond recall,  
And urgently it breathes of *now*  
Ere Time your name shall call.

Look to yourself: as none but you,  
Your God-like spirit owns;  
It's yours to guide to peace and love  
Or sad and dreary zones.

Charles Etta Burnett.

### ENCHANTMENT

Enchantment stands on marble steps  
Where moonlight falls like dew;  
The roses bloom and shed perfume,  
And stars shine in the blue.

The gown she wears is shimmering;  
Her features are as fair;  
Her form allures with soft contours,  
And pearls are in her hair.

Why waits she thus when night enfolds  
The marble steps, her throne?  
Her voice I hear, as sweet and clear  
She calls me for her own.

Harvey W. Flink.

### BLIND

With my touch and stroke at quest,  
Beauty for my soul is rest;  
Fantasy and sense of touch  
To me are like the painter's *brush*;  
Heavy darkness is illumed,  
Sparkling beauty is presumed,  
Color scheme is limitless,  
Every stroke a dear caress.

Reflex of the trees and sky  
Touch my utmost inner eye;  
Rivers joining ocean blue;  
Sunlight sifting forest thru;  
Slipperd fairies dancing there  
In the misty, molten air;  
While swanlike on the lake  
Of this beauty I partake.

Petra Martina Aune.

### FINALITY

Gods! Gods! and more Gods!  
And never are two the same,  
Your God cannot be my God,  
Yours but a God in name.

There is the God of Our Fathers,  
Not as the one of Today;  
Not as a God of the ancient apes,  
Of London, or Mandalay.

A God for Shylock and Parsee,  
And they who the truth would seek;  
One God rules on a Sunday  
And rests all thru the week.

Tho I may choose my own God,  
I know that it shall be  
Only the good of all Gods  
Survives eternity.

G. Harrison Riley.

### SAID A DEWDROP

I am not big but I aspire  
To carry in my world the fire  
Of stars and whims of leaf and flower  
Even the forests know my power.  
I was so faithful to the light,  
The World made me her mirror bright.  
When resting in the rose-leaf's fold  
She gave me all her tints to hold.  
The moon from out her lofty space  
Sought my small orb for dwelling-place.  
The wandering planets of Night  
Salutes my little world of light.  
I was so friendly with smiles  
God broke me into little isles.

I beam and gleam and glimmer so  
A million suns lend me their glow.  
I know each tiny blade of grass;  
I cool wandering winds that pass.  
It's I who beckon to the Spring;  
I love each lowly tender thing.  
Where I set my sandled foot  
I draw unto my breast a *shoot*.  
Then far on wings of wind I flee  
To mingle with some twilight sea.

Laura Rathbone.

### GREETING

I send a Christmas card to you,  
To prove my love for you is true,  
And may Old Santa bring you joy;  
O, how we love that dear old boy!  
So, just thank Santa and then try  
To think of your old friend, J. I.  
May you have merry Christmas Day  
And happy New Year all the way.

J. I. Wolf.

## THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

### RASTUS HANGS A PICTURE ON THE BOOKMAKER RASCAL FILE

#### ONAGERS

Ders only beën er few dats celerbrated;  
De one what got Ole Marse Balaam  
tole, an'

De one what fotch de Lordly, an' mirated  
Saul ob Tarus to de Grate City. Gran'  
Wuz dey, an' famous. Denda amb jes' one  
Mo' what stays in po' P-gas-us' stabul;  
He not much focé: but er son uv ugh gun  
When he brays! He haint young en  
much abul;

De har betwixt hees yurs amb gittin' gray;  
Hees cense amb fossulized one way, an' I  
Will let Marse Aleck hole de pen en say  
What ail heem. So long, Folkses . . .

Rastus Dry.

He beats his pate, and fancies wit will  
come,  
Knock as he please --- there is nobody  
home.

Alexander Pope.

#### MARSE ALECK POPE'S HOSS

( A Wild Onager In Pegasus' Stall! )

Marse Aleck wuz ugh fine ole ridur ob de  
hoss

What he stays wid sence he hed amb full  
ob moss;

An' he brays he "li'ps en mesure" kase  
he doan kno'

Dat de baby en de cradul too, li'ps so;

An' de ole drivin' wheel ob de injun  
chug! chug!

An' de bumble bee bumblin' like he  
belfry-bug;

De crow en de corn-fiel' when  
he holler caw! caw!

Same es dis po' ass wid his or-  
ful hee! haw! haw!

Rastus Dry, Poat?-ask-er.

Postum Skyript. Us begun dis poatick  
cornfusyen fer Marse Aleck, an' brung  
hit to er kloze wid er onager! Rastus.

#### JUST A DITTY

( Limerick )

Three asses amb en dis littul  
ditty;

Saul's, and one Balæm rode  
to de city;

One brays round er stall-

Hits P-gas-us' amb all

An' us menshuns dem all out  
ob pity.

Rastus Dry.

#### LIMERICK

There were two funny faced  
lasses

They shuffled in and out of  
their classes

Their beau to choose

Who did vamoose

The frightening fat fancies of  
asses.

Phiroshaw Jamsetjee Chaevala

RASTUS DRY, a member of *The Book-makers' Staff*; one of the best known Colored Poets of the South, has recently returned from his vacation which he spent across the Pons Asinorum photographing the biggest onager there whose daguerrotype he brought back to hang on our Rascal File, which ceremony has been duly observed with all due solemnity.

This is Rastus' job on the staff, and to write rapsodies in their honor.



\$50.00 CONTEST: NAME THE ONAGER.

So pleased is Rastus with his accomplishment, and so proud are we of Rastus' good work, until we have decided to enter the picture in a contest; the correct naming of the picture will win for the namer \$50.00 in gold if accompanied by a ten year membership fee of \$10.00 to The Bookmakers. The name must be in the office not later than the night of December the 30th., 1927, and the first correct guess wins, and the prize will not be divided, or the name divulged. Editor.



# THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

## POETRY SECTION

### THE LAST STAND

Slowly and lonely he winds his way  
A solitary figure on that great hill;  
Life to him is just another day  
To obey the White Man's will.

These lands were his once; a home  
Which he ruled with his savage power;  
Now, in sadness does he ever roam  
Awaiting the end of his short hour.

From over the seas the White Man came  
Not satisfied with his own country,  
Robbed the Red Man of home and game  
That in *religion* he might be free.

The Red Man fought but all in vain  
Tho strong and brave was he;  
And now he stands a monument  
Of America's used to be.

Cora Lee Summersett.

### THE CONQUEROR

You came, you conquered . . . you won!  
Then when my life you had undone,  
You left me!

My fierce, throbbing heart aflame!  
Left me in sorrow  
With my shame,  
And that thing which was thine . . . . .  
*and mine!*

You left me in travail . . . and pain!  
And when to me life came again,  
It wasn't the same!  
Was I alone to blame  
For your dishonor  
And my shame?  
And that thing which was thine . . . . .  
*and mine!*

You left me not even . . . a name!  
For that thing that was my shame  
I have struggled and fought.  
For a life dearly bought  
I have gone thru Hell's fire,  
And redeemed from the mire  
That thing which was thine . . . . .  
*and mine!*

I have conquered and won . . . a son!  
Only God knows how it was done!  
I saved him, and raised him  
To honor and fame!  
He calls me dear Mother,  
Nor deems it a shame;  
And the triumph is *mine* . . . . . *not thine!*

Ireine Ungar Cone.

### TODAY IS OURS

Today is ours, our very own,  
But not for us to claim alone;  
Its flowers, and memories fair  
We must always with others share.

A friendly word of greeting say  
To our fellows along the way,  
To keep stray feet upon the road,  
We may give help to bear the load.

Never to fail in duty's hour,  
Ever worthy friendship's flower,  
Beautiful thoughts and loving deeds - -  
These are the things the Spirit needs.

Today is ours, our very own,  
But not for us to claim alone.

Edna M. Zeiss, *Roy's Mother.*

### SMILE, BY GUM !

There was once a man named Glum,  
With a look as sour as a plum,  
And his friends all said:  
"He's as good as dead,  
For his face puts him all on the bum."

But another wise man one day,  
With a smile irrepressibly gay,  
Said, "Now, old boy Glum,  
To the creek you come,  
And a sportsman become right away!"

Now, Glum is not glum by a mile;  
He is one irrevocable smile;  
For fishing, you know;  
Did enliven him so  
That he's happy and glad all the while.

J. Roy Zeiss.

### FLOWERS

They are the jewels of God's great art,  
The children of His loving heart  
They are His great delight.  
In His wise plan they have their part;  
They keep His law aright.

The daisy's heart can blithely sing,  
Because so simple, wild a thing,  
In God's great universe,  
To the Creator love can bring,  
To creatures, joy *disperse*.

The flowers blooming in our land,  
So richly set by Love's own hand,  
By highest Wisdom wrought,  
As summer queens our love command  
And hold our purest thot.

Elizabeth Voss.

# THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

## POETRY SECTION

### LEISURE

At last the affluence and the wide white hours  
for dreams.

You know what we used to see and do, in  
dreams;

We sat on a high white cliff above the roaring  
tides

And watched the ships go by proud in  
their fleet white beauty

As they sailed away far, — to fairy-land.

In that we followed to far Mandalay  
To watch the tilt-eyed grave Celestial  
maids

Deep in devotion to their dumb idol gods.

We pictured troops of dusky, singing  
slaves

Beneath the sun of glittering Zanzibar,  
Or watched the northern lights from our  
pine lodge.

Or yet the blue of secret Ko-ko-nor  
Intrigued our wander-lust and led our  
steps

To follow Marco Polo 'cross Thibet's  
*Roof of The World*, bandit-perils thick.

At noon down at the Forum we evoked  
Rome-ghosts in togas beneath colonnades.

And now at last, the chance to live our  
dream!

You, My Beloved; by Life's roaring tides  
Have been snatched from me . . . borne  
beyond my reach.

I fling my arms madly to you, and call . . .  
Call long . . . call loud . . . call wild . . .  
in vain!

I watch, alone, the ships go by  
Proud in their fleet white beauty;  
O, God! the bitter irony bites deep, . . .

The mockery of this hated, unshared leisure!  
Ariel Royal. West Central Africa.

### AN EMPTY BOTTLE

The smallest phial full of rarest scent  
Or a bottle big of richest juice of grape;  
When shook is mute, nor the air with noise is  
rent.

Some tiny bubbles shoot up the slender nape  
To mark the disturbed state and then subside  
And merge with whole in their own time.  
The bottle is empty, with a pill inside  
The ague rather gives than takes, it's then  
And then alone it makes most frousome noise;  
The drums of ears it bursts and gentle sense.

Tho it be hid in feathered cushions *choice*  
And shook. Thus some are wise and  
speak with sense

Few words, or none at all, while snivelling  
ing curs

Of hollow mirth they bark, tho garbed in  
furs.

Phiroshaw Jamsetjee Chaevala.  
India.

### A DESERT GARDEN

From blue sky edges riot down  
The vines of dawn whose petals blow  
In smoky clouds that drop their sparks  
Which into cactus flowers grow.

And in the narrow valleys bound  
Into the distance, yacca stands  
At slow white dreams, too proud for love,  
Too ghostly for the touch of hands.

It was no wonder that she made  
A garden, tho the growth was slow,  
For something lovely to be her own,  
And something that needed help to grow.  
Glenn Ward Dresbach.

### MOTH'S LAMENT

I once was a beautiful moth  
With wings like tapestry cloth  
But I lingered too long in your flame,  
My wings are all ragged  
But only I am to blame.  
For I would drink of the poison wine  
And play in the blinding light that was thine  
But as I listen to you gaily sing  
I forget the pain of burning wing  
But your eyes like burning pools  
Hold no pity for poor moth fools.

Frank Ankenbrand, Jr.

### COQUETTE

When Spring comes over the meadow  
And laughing thru the town,  
Trailing in silvery-shadow  
Her rain-bow Easter gown;  
When Spring comes over the meadow  
When daffodils are gold,  
And trees thru all the waiting woods  
Their trembling leaves unfold;  
When Spring comes over the meadow  
The shining brooks will sing,  
The sad old earth will smile again  
O, fair! O, faithless Spring!

Louise Morgan Amsbury.

Authorities are as varied over the use of  
the *split infinitive* as construction of poetry!



# THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

## POETRY SECTION

### AD AELIAM LAMIAN

*Horaces' Ode I 26.*

- 1 Unto the winds with care,  
Or drown it in the sea,  
The Muses love me well:  
Joy, this, enough for me.
- 2 What do I reckon of kings  
Of cold or torrid zone?  
Fearless I come and go —  
The whole world is mine own-
- 3 O bright and joyous Muse!  
Come while thy praise I sing,  
And weave a fragrant crown  
Of fairest flowers of Spring —
- 4 A crown for my dear love,  
My Lamia, and I  
Inspired and taught by thee  
Shall raise the song on high.
- 5 Ye Muses! It is mete  
To praise my dear Love's name:  
'Twill make thy glory sure,  
And give me endless fame.  
Clyde Robe Meredith.

### FOG

I am the counterpart  
Of masquerader's art:  
Men blindly grope thru me  
Because they cannot see:  
I am of rain the twin:  
None know the nets I spin.  
Eugenie du Maurier Meredith.

### SEA MISTS

Slowly they rise upon the water's brink  
Like souls of sailors walking on the sand.  
Ghosts of the ocean lonely and forlorn,  
Then suddenly gone mad, they rush to land,  
Choking the fishers, hauling in their nets.  
Veiling in vaporous gray the stunted  
growth  
That lies beyond the arid hopeless beach.  
Trailing along the ground in languid sloth,  
Playing at hide and seek with tall sand  
dunes  
Scurrying wildly at a sudden gust  
Hither, thither fleeing far and wide,  
Eerie shapes with queer and misty faces,  
Drifting out to sea at morning tide.

Lillian Sue Keech.

### CONQUERED

Pleasure came to me once,  
Lured me in paths both strange and new;  
He called me like an April day,  
Whispered of great waves breaking blue.

And in my dream of ecstasy  
Old joy, old friends deserted me.

Pleasure called again one day,  
But loyalty had gripped my heart,  
And from the old joys would I stray  
Nor down new paths of pleasure start.  
O little ghosts of memory . . .  
To greet me with your company!  
Tessa Sweazy Webb.

### LITTLE HUNGRY-HEART

Little Hungry-Heart  
When you came to me  
My heart was locked,  
I had lost the key.

How your tiny fingers  
And little pink toes  
Unlocked its door,  
No body knows.

But love is blind  
So I've heard them say;  
Yet love brought me you,  
God bless the day.  
Carrie Chapman Benson.

### SONG OF THE RIVER

A mighty river is winding --  
Flowing in devious ways;  
Seeking yet never finding  
Rest thru the weary days.  
What is the cause of its grieving  
As it plunges and leaps over falls,  
I am charmed by the spell it is weaving--  
Its murmur insistently calls.

What do the waters keep saying  
Do they breathe of ancient lore?  
Or is it a form of praying  
Of mortals gone before?  
Always an answer I'm seeking  
But none do I ever find,  
For the language it is speaking  
Is a strange unearthly kind.

And still thru the traffic's roaring  
I can hear the undertone  
Of the waves their wish imploring  
In a dull persistent drone;  
And the restless river sweeping  
Onward, unwearied and free --  
Dead dreams are safe in its keeping,  
They are buried deep in the sea.

Margaret E. Bruner.

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# THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

## POETRY SECTION

### THE SPEEDING EARTH

The seven wonders of the world are small  
Beside this speeding miracle of earth,  
Enormous in its weight and in its girth,  
Hurled thru the ether like a cannon ball,  
Without a guard, a sign or signal call,  
While cities sleep serenely on its face;  
And ages pass without a single trace  
Of one slight jolt or accident at all.

So speeding towards its ever flying goal,  
Without a pause to nod or take a breath;  
The world survives and keeps its kingdoms whole  
In spite of imperfections, Science saith;  
And bears us on in its divine control,  
With love and joy in life, and hope in death.  
Washington Van Dusen.

### ONCE A PAGAN

My deities — I had them everywhere,  
Pan's lutes for me trilled always on the air.  
From mountain crest  
I watched the West  
Flame with the sun-god's chariot. My prayer  
Had never form, but breathed thru each sea  
song.  
The wind's lament, or cry of gulls along  
The rocky shore . . .  
My soul could pour  
Upon a myriad harps, and yet grow strong --  
Like Nature; then my grief and joy were blent  
To elemental music.

Ah, who sent

You with your Creed  
( I felt no need  
Of it ) which shamed my faith, unpitying rent  
My bright illusions! You yourself are just:  
When I am fretful, with old idol dust,  
You try to preach  
Your Scriptures -- teach  
The kind of peace that comes to them who  
trust  
The written Word . . . you've warned me not  
to stray  
From out your strange, uncolored Narrow Way  
But, Priest, pray tell  
Me -- in this hell  
I must beware of, is not *something* gay? . . .

Jo Hartman.

### THANKS

Whether it was God or simply fickle chance,  
I am mighty thankful for deliverance,  
Dreadful hidden dangers stalked my strolling  
steps;  
Mouldy Grave had marked me for his mourn-  
ful depths;

Just one tiny slipping second split by four  
Ere I'd walked this pregnant planet never-  
more;

Was it Spirit- merely chance or loving God,  
Waved the potent, timely intervening rod?  
Something saved me, held me in Life's  
troubled ranks.

Less I could not do than offer up my thanks.  
There's a saving presence hovers over all;  
Little does it matter- faith that's great  
or small;

But the thing important in our varied roles  
Is the gratitude that warms our sprouting  
souls. Vincent Jones.

### RIDDLE

Effervescent, iridescent, rolling, tumbling  
sea,

What made you green, and why  
The blue tint of the sky?  
Please tell me!

Constant hurry, or its fury, like a heated  
pot;

What makes you bubble up  
And glassy calm disrupt?  
Tell me what!

Great man eater and life cheater, guard  
your secret well,

What makes your beauty die  
Before my very eye?

Lost ships tell!

Iris Roberta Grenny.

### TO A BLUE BIRD

Sweet messenger of Spring;  
To the nodding weed you cling,  
Or over fields on azure wings you float;  
Heeding not the battling weather,  
Tho your armor's but a feather;  
Wont you hide your cheery whistle in  
your throat?

For my heart can not be merry;  
I've a load of grief to carry;  
Help me; tell me; how you keep so free  
from care?

Don't your tender; slender toes  
Feel the biting wind that blows?  
Don't you wonder when and where you'll  
get your fare?

I'll take you at your word,  
Happy dauntless dicky bird,  
One ray of sunshine fills with hope your  
breast;

Just a twitter for a song;  
But you've taught me to be strong;  
Trusting all to One who knows and loves  
us best. Henry Troy Herr.



# THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO.

## POETRY SECTION

### SUMMER DAY ( Cinquain )

Enrobed  
In frock of blue  
A lassie comes to spend  
Her sun-gold in the flower-shops  
Of June.

Roberta Stiles.

### A WORLD WITHOUT YOU

I've tried to sing a little song;  
The words all go astray:  
I cannot tune my heart and voice  
Since you have gone away.  
My hearth is all strewn with ashes;  
Pale candles flicker low - - -  
I'm lonely with dim shadows  
Old Pal, I miss you so!  
I'll offer this world for sale, I think;  
And buy me one that's new;  
I find this one's no good at all  
Because it's shorn of you.

Katharine K. Rucker.

### LOCUST BLOOMS

O, choking sweet of locust blooms  
Swinging in sprays from leafing trees;  
Not even lilacs, dying now;  
Flaunt such fragrance on burdened breeze.  
You fill the air with smothering sweet  
That fills the senses and takes the breath;  
If your wafted odor grips me so,  
Pillaging bees must taste sweet death.

W. V. Zahniser.

### GOLDEN HARVEST

Morning, and the golden sun  
Glistens over dew;  
Then the waving mass of grain  
Bids a last adieu.  
Morning, and the golden sun  
Finds no pleasure there,  
Harvest time again demands  
That the fields be bare.

Eugene L. Jewett.

### WALKING

I went walking  
With a friend,  
We fell talking  
Without end:  
About weather  
Out of season,  
Aitogether  
Without reason:  
Spoke of books  
We had read,  
Told of nooks  
Overspread:  
Repeated tales

Of adventure,  
Trod in dales  
Of portraiture:  
Then we looked  
At the moon,  
That was hooked  
Like a spoon:  
Looked for Mars  
In the sky,  
Saw Seven Stars  
Rising high.

Joseph Mc Kee.

### MY MOTHER

She with the wrinkled face  
And greying hair—  
She of the noble heart  
And spirit fair:  
She of the angel clan  
Lovely to see.  
O, wonderful woman!  
Mother to me . . . .

Frank L. Alderman.

### IN MEDIOCRE WONDERMENT AT LIFE

I have no gift of words;  
I can not write.  
Why lie with painful head  
And think all night?  
I have no death to fear,  
No cause for grief,  
Yet sorrow of my soul  
Is past belief.  
I have no inner harp  
On which to play;  
Why do I, futile, sing;  
And waste the day?  
I have no secret fount  
No hidden fire;  
Why do I hate myself  
And still aspire?

Adrienne C. Curtis.

### A LAST WORD . . . .

We wish to thank Mr. D. H. Petree, and his son, Mr. Ernest Petree, for their kind and generous assistance in introducing us into the printshop lore; without whose timely instruction we should, indeed, have been overwhelmed with bursting rollers and other printery undoings. Mr. Petree, Sr., is not only master in the art of printing, but is one of North Carolina's most versatile abroad: poet-author, painter, professor of literature of University of Ky., who had the misfortune to lose all his paintings, books and publishing establishment by fire, at which time he sought consolation in Florida, which we believe he has found as a Legislator and Christian minister among his flowers.

Editor.

## AN APPEAL

J. Graydon Jeffries, a helpless poet of Carbon, Indiana, having no support, is about to be consigned to an almshouse; ill and perfectly helpless from arthritis of the nerves since he was twelve years old, and he is now twenty six. He can not move at all except his right hand enough to write poetry with a pencil. Imagine being ill and helpless and not even able to shy a mosquito, and consigned to some vermin infested almshouse. He is Hon., Vice Pres., of Dist., No., 5 of The Bookmakers League of Writers, and has won several prizes; one first prize from The Writer. The Bookmakers have appointed a committee to act as a trustee in soliciting funds for the poet to try and prevent him from suffering the fate of being consigned to an almshouse. The National President Gertrude Perry West, Callahan, Florida, of The Bookmakers, will act as Chairman of a committee of four and the committee asks that any contribution to the Jeffries fund be sent direct to the chairman. The Atlantic National Bank of Jacksonville Florida will be the depository of the fund. Mr. Jeffries is now in the Community Hospital of Brazil, Indiana, to which place he was consigned until there is a vacancy at the local almshouse. The Workers of Brazil are paying his hospital bill while there. The Bookmakers hope to secure enough funds that he may be kept at this hospital where he is contented. Kindly give the notice space in your publication, if an editor, and if an individual, kindly send any amount you feel that you can spare. Address, Gertrude Perry West, Box 26, Callahan, Florida.

### FLAME POINTS

J. Graydon Jeffries

A brochure of best poems to be off the press by early Autumn gratuitously published by the **BOOKMAKER PUBLISHERS** for the author who has no support and is ill and absolutely helpless. (See Appeal above.)

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# THE BOOKMAKERS

International League of Writers for Mutual Benefit  
Medium of Expression

## THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO

Edited Estaboga, Box 26, Callahan, Florida. By the only North Carolinian and American Poet Ever Nominated To The National Hall of Fame (Statuary Hall) Wash., D. C., The Poet-Laureate of North Carolina, and National President of The Bookmakers; also Founder, Gertrude Perry West. Membership \$1.00 a year, including all benefits free: the Folio, Constructive Advice; (we do not criticize; we consider that Fraternity who are leeching the writers for their pennies should meet a fate similar to Absalom); Free Space For your Literary gems provided your gems are not too long; We like poems not over 24 lines, and prose from 100 to 1000 words. Free Book and Poem Reviews; Free Contributor's and Exchange Mention; A Hall of Fame Square, Roster and Bookmaker Anthology (uncommercialized) and any advantage that we may be to our membership consistent to the promotion of better literature, and the means by which to get it into print at a minimum cost.

As no longer necessary, the Anthology section has been discontinued, having instituted instead our own printery in which members may have printing done at cost of production; stationary, cards, prospectus sheets, brochures and anything in the printing line.

Let us know your needs, our service is given to see the printing is put out in good form, you pay for the paper, printer's service and incidentals; a small fraction of what you are now paying the most reasonable printer and publisher in many instances for very poor service.

Officials are appointed for life; removed for cause or resignation. Some of the most noted and distinguished writers in the world are among our officials and members.

Contributors must be members of the league and this is our rule because it is not just to the members to publish for non-members and allow them to utilize the space which is rightly their own who are loyally promoting the league. Those who wish to emphasize their work in a greater display may publish as many pages as they wish up to a brochure in the Folio by paying the printer for his time and cost of paper and we send your work to all the great libraries of the world in this way and we will publish as many extra copies at the same co-operative terms.

The Bookmakers Hall of Fame Square is one of the honor features and the contributors must be members of the league and the poems not over 24 lines. They will be published four times a year; all poems accepted will be Feature Poems; the Bookmakers voting for their favorite poem, successively after the appearance of each number of the Folio, a voting slip being enclosed in every copy sent to the members which we respectfully request them to send in as soon as their decision is made. This is the greatest honor which may be given a poet and is an exclusive, copyrighted feature of the Bookmakers and from these poems will be published our Bookmaker Anthology which will be a rare specimen of uncommercialized Anthology; something of honor and pride.

There are literary sharks; let your \$1.00 fee help you avoid them and we guarantee that we shall not freeze you out when you have faithfully helped us create the organization as a nuisance as some of our contemporaries have done in favor of some person with more money than brains who are financially able to buy a soft seat in the Circle of Innards. Was it Shakes who wrote, What fools we mortals be? And the suckers continue to bite even

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We are grateful for your co-operation in given in a spirit consistent with the intention of the league, but we have no place on our roster if your vision goes no farther than self.

Opportunity knocks at your door. Should you fail to open, she passes on, possibly never to return. The printshop installation has delayed the Spring Number, but never again now we are rolling our own . . . ink-rollers. Your patronage is invited in the interest of better and cleaner literature. Fill in the following blank and if you are a member vote for your favorite poems in the Spring and Summer 1927 Folio for three Feature honors.

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Paradise U. N. C.  
CAROLINA ROOM



music  
typ.  
music and poetry are twins...  
both sublime...  
melodies that reach the  
things divine...  
and which none other  
than poet born can  
write.

Gertrude Perry West.

Our motto...  
Con aucti  
dabitur.

(It will be given  
to him who  
takes.)

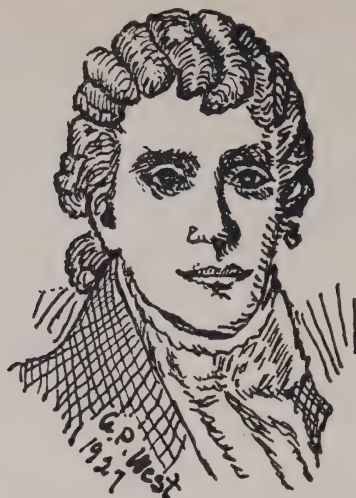
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West



# AUTUMN NUMBER 1927

## A Patriotic Number Dedicated

TO



FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

### THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

O, say; can you see by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's  
last gleaming?

Whose broad stripes and brigh stars, thru the  
perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gal-  
lantly streaming!

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs burst-  
ing in air,

Gave proof thru the night that the flag was  
still there;

O, say; does that star-spangled banner yet  
wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of  
the brave?

O, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved homes and war's deso-  
lation!

Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-  
rescued land

Praise the Power that hath made and pre-  
served us a nation!

Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,  
And this is our motto: "In God is our trust."

And the star-spangled banner in triumph  
shall wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of  
the brave.

### FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

It is with pride, minus vanity, that  
this number is dedicated to the author of  
the National Song, as I am a descendant  
of the Key family. I hope I may be ex-  
cused for the personal reference.

Francis Scott Key was a lawyer of the  
National Capitol when he wrote the Star-  
Spangled Banner.

He attained to considerable prominence  
and volunteered in the war of 1812.

He took part in the defence of the city  
of Washington D. C., which was burned  
by the British in 1814. Shortly after the  
city was reduced to ashes, an attempt  
was made by the British Commander,  
Admiral Cockburn, to capture Ft. Mc-  
Henry. Key had paid a visit to Cockburn  
just before the bombardment of the fort,  
to try and obtain the release of a friend  
who had been captured by the British.  
Key was successful in his mission, but he,  
nor his friend, was allowed to return  
to the shore. Watching, thru the night,  
in the greatest anxiety, the bombardment  
with his friend, Key was inspired with  
the famous poem, and then, wrote it on  
scraps of paper.

On reaching the shora, he at once pub-  
lished it as a handbill in Benjamin Edes'  
printshop; the type set by Samuel Sands,  
an apprentice. All the other printers were

Francis Scott Key.

engaged in battle against the British. It was entitled,- Bombardment of Ft. Mc-Henry. It was sung to the melody of an old English song.

Francis Scott Key was born of the best blood, in Frederick County Maryland, in 1780 and died January the 11, 1843. Over his grave at Frederick, Maryland, floats the Star-Spangled Banner constantly.

When I was in Washington D. C., in 1913, I visited the house in which Key resided in that city. It has since been torn away at the demand of progress; altho, a Key patriotic organization tried to preserve it.

Gertrude Perry West.

Note: The Mascot, Job the Turken, ate the missing e from reference, I betcha, as it is gone! The printer's devil is to blame for the other errors.

G. P. W.

## ARMISTICE DAY POEMS

### ARMISTICE DAY

Nineteen Hundred, Eighteen, and Eleven,  
A miracle happened: a wonder from Heaven;

No man could foretell it, no nation  
could say,

War shall pause, be suspended, and  
Peace have her way.

The battle guns thundered, and battle  
smoke rose,

The living men wondered, how soon in  
death throes,

Their forms, torn and mangled, should  
pass to their God,

And the night-mists entangled, weep  
over the sod!

When a hush, a great silence, more deaf-  
ening than shells,

Fell upon the grim armles, in amaze-  
ment, its spells,

Had caught every soldier, and gun,  
blade and bomb,

Were held, fixed and still, in the  
pulsating calm!

As a portent from heaven, to the rank of  
all lands,

This message is given, this truth to those  
bands;

As the hush fell on Europe; made the  
firing cease . . .

May the Armistice stand, and the world  
be at Peace!

Epilogue.

Let the story be conned; let the crowds  
sing and pray;

May we mind the deep meaning of Arm-  
istice Day!

Addie E. Holmberg.

### PEACE, NOT TRUCE

Armistice-- a truce, that is all . . .

O, that it held forever!

A truce-- it is, to those who sleep,

On hill, in vale, or in the deep!

A truce.

O, haste the day when our fair land  
Sees peace around it lie

When Peace-- not Truce, shall be for  
all

And even the dead hear the call,  
For Peace!

Carolyn Leehy.

### POPPIES

Poppies

Crimson poppies

Crimson poppies in the moonlight

Blood

Drops of blood

Pools of blood in the valley

White crosses

Red poppies

Bleeding hearts.

E. W. Thompson.

### WAR

Greedy

Commercialism's

Tomahawk which he holds

Over the heads of the mothers

Of men.

Malcolm Campbell.



## FEATURE POEMS

### HALL OF FAME SQUARE

SUBJECT--ARMISTICE DAY

#### FIRST HONOR

##### BLUE PLUS GRAY MAKES KHAKI

DEDICATED  
TO  
Claude Godd.

C Those lads who fought side by side  
V In Flanders far away;  
Some, were from the Sunny Southland  
Whose Grandsires wore the gray.

A But other lads were just as brave:  
Their hearts were loyal, too;  
They gave their lives for Freedom's  
Cause;  
Their Grandsires wore the blue.

The blue, plus gray, make the khaki . . .  
When our brave lads went forth,  
They forged a link that ever binds  
The fair South and the North.

.. No more we'll feel in North or South  
O, That braver men reside,  
For clad in khaki, all went there,  
To Flanders, side by side.

Bl Those lads who sleep in Flanders Field  
Are heroes thru and thru,  
And we who love them dare believe  
They knew no gray or blue.

Th They answered Freedom's call to arms --  
As all patriots should --  
And we are happy the khaki  
Today, means Brotherhood.

Elizabeth Sargent.

#### SECOND HONOR

##### YOU WHO SERVED

Whatever then the sacrifice supreme,  
Of fervid life, or hope, or living dream,  
Deep in the shrine of memory burn  
bright  
The lamps of love and gratitude that will  
illumine valor-deeds for aye, and fill  
Earth's eons with bright flames of  
peaceful light.

Such sacrifice as yours, - you offered all,  
All unreluctant to your country's call  
That she, America, might then be saved  
And blest, fulfilling her true destiny, -  
Such offering will ever tenderly  
Arouse fresh ardor, lovingly engraved.

And that first day of truce! Who can  
forget  
The grandeur of the moment, glowing yet  
With freedom and prosperity whose  
source  
Lies in your fortitude! . . . Or "The Un-  
known,"

Immortal symbol of devotion, mown  
In youth's high-tide of zeal against  
dread force!

O, Day of Peace, when hearts bow low  
in prayer,  
When mothers read last words with care,  
Be to the world the golden cord to bind  
Thru concert of goodwill and brotherhood  
All nations in eternal peace, and flood  
The years with balm of faith and love  
entwined!

Elise M. Baker.

## THIRD HONOR

## MEMORABILIA

Far out in Flanders,  
Where they rest in quiet;  
Where cannons boom  
Was heard awhile ago;  
Today, the poppies bloom  
In crimson riot,  
Forever for those dead  
A memento.

Above the Flanders' sod,  
Bloodstained and lonely,  
To lay, the poppies  
Gently waves and blows;  
Every year they bloom  
To bring a token  
Of the souls there  
Of dear departed heroes.

Today, we march;  
Today, we scatter flowers;  
But do those there in Flanders  
Hear bugles blow  
And really know?  
They are dead sleeping,  
Seeing not above their heads  
The poppies grow.  
No more they hear the moan  
Of wounded dying;  
No more for them the bugles  
Call and blow;  
They sleep, unmindful  
Of that cruel World War;  
They sleep, oblivious of that scene  
Where now, the poppies blow.  
Where the poppies blow  
The dead are long oblivious  
Of suffering pain.  
Where they are wont to grow;  
Yet, poppies stand for them  
In annual memoir,  
Because the poppies witnessed,  
Growing low.

Far out in Flanders,  
Where they rest in quiet;  
Where cannons boom  
Was heard awhile ago;  
Today, the poppies bloom  
In crimson riot,  
Forever for those dead

## A memento.

Estha Beatrice Russ.

## HONORABLE MENTION

## THE AVIATOR'S SONG

(In Memory of All Who Flew and Fell.)  
Over the land and sea I fly . . . .  
Up, up in the heights of the boundless sky  
Where the hurricanes crash and the  
breezes sigh,  
And the fleecy white clouds go fluttering  
by!

It's true I may fall and the fall, end all;  
But, I'll take the risk; for, well know I  
That the price of success is ever high,  
And countless hosts must death defy  
Ere the fortunate few win victory.

Virginia Bullock-Willis.

Note-The first Bookmakers Anthology is now on the press in a small de luxe edition. Only the Feature Hall of Fame Poems are published which have been entered and published in the Hall of Fame Square of the Bookmakers Folio since the Feature was instituted. The Anthology is published without cost to those appearing in it. It is financed by Gertrude Perry West's children Harold Dean Perry, Jarrold Roderick Perry, and Genevieve Meares Perry, who are National Officials of The Bookmakers, in honor of their mother's nomination to the Hall of Fame for Originals, Statuary Hall, or National Hall of Fame, which unparalleled honor for an American poet was conferred on her by the Press of her native state, North Carolina, the News and Observer, owned and controlled by Ex.Sec., of the U. S. Navy, and himself, one of the greatest North Carolinians and Americans, Josephus Daniel, taking the initiative editorially, in January, 1925; and which honor makes her the most distinguished American poet and living American. For this reason this unspoiled, unselfish, genius in unlimited arts, instituted the Hall of Fame Square, that others might, thru this way, share some of her honors, and scatter to them some of her laurel leaves.



To all those who have won honors in the Feature greater than publication in the Folio and uncommercialized Anthology, which is the highest honor to which an American poet may attain, shall be given one free copy of the Anthology. To those who have been published in the Hall of Fame Square, without greater honor, they may have one copy at cost of publishing. Other copies may be bought at half price by those who appear in the Anthology. To others, they will be sold at retail price as long as the first edition lasts.

The elegance of the Anthology will make ideal Christmas gifts, or others.

Those given a special price, write the Editor for information. Those wishing to buy, other than those appearing therein, may purchase autographed copies by the First Honor winners in the Hall of Fame Square of The Bookmakers' Folio, and Gertrude Perry West, the only American poet ever nominated to the Hall of Fame for Originals, (Statuary Hall) or National Hall of Fame, for \$5.00 a copy, or without autographs for \$4.00, postpaid, and boxed. Those desiring copies should order early as may be possible.

In the future, all the poems published in the Bookmakers' Folio, with the exception of the Editor-in-Chief's, are eligible for votes for best poems appearing in the numbers as they appear. There are triplet numbers in this edition of the Folio. To avoid confusion, however; vote for First, Second, Third Honors, and one Honorable Mention. Every member vote for their favorite poems now.

Malcolm Campbell,  
Editor- The Bookmakers' Anthology No. 1

## OLD AGE

Sitting,  
With toil-aged hands  
Across the lap of Time,  
Senile but patient, waiting . . . . .  
For Death.

Princess Akikita.

## AN OLD MOTHER

Toil bent  
From sacrifices  
And pains of child-bearing,  
With their toll-marks stamped on her  
face,  
She waits . . . . .  
Soon Death,  
Nature's angel  
Scavenger, passes; feels  
Sorry, and the faded old creature . . .  
Takes off.

Chief Keshena

## NORTH CAROLINA

Down by the edge of the ocean  
The inlets and sound  
With fish abound.  
A most delightful notion,  
The long leaf pine  
Yields turpentine,  
And a wealth of pitch and tar.  
The scuppernong vine  
Makes lucious wine  
Which is prized both near and far.  
Up in the West the mountains rise,  
Their snmmits seem to reach the skies,  
And very varied, as well as great,  
Is the mineral wealth of the Tar He  
State.

Author Unknown

Contributed by- Rosa Olive

## THANKSGIVING

For answered prayer and mercies given  
For when our eyes with tears were dim,  
Our hearts with doubt and fear were r  
en . . .  
An unseen Presence at our side  
Bade us be of good cheer and in His lo  
abide.

Effie Enola Carpenter

Note-It is with deep regret that we note the death of the talented Miss Carpenter soon after the death of her mother who passing was the inspiration for the patriotic poem above, in which she, for one instant, displays rebellion to the Divine will, to be quickly changed into sublimity and faith and submission in which faith suddenly passed with a Christian's hope.

Editor

## LINDBERGH

When hopped off Linbergh on his flight,  
The dawn scarce streaked the sky with  
light;

And when he barely missed the tree,  
He must have felt like a houri;  
For Lindy, being a plucky boy,  
Thot danger but a gaudy toy;  
Therefore, his great, iron-nerve, supreme;  
Realized the aviator's dream.

If he had failed, we sure would have read  
That he is crazy in the head;  
But since the glorious success he had;  
In praising him, the world goes mad.

Jewell M. Shields.

## LINDBERGH FLIES

O, Lindbergh flies!  
O, Lindbergh flies!  
Over vast scopes—phantoms—  
As thru the sky he comes!  
As thru the sky he comes!  
O, Lindbergh flies!

O, Lindbergh flies!  
O, Lindbergh flies!  
To an altar popular . . .  
Where his worshipers are . . .  
Yelling, shouting afar . . .  
O, Lindbergh flies!

O, Lindbergh flies!  
O, Lindbergh flies!  
To throne of Aviation's king . . .  
Where the zephyrs wing  
And seraphims sing . . .  
O, Lindbergh flies!

Henry Harvey Fuson.

## DIFFERENCES

The sparrow spends his Winters here  
Among the snow and ice;  
The robin flies, while skies are clear,  
To fields of Paradise.

When Winter comes, I'll read my books  
Before a cheery fire;  
But you will walk by fairy brooks  
And strum a sweet toned lyre.

Harvey Wagner Flink.

## VIEW FROM MY WINDOW

Silver bowl, the landscape from my  
my window,  
Is often viewed from day to day;  
There's myriad colors when roses blow,  
Set with gems of a sparkling ray.

Over the broad meadow a carpet's  
spread;  
All shades combined, of lovely hue;  
The sunbeams shine as glinting golden  
thread,  
Fairylke, making their *début*.

Floating, flimsy gossamer, light as air;  
Wearing their necklaces of pearls;  
Broideries patterned from a garden  
square - -

Silver-slippered feet, and golden curls.

Bright eyes and faces, beautiful as the  
day;

Jewel gowned stars with golden tint;  
Many-a winsome role the cloud-fairies  
play;

Their shadows flitting among the  
glint.

Silver wings with a bright scintillant  
gleam

When sky is pinking in the west  
For much deserved boon - - the sweeter  
dream - -

Thru the wintry days and their rest.

How radiantly beams the gold harvest  
moon!

Wonderful fruit and grain where  
fairies sleep

Merrily singing we gather, and soon,  
Hallowe'en's mystery we keep.

At gleaning time, fire spreads out wide  
Like demon armies, stepping bold;  
Over the meadow furiously stride  
The leaping flames and broom-sedges  
enfold.

The hedges, tall and thick bushes be-  
neath the trees,  
The fire-demons in their flurry  
At the command of Autumn's gusty  
breeze,



With hasty glee, onward hurry.

Their skirts trail and flare; scarfs like  
banners fly

Unfurled and with swift victory.  
Insolent, they mock the evening sky,  
Satiated with their wild glee.

The sparks, showering down their lurid  
breath,

Arise in clouds of smoke, when all  
Weary beneath the gray ash's robe of  
death

They smolder, and in slumber fall.

Viewed from my window,  
Scenes vary day by day;  
Colors when roses blow;  
Drab Winter, cold and gray.

Dark clouds with the lightning's vivid  
flashes;

Oaks wrestling with tempests that  
blow;

Hail with it's cruel, raw-hide, cutting  
lashes;

Soft showers, and crimson rainbow.

The Autumn's full colorful radiance;

The frost upon the window pane;

Sky cold, and decked in star-lit brilliance;

Birds hushed, but who will sing again  
Liquid notes of rhapsody ascend-  
ing

As happy thots of life unending.

The Winter's rough breath then gives  
place

To ethereal Spring, with tender call;  
Gently, Fancy, the thots of love embrace;  
Her charms, the Ice King enthrall.

The modest violet with it's royal hue  
Heralds consort of the rose, the lily true.

Corinne Clayton.

#### INDIAN SUMMER

Dressed up  
In two-toned frock,  
A young bride come to spend  
Her honeymoon in gold-spun hues  
Of Fall.

Chief Kishaccolquillas.

#### INDIAN SUMMER

A veil of purple now enshrouds the hills,  
While yet the thot of glorious Sum-  
mur lives;

Above the drowsy hum of bees and rills,  
Forgotten music lifts and soars and trills,  
Then calls in sombre tones to ancient  
fugitives.

They come from out the haunts of fring-  
ed fern,

They troop in groups of woodland  
ways untrod;

In rhythmic tread they file in line and  
turn

To light gay torches from a molten urn  
Made ready for them by the great  
Sun God.

As faster grows the music in the air  
And louder shrills the wind across the  
less,

They gaily dance the while the torches  
flare

Then breaking rank, race madly every-  
where

And leave a trail of color in the trees.

O, Magic Days; when forests are en-  
chanted,

When bough and blossom bear the  
touch of fire,

And burning buds burst from this touch  
implanted,

See Nature's fondest wish in color  
granted—

The dying Summer's splendid funeral  
pyre!

Freda Cloe Foster.

#### LITTLE THINGS

A little brook is beautiful,  
It's waters have a silvery ring;  
But I have heard the sea's deep note  
And I have felt the spray's salt sting.

A little love is beautiful—  
A brook with minor melody—  
My love is like an unlaunched ship  
That waits the vastness of the sea.

John Richard Moreland.

AN AUTUMN PRAYER

The beauty of the Autumn woods which  
 Thou has given me  
 O, Lord God of Seasons, help me to see!  
 Autumn's burnished tints aglow, which  
 no artist's brush can hold;  
 Autumn's vivid colors, crimson and gold.  
 Mysterious golden twilight, when the busy  
 day's done;  
 Autumn's flowers and an evening sun.  
 Their splendors to keep in my heart to  
 cheer me when I'm old,  
 Lord help me to feel they're mine, mine,  
 to behold.

Flora Melvin Lewis.

STREAMS OF GOLD

Streams of gold the story told  
 As light beams were a-glancing;  
 "I would see new day unfold"—  
 Which was then fast advancing.

The sun spread its golden glow  
 On every field and lawn;  
 On them shone where flowers blow—  
 Bright jewels of the dawn.

My heart was all enraptured  
 As up high went my gaze;  
 The landscape was all captured  
 By the noon day's gleaming rays.

Soon the brighter daylight's ended;  
 To me its glad story told:  
 To the red setting sun descended  
 All robed in streams of gold.

Michael J. Monahan.

SEPTEMBER

Yellow road a-winding,  
 September's green and gold  
 Lure the traveller to explore  
 The mystery they hold.

Thru nodding, whispering cornfields,  
 Banks of golden-rod,  
 Brown and yellow stubble fields,  
 Strips of new turned sod.

By the dreaming farm house  
 With nodding, golden glow,  
 Winding down its valley-bed  
 The highway seems to flow.

Then upward, climbing, looping  
 A hill slope far and high,  
 Past a stately giant oak tree  
 It leaps into the sky.

Yellow road a-winding,  
 September's green and gold,  
 Lure the traveller to explore  
 The mystery they hold.  
 W. V. Zahniser.

THE OLD HOME

If sometimes in your silent halls a mourn-  
 ful ghost still lingers,  
 It is my spirit groping thru the years,  
 Retouching muted chords, dead harmo-  
 nies, with futile fingers,  
 In yearning sorrow, blinded by my  
 tears.

If sometimes thru your winding paths a  
 wistful shadow passes,  
 It is some lingering phantom memory  
 That, haunting, sighing, mingles with the  
 breeze among the grasses,  
 Until it fades in dim futility.

Evelyn Couchman.

A THOUGHT FOR MEMORY

Take the wine from life, the laughing jest  
 The countless things that I love best;  
 Take the glow of dawn, the warmth of  
 noon,

The April rain: the lover's June;  
 Take the sound of music, the golden grain  
 The friendly call—and life's small gain;  
 Take the twilight hours, the long road's  
 call,  
 Take the ones I love, O, take them all!

Just leave me memory, the guest divine,  
 And the clinging touch of your lips on  
 mine . . . .

Frank L. Alderman.



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Colors: Black and White

Flower: Mountain Laurel

Mascot: Job, The Turken

Emblem: Pegasus rising from an open book

Slogan: *Et si ostendo non jacto*, - "And if I show what I am I do not boast."

Motto: *Conanti Dabitur*, - "It will be given to him who tries."

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Official Summary

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ganize a branch of Bookmakers. They  
meet at 27 Hollis St., Newton, Mass.,  
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P. M. at which time an hour is devoted  
to literature and an hour to social enter-  
tainment. All Boston Literati are invit-  
ed to attend the meetings, and enter  
poems in their Bookmakers Scrap Book,  
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itors. A charge of ten cents a poem is  
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of fifteen cents a poem, and no poems  
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the Scrap Book Section of the Folio, to  
be edited by Grace Evelyn Brown, 27  
Hollis St., Newton, Mass., to which ad-  
dress send poems and entrance fee.

Other Officials of the Boston Branch  
are,-

President, Guy Richardson,  
Secretary, Sara Rexford Parker, 541  
Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.

The meetings have been well attend-  
ed, and refreshments served.

The District of Columbia Branch of  
The Bookmakers hold meetings. Local  
Literati are instructed to watch the lo-  
cal newspapers for the next meeting an-  
nouncement.

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#### HALL OF FAME ROSTER

First Honor,

J. Roy Zeiss,

Laura Rathbone,

Rene Albourn De Pender,

Elizabeth L. Sargeant.

Second Honor,

Margaret Beatty Herring,

Elise M. Baker,

Third Honor,

J. Graydon Jeffries,

Estha Beatrice Russ,

Honorable Mention,



James Evans Quick,  
Virginia Bullock-Willis.

Note- The winning poems of the poets who have won honors in the Bookmakers' Hall of Fame Square, and those poems which have been entered in the Hall of Fame Feature, which have been published in the Folio, are being re-published in the Bookmakers first Hall of Fame Anthology which is now on the press. Vote for four honors in this number at once, so they may be incorporated in this edition of the Anthology.

All Bookmakers vote, please.

We are pleased to announce that the winners, Mrs. Herring and Miss Russ, are natives of the home County of the Editor-in-Chief of the Folio, Bladen, the "The Mother of Poets," in North Carolina.

Malcolm Campbell, Editor, The Bookmakers Hall of Fame Anthology.

#### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I am very appreciative of a biographical sketch in Who is Who in Literature, a Feature Section of Home and Abroad, the sketch being a reprint of a sketch in my Acknowledgements in the Lincoln Number of the Bookmakers Folio, which was a reprint from Braithwaites' Who is Who in American Poetry.

The annual Gertrude Perry West Day was celebrated at White Plains Church near Rosindale, N. C., my old home, by my first friends, and my kindred, with the usual features, the Second Thursday in August, 1928, which I acknowledge with the most hearty solicitude for, and humble gratitude to, the beloved celebrators; the Creator's not any better, in the Garden of the Good, Bladen County, N. C., realizing that the Immortal Shakespeare has not been given greater honor.

I am pleased to have welcomed to the Bookmakers' Headquarters the following Florida Bookmakers Officials,--

Hon. William Alexander Cocke, Pres. of Florida for the Bookmakers, at St. Petersburg, Fla., Elizabeth Baldwin of

Miami, Fla. Hon. Vice Pres., for the Bookmakers; Hon. Pres. of the Bookmakers for Fla., Judge William Pate Meares.

To those who have honored me by declaring me, because of my having been the only American Poet ever nominated to the Hall of Fame for Originals, the National Hall of Fame, (Statuary Hall) Washington, D. C., and the long epics on not only Southern, North Carolina and National history, but International, as well; not to include the hundreds of shorter epics, and other poems, and other developed versatilities; developed under the most difficult and exasperating conditions; entitled to the first Poet-Laureateship of America, words being inadequate to express my appreciation of the magnitude of the honor, I can only feel justly worthy of this most enviable title in the acknowledgement of their master judgment. May I bear the title and wear the laurels with the unostentatious manners becoming my personality which I have always maintained in nautil poise without affectation as becomes the supreme titles of Poet-Laureate of Dixieland and of America, under the radiant glory of their nomination!

There is no greater reason for my personal gratitude than for the gracious expressions in poetry of sympathy because of my wholesale robbery of my works of art I left in storage at Waycross, Ga., at which place I covered the Shopmen's Strike on the A. C. L. R. R. for the Labor Press, and from admirers for my "great and masterful achievements" in the literary and other fields of the fine arts, which have been, and are being received, and which are being compiled into an anthology of "Garlands for Gertrude Perry West," which will be published by the Bookmakers Publishers at Callahan, Fla., as a mark of gratitude for the contributors and the Editor, Albert James Norton, and financed by my children in honor of my latest honor, the title of Poet-Laureate of Dixieland and America, in 1929.

It is not especially a Bookmakers feature, but all poets are invited, as a special courtesy from the anthology editor, to contribute poems, and they shall be published without cost or obligation to the contributors. Unless the poems reach into many hundreds, the contributors will be given a copy gratis.

Any length poem is permissible, but those not over twenty-four lines are desirable. Should more poems be contributed than can be incorporated in one volume, two or more volumes shall be published under the same title.

For these "garlands" I humbly thank those who have made the anthology tribute possible.

The following poem has been received from Hon. Pres. of Georgia for The Bookmakers, Charles Sloan Reid.

#### PROEM

(TO GARLANDS FOR GERTRUDE FERRY WEST: AN ANTHOLOGY)

A spirit born to deeds of truth and love,  
The Muse endowed her with the gift  
of song,

That Poesy, amid life's busy throng,  
Responsive souls to Beauty's hilt might  
move.

And Art bestowed her brush and pencil  
well

Within so true, interpretive a hand,  
That Nature's pastels, etched in sky  
or strand,

In captive tones man's treasure-trove  
might swell.

And many voices sound her praise,  
Whose high achievement touched so  
many hearts,

And concord swelled in time of many  
parts,

A medley filled of many charming lays.

Yet all her deeds may not be fully sung,  
Nor all her favors catalogued in  
rhyme;

For Genius moves in secret ways in  
time

And laughs to catch the singer's lute  
unstrung.

But loving tribute, timed of pen or tongue,  
Is privilege sweet; and pride of unit  
lies

In high integral, as choral voices rise  
To paean of a brilliant poet sung.

Charles Sloan Reid.

In acknowledgement of the splendid letters and cards; I am not able to decide which is the best letter, but the most beautiful card was received from the Pres. of Mexico for The Bookmakers.

Editor Bookmakers' Folio.

#### EXCHANGES

Contemporary Verse, and  
Japm, Benjamin Musser, Editor,  
107 S. Mansfield Ave. Margate,  
Atlantic City, N.J. Prices. \$1.50  
a year for C. Verse, a monthly; Japm, a  
weekly, \$2.25.

The Monitor, U. E. Ford, Editor,  
37 Barclay St. N.Y. City.

Opportunity, Charles S. Johnson,  
Editor, 17 Madison Ave. N. Y. City.

#### THE WRITER'S OWN MAGAZINE

Cleveland, West-on-Sea, Kent,  
Published in Conjunction With

#### VERSE and SONG

Same Address, for Literary Contributions, but Subscriptions Should be Sent to the Publishers, Arthur H. Stockwell Ltd. 29, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 4, England. Bi-monthly, Price \$1.50 or 6d

#### HUMANITY

Fairacres, Arvada, Col. 24 Issues, \$1.00

Any of the publications advertised in this number of the Folio are worth the price of subscription, but should any prove unworthy of you readers' patronage, kindly notify the Folio Editor.

Bookmakers' Pins. Who wishes one? Kindly let your wishes be known as soon as possible. Ask for information.



## BOOK REVIEWS EDITED BY CLYDE ROBE MEREDITH

FLAME POINTS, by J. Graydon Jeffries, (Bookmakers Publishers, Callahan Fla. 1928, \$1.00.) tho but a small brochure, is not easy to review adequately. The temptation to praise indiscriminately, enthusiastically and extravagantly is very great indeed.

More than anything else, these poems remind one of a dew-gemmed cobweb, on a lilac-bush, a-glitter in the morning sun; or of a humming-bird winging his busy way from flower to flower and scattering dew-drops like diamonds as he flies.

These poems are worthy in and of themselves, and more worthy in their promise; but, while written by a man, they are in no sense masculine; for that matter, neither are they feminine: they are as neuter as the unstudied minstrelsy of Ariel. Even his frequent broken rhythms but give the greater clarity to his varying moods-

But:- and this a fault that should be corrected; his choice of words is, in one or two instances, not only un-poetic, but most unhappy. This is so slight as to pass unnoticed in more mediocre work, but in verse as uniformly excellent as this...well, it should be corrected as soon as may be.

Clyde Robe Meredith.

Note,- To substantiate the sincerity of the review, I quote from the reviewer's letter to me:

I tried to hold myself down in the enclosed review of Jeffries' Flame Points, but it was a hard job.

If that boy will study hard, write much and publish little, he will make a stir in the world sooner or later.

Mechanically you have done a beautiful piece of work...

Gertrude Perry West.

In Stella Marvin, New York, Harold Vinal, Ltd.. 1927, Marie Tello Phillips has shown herself to be as truly a poet as in her verses. Not poet in the limited but commonly accepted use of that much abused word, but creator: not

story-teller and literary artist merely, but profound psychologist.

While telling in the happiest manner a gripping and delightfully human story she has not been satisfied to skim the surface. With sure touch she has laid bare not only the little-known but powerful motives of human conduct, she has gone farther and given us a clear view, not of blind fate, but of the all-wise, ever-ruling Providence that marshals all for the ultimate good; and she has done this without the slightest touch of heaviness or preaching.

Stella Marvin is not only a success in and of itself, it contains large promise of the future; but we fancy that Mrs. Phillips has and will have scant appeal for the ultra-modern and sophisticated reader. We heartily congratulate both author and publisher on this book.

Clyde Robe Meredith.

Amaranth and Myrtle, by Beatrice P. Morgan, Dorrance, Publisher, Philadelphia, is full of romance, art and life. In some of the verses the worshipful or religious side predominates; while some closely express a love of homeliness and love. The author seems to ponder over the mysteries of life; its beginnings and the things to be. And then again, some of the poems are mere flights of fancy in which the world appears as a puppet show. There is a conscientious search for beauty, the glory of the search and the ever-impending doom of failure thru out. Amaranth and Myrtle reflects the Southern atmosphere and warmth of the author's emotions and aspirations, glowing like vivid flame thru a vibrant sense of beauty.

Eugenie du Maurier Meredith

Dewdrops and Pearls, by Edith Elden Robinson, The Bellemin Press, Portland O. has a religious trend; is full of love of nature; love of homely things and love for love's sake. It is a group of verses, songs, vers libre, animated with a contagious enthusiasm and joie de

vivre. In "Court Martial," the author clearly expresses a hatred of war and tyranny that must have been born only of sad memories and experiences, reflecting as it does a mystic and introspective nature.

Eugenie du Maurier Meredith.

"Simple verse, heartfelt and singing" best expresses Evelyn Couchman's "Songs of The French Riviera (75 c).

Eight short poems and three pen-and-ink sketches, such is the compass of the brochure, but the sketches are clever and there are lines of haunting melody in the verses that are not readily forgotten. Technically speaking, Mrs. Couchman's work is nearly flawless, and this volume, tiny tho it is, is amply worthwhile.

Those desiring copies may obtain them from the author at Yontic, Conn.

Clyde Robe Meredith.

"On Wings of Song," is an appropriate title to a beautiful volume of poems recently issued under the Editorship of Harold Vinal and designed by and printed under the supervision of Mr. Robert E. J. Josephy, at the Vail-Ballou Press.

Editor and printer combined to produce a perfect work of typographical art.

The author, Laura Rathbone (Mrs. Henry Riggs Rathbone,) is a lady of varied culture, an accomplished musician, and of broad sympathies and with a love of all that is beautiful in nature and good in humanity. We should expect from her pen poems characterized by deep feeling and smooth flowing rhythm and we are not disappointed in regard to these qualities, for they are all there. Her poems should take their place among the sweetest lyrics in the English language.

Several reviewers have spoken of her book as a volume of sonnets. This is a careless and misleading statement; for, out of a total of fifty-three poems only thirteen are sonnets.

Among the poems of this volume, there are none finer than "The Blind Boy." Sadness, gentleness, and sweetness are so wonderfully combined with idyllic scenes and pastoral images as to produce an indescribable effect upon the minds and hearts of its readers.

The writer can bear testimony to the enthusiasm and applause that, on a certain occasion, "Said a Dewdrop" created when read by the author before an audience of distinguished poets and other literary celebrities. This poem alone should set the seal of poetic genius upon the brow of this gifted singer. The poem will also be found on page thirty-five of column two of the Spring and Summer Number, 1927, of the Bookmakers' Folio.

True lovers of poetry will welcome her coming to brighten the world with her beautiful songs.

Albert James Norton.

S. Fowler Wright is by no means the only scholarly critic in England today; neither has he a monopoly on sincerity or earnestness; but in the happy combination of learning, sincerity, earnestness and common-sense, he has few equals and no superiors.

For this reason, when the poetic trends of the present day come to be evaluated his magazine, "Poetry and the Play," will be found to have had a constructive influence second to none.

We sincerely wish that every reader and writer could become more familiar with this Quarterly.

Clyde Robe Meredith.

The Fifth Volume 1926 of "The Scroll Annual" reached my desk in an inopportune time to be given a just review, but the outstanding features are its poems, biographical sketches of the author poet contributors, halftones of ten poets, an index and one hundred and four poems from eighty nine poets. A worthy volume. The Townsend Publications, Howe, Okla. \$1.50.

Gertrude Perry West.



It was Solomon in his Songs (If he was actually the author of any) who asked, "What shall we do for our little Sister?" Mrs. Charlton Edholm in her "Traffic in Girls," answers,-

"Warn and protect her." We know of no better means by which she may be warned than to read this gripping exposure of the traffic in American females; and we especially recommend the book to prudish mothers. The book is nobly edited by Mrs. Martha Mackenzie; contains a symposium by others; an introduction by Clarence E. Webb, and many other interesting features. Published by, and for sale by, Mrs. Mackenzie, at 2411 Mc Gee Ave., Berkley, Cal.

"Michigan Methodist Poetry," is a 202 page Anthology, compiled and edited by Rev. William C. S. Pellowe; The Methodist Book Concern, 25 E. Elizabeth St., Detroit, Mich. Publishers, \$1.

Forty six Michigan Methodist poets are represented in this book, of which eighteen are ministers of the Methodist faith; some are Advocate contributors who have for a long time been favorites of its readers; the poetical themes are widely varied; the editorship is virile and vividly apparent thruout the volume from the opening article to the last word; a biography of the poets is very enlightening as to who is who in Michigan Methodist poetics; the contents are of high quality and inspirational; "Faith" by J. Roy Zeiss, has on several occasions been quoted by ministers in their sermons; one out of three of his lovely poems which the anthology contains.

The book was autographed and presented to me by the invaluable President of Dist., No. 5 of the Bookmakers, M. Edna Zeiss, (Mary E. Grenny) Roy's mother. Dr. Pellowe is the beloved and brilliant pastor of the East Grand Boulevard M. E. Church of Detroit, and a Bookmaker Official.

Gertrude Perry West.

"This Is Nonsense!" a brochure of light verse comes to my desk from its author, Jessie Annie Anderson of Ellon,

Aberdeenshire, Scotland, inscribed as follows: "From the author, with warmest greetings to Gertrude Perry West, great, great niece of Thomas Campbell, poet. May G. P. W. grow in her life perennial blooms of "The Pleasures of Hope."

There are eighteen splendid poems, of which "Psalms Of Everyman," with apologies to H. W. Longfellow, is among the best. Price 1-6 from the author.

Gertrude Perry West.

"Over The Boatside," by Mathilde Eiker. Atheists are chuckling over the appearance of another novel by a Washington, D. C. High School Teacher.

Folk have scarcely got over the shock caused by her "Mrs. Mason's Daughters" and the jolt it gives to the marriage relation. Now, Over The Boatside goes it one better. There was a great loosening of tongues when Mathilde Eiker dropped a bomb into the ranks of the ultra-decorous and stiff pedagogic circle of Washington teacherdom, and many inquiring glances were cast furtively at each other wondering whether this one or that one was a prototype of one of Mrs. Mason's Daughters. That a lot of the facts or situations were true to life did not dull the outraged sense of respectability, for school teachers are not supposed to be human. They are supposed to be entirely sexless and spineless. Mattie Eiker violated that strict decorum and there were some who questioned the advisability of permitting her to remain as an instructor of high school youth.

Now, the publication of Over The Boatside is really too much for the staid old souls, the pedagogues or marms who advocate the wearing of smocks so that the susceptible pupils may be able to keep their minds on their books instead of on charms of a pretty teacher and we suspect more abuse will fall on Mattie's head because she has charm above the average teacher.

Edward James Irvine.

## ACCEPTANCE SPEECH OF GERTRUDE PERRY WEST

### Candidate For The U. S. President On The Fundamental Anti-Blue Law Party Of U. S. A., Ticket, 1928.

Fellow Citizens:

It is with the greatest gratitude that I accept the candidacy for this most important office of our Republic; that of President of the U. S. A. on the Fundamental Anti-Blue Law Party of the U. S. A. Ticket, and with the humbleness of the service of such an office should I be elected, shall be my entire aim: to serve all the people, and not just the privileged few. You may claim that they all tell you that who have ever run for president, but that few have kept their promise. Remember, however, before you condemn my promise as being only "bunk" as it has proven so many times with candidates, that they were the male of the species, inbred to deceive, for having deceived the women folk for six thousand years, atleast. I am not knocking the men, for Abe Lincoln was a man. When I say that Abe was a man, I mean a real man. Not a puppet for the Classes. He is the great exception since the days of Jefferson, for having kept his promise, and the loyal servant of all the people. He died for it, in the flesh, but . . . . . his name is immortal. The spirit of Abe Lincoln will never die! And, it is with his spirit with which I am incarnated, so claim my adherents, with which I give you my pledge to serve all the people in this, my acceptance speech as a presidential candidate of the Fundamental Anti-Blue Law Party, the greatest political honor ever bestowed on woman before as the first woman chosen to run on any party ticket for president of any country in the known history of the world. This, too, is claimed for me by the party promoters.

The candidacy sought me in my almost reclusive seclusion in my obscure location in the state of Florida, of which there are not any better, or more battered, at the present time, but with a tremendous come back. This being true, I come before the nation as presidential candidate, with a great appreciation of the honor which has been accord

ed me as a Candidate of the F. A. B. L. P. and the Platform on which the party goes forth on its maiden journey with the hope of bringing peace and prosperity to a land almost desolated from the exploitation of the two old parties that have been in power, alternately, for many years; it being easily, the best platform of any party in the field.

Five millions of the citizens unemployed! Two millions of farmers homeless and bankrupt! That is appalling, and is the fundamental reason for a change; a new party which shall function as a Third Party, and a Third Party Movement.

I have been chosen as a candidate for the Presidency of the U. S., by this party from an humble home; the home of a woman poet; an humble poet; and whoever heard of a wealthy poet? Unless . . . . . they were wealthy before they were a poet? One poet has written that "Poets are the legislators of the world." This, is true; but, from the condition in which we find the U. S. under the present government, we are at once convinced that poets have had nothing to do with it. Poets could, and would, have done better. A poet has visions of the justness of things. A poet would have governed with a heart palpitating with emotion in which sympathy for the whole world of humanity dwells, and a brain teeming with idealisms put into practice. Therefore, I stand upon the fundamental platform of a party which is founded by poets; a party that shall function for poetic ideals which have spread over centuries and preserved to us what scanty liberty is left since the functioning of the old line parties under capitalistic injustice. It is time the poets were making themselves heard. Shakespeare, the Immortal, changed the old order of things in the British Isles. The Immortal Homer, the poor blind poet of Greece, begged his bread from town to town with his poets' songs, and none would give him recognition, but his bones have been begged



for by nine cities, claiming him as their own! Better, today, Greece is a republic! Slow, but sure. And, dozens of cases where poetic influence has changed and demolished empires and kingdoms! So, we are a party founded by poets. Poets of promise and poets of international recognition and national fame. As the only American poet ever nominated to the National Hall of Fame, and because of my having done epics which my adherents term "masterpieces," I am chosen as the leading candidate of the party in this 1928 Presidential Campaign, from a poetical standpoint. I am thankful they deem my modest poetical efforts worthy of this high recognition. Not from a selfish point of view, but because of the "Pleasures of Hope," of their being a means for the emancipation of the masses who are now more or less peons and wage slaves.

I come from an humble family so far as wealth goes at the time of my birth in spite of the fact that my grandfather Méares paid more taxes at one time in his county, Columbus, N. C., than any one man. I was born in a log-cabin, and some of my adherents term me "The Lady Lincoln of America." That is a great honor; and, the fact of my having been so born is a matter of great pride to me. Our slogan, then, is: "Up from the log-cabin to the Hall of Fame and the White House!"

Some of the first memories which I have retained is one of being rocked and sung to by my nurse, Christian Gibbs, a girl of ebony complexion and red heart. She was rocking me in half of a gum log which had been cut to proper length and hollowed out, and with half moon boards nailed to each end for rockers. She was singing as only a Negro can sing: "Swing low, sweet chariot," I had my bare foot up in the air playing with my toes, as babies do, and I even remember the spot in the cabin where the cradle was being rocked. I do not know my age, but it was warm weather, for both doors were open; one on each side

of the cabin opposite each other, and the cradle half way between them. I was born in January, and that must have been in the Summer or early Autumn of the same year. I was lying on my back, and would roll with the motion of the rustic cradle. Perhaps this stirred my brains into versatilities filling my head with notions. That was my first experience in being served which I remember. I was a bit shy of her, as I did not understand why she and I were not the same color. I did not know what color was, but for some reason I knew a difference. But, I do not understand until yet why the difference in color except from a scientific standpoint. Christian Gibbs was a granddaughter of "Uncle" Boston Gibbs, and his wife, "Aunt" Rachel Gibbs. We do not address Negroes in the South as Mr. Mrs. or Miss, but go one better, and claim kinship; the kinship of the Universal Brotherhood of Man. And, they understand, and are happy; happy with their "White Folks" until some scalawag exploiter comes along, buys a turpentine camp and farm where drives of Negroes are worked, and makes of them peons, upheld by the State Courts against "cheating and swindling," while it is the rascal scalawag with the ivory complexion who is both the cheater and the swindler! Even White persons are held in peonage in the South. . . . . This is a national shame and disgrace.

The following reasons in the form of resolutions have been drawn up as the fundamental reasons for my having been chosen as banner bearer of the Fundamental Anti-Blue Law Party by its founder and adherents:

#### "WHY GERTRUDE PERRY WEST SHOULD BE U. S. PRESIDENT"

She who was persecuted, a modern martyr, to the greed and cruelty of criminal bigots in wild and lawless Waycross, Georgia, should be President of the United States because, she is a great soul; a representative woman; a

poet unexcelled.

It is high time, as the mighty libitarian author, Rupert Hughes, reminds us, to elect a woman to the highest office in the land, out of justice to her sex which has been so discriminated against for centuries, and in the spirit of fair-play.

Gertrude Perry West, has enriched the art and literature of America; has fearlessly fought for Labor and equity on all fronts; her blood has been shed for the sake of the American People; she is Dixieland's Poet-Laureate, and the most worthy muse-master to wear the laurel wreath of America's laureate-ship; she is capable of governing the People of the U. S. A. adequately and justly; so, to bring America toward a better civilization; we, the founders and promoters of the Fundamental Anti-Blud-Law Party of the U. S. A., nominate her; in Convention Assembled, and before the world, our Candidate for U. S. President, in the 1928 Election.

Done this, the 7 day of October, 1928, at the F. A. B. L. Party Convention held at Brentwood, Md.

Signed: Edward James Irvine,  
Sec. F. A. B. L. P. of U. S. A. and  
National Campaign Manager.

Sol Lafarge, Chairman Campaign  
Committee.

Sworn to and subscribed this, the . . . . .  
day of October 1928, before me.

Signed: . . . . .

Notary Republic.

Then, for such an honor having been beatowed upon me from such a high source, I can only accept humbly, conscientiously, and with a pledge and intention of carrying out their Platform to the best interest of the United States and the People who should govern; all the People, and of whom I shall be the servant, if I am elected. And, I assure you that Christian Gibbs did not care for me in my helpless infancy, and rock me more faithfully in my rustic cradle, than I shall rock the helpless poor and

all the American People in the Cradle of Justice.

The F. A. B. L. Party comes into existence as a progressive and protective sentiment for a Third Party movement, pledged to wage relentless warfare against corruption in high places which has manifested itself repeatedly thru the two old parties. (Republican and Democratic)

The Party stands for the ethics of the lowly Nazarene, and is therefore, opposed, as is expressed by the name of the party, and the first paraphrase of our Platform, to Blue Laws, and it recommends that they immediately be abolished by passing a law to the effect that, if any arresting officer is known to arrest another person under a Blue Law, that the arrestor be tried for felony. It is a fact that they are not laws of the U. S. but are Colonial laws of Great Britain which the Declaration of Independence annulled. Still, if Americans who are subject to the U. S. exercises their Constitutional right to free speech, one of these indigo laws of Great Britain are run out and made to serve as a mouth stopper to the "free-born American citizen." It was Jesus of Nazareth, the Christian God, who plucked corn on the Sabbath with which to feed His disciples and . . . informed His critics that "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man, for the Sabbath," but in spite of this biblical fact, our religious bigoted Colonial forefathers passed such laws to try to force all others to conform to their belief, whether they were Jew or Gentile; Turk or Hindu. Whichever sect was in office, these half civilized intollerants who burned each other at the stake as heretics, witches and other things just as absurd and ridiculous, passed a set of Blue Laws with which to persecute their opponents in religious intolerance. These Blue Laws passers made and branded the "Scarlet Woman." They owned, bought and sold, human flesh. They sold babies from the arms of mothers. They . . . . . created



the American Mullaatto!

Blue Laws then, are a menace to the liberty and progress of the American People who reside in the U. S.

The F. A. B. L. P. is founded on Lincoln-Jefferson Democracy. That is not the kind one hundred and fifty thousand of our best manhood died for "Over There." That was Wilson-Morgan Democracy which is sung to the tune of... Dollar Diplomacy. Every time I think of this premeditated master crime which was pulled off on the American People, I have to say words that are not smitable on the other cheek.

The F. A. B. L. P., is in the field to restore to the U. S. citizens that liberty guaranteed to them by our revolutionary forefathers, and these principles are free speech, free press, and freedom of assembly. Progressive reforms thru legislative measures: "Government for the People and by the People."

A breath of Lincoln-Jefferson democracy. My adherents claim for me that I am entitled to the presidency more than others because I am the only American woman having shed her blood in defense of Labor. Others have been killed in industrial disputes, even, with their babies born and unborn, but not exactly in defense of Labor. This being facts, then I ask Labor to give me their support. We need campaign funds. They should be sent the parties' Treasurer, J. R. Perry, Callahan, Fla. Great or small amounts will be appreciated. We do not intend to soar by plane, or ride by rail on charity, and waste funds entrusted to us for a more worthy service. We have no private car, and by objecting to the exploitation of the poor, the railroads are not likely to offer us a private car.

I accepted the candidacy as the standard bearer for justice for the masses, and as such behavior would be disgusting and nauseating under those conditions, our expenditures shall be modest but effective. They shall not be squandered in riotous living and drinking. I

do not drink, smoke or gamble. I am not a paragon, however, nor a fossil. I am human, and have faults. I am not a hypocrite or liar. I am persecuted for my convictions, but I have remained loyal to them inspite of this fact. Imperialism is a form of internationalism. If we expect foreign lands to respect us, we must respect them, and should withdraw our troops now on foreign soil for hostile purposes, atonce. We advocate organization of political study clubs thruout the nation to which all may go free and learn how to impeach their public servants who are caught red handed in their exploitation.

We advocate high-power efficiency in our public servants, and not a lot of time killing, worthless argument as revealed by the Congressional Record, and which is meaningless to the uneducated, and for the poor. We pay exorbitantly for the printing.

My adherents, many of whom are poets claim for me the support of the writers because, to quote, "She is the only American poet ever nominated to the National Hall of Fame." I shall appreciate the support of the writers. I shall try to do all I can to promote the progress of literature and art, if elected. It has long been a neglected factor in the scheme of government, altho our Constitution guarantees the upbuilding of both. We advocate an appropriation for this purpose, especially, for a government printery which shall publish the poetry and history of the authors free on a royalty basis, into book form.

We advocate flood control, atonce.

Prohibition is not an issue. It is a Constitutional law, and only two thirds majority of the states' votes can annul the National amendment; then, every state has their own prohibition laws that would have to be annulled in the same way. Not Herb, Al or I, could effect the law. It is only a gas mask to prevent the voters from smelling the dead rat in the old parties' oil concessions being given nourishment by an already

Rockefeller, whether on bootleg poison, or the weight of Standard Oil, as it concerns the elephant's trunk; and fumes from the Du Pont munition plants in the next foreign war now flaming in Mesopotamia over Johnny P. M.'s oil concessions, fanned by the tail of the elephant, and the perpetual hee haw of the donkey. Yet, I notice several who are inell-a-gent wearing their dog-tags!

The most pathetic person or thing I have seen is a Hoover Democrat and an Al Smith Republican. This brainless gentry fail to hear the death groans of the "Solid South," nor note her weeping child, "White Supremacy," kneeling at her bedside; all they can hear is the terrifying roar of the Beast of Rome; all good Christians, forgetting that it is from this same Beast, that they get their present religion and its God thru the beast, Constantine the Great the first Christian Emperor of Rome, whose licentious royal robes hang upon the topmost bough of the family tree of my Campbell progenitors; an anno Domini Lot . . the grandfather of his own children, as applies to the Hoover Dummy-crazy. Both Herb and Al are out to not only crack, but break the Solid South.

That is the reason why a "Cathlick" was nominated for president. Both are better than their party, but that is not saying much for either, for when a political party ceases to function for all the people, it has lost its usefulness.

The most I have against Herb: he looks too much like Al; both tan pups of Big Business. Mr. Hoover is mixed up in the Dr. Work-Sinclair-St. Elizabeth-Hospital- Coal-Steal now just escaping from the brooder on its first wings.

But, assuming the boy twins of Big Biz are "puffick ledies," their party is wedded to the Powers-that-Be, and when they push the button, the elected boy will have to do the toe-dance because they pay the fiddler.

It is not so much the men who are rotten as the brazen, treacherous old parties for which they run, only as the

henchmen of said parties.

They could have the most tender fellow feeling, but it will all have to be exercised in the interest of Big Biz, at whose breast they are nourished, and in whose lap they have slept.

They are like an alarm clock. Their keepers, Wall Street and Tamany Hall masters of industry, sets the alarm, and when the gong rings, they will have to blow up a Maine, or sink a Lusitania; or commit any other wholesale murder to incite the masses to commit legalized murder for the Powers that Be in the name of patriotism; a bear and tiger in sheeps' clothing.

Quoting from the Founder of the F. A. B. L. Party, that great libertarian poet, Edward James Irvine, I give a most vivid word picture of the intention of the party: "The F. A. B. L. Party feels the pulse of myriad-mas'ed lives; the honest souls that struggle, toil and die in dim-lit little rooms of poverty. The bloodless faces of frail, hungry babes paint an eternal picture on the mind, till Truth uprises with volcanic vows to wrest America from lecherous thieves, and return it to the People who create, with the sharpnel of ballots."

Describing the emblematic symbol of the party, the Founder declares that it is a "Nine pointed violet star; nine being the Bahai lucky number. Bahaim, defined is: "The Spirit of Our Age; unifying disharmonious elements; and violet, being emblematic of martyrdom and spirituality, used by the Old World Masters to portray great souls of brooding conquerors." Again, to quote from his virile pen I iterate: "The People's insignia means not the scarlet blush of concious prolet cults; nor bloodless white of wrong intrenched in power; nor the pale, sick blue of a middle class by monopoly crushed, but a brilliant blending; a plausible, specious hue; soothing as slumbrous musk-fumes in twilight fields."

We have forty two planks overflowing with good legislation for all the peo-



ple. It relates, a spectre is haunting America... that of unemployment, of which the two old parties are practically blind. The farmer is rapidly evolving into peasantry. Our industrial workers who are employed at all are wage slaves who are barely given a wage sufficient on which to exist. We have several planks which will cover this shameful and deplorable condition adequately.

We have a plank covering initiative, referendum and recall as regards our public servants.

An emigration plank with teeth.

An effective plank against the abuse and misuse of injunctions.

Other planks against injustices of the Powers that Be as practiced against the substantial citizens, those who produce.

Effective legislation against the exploitation of women, children, and men; Federal laws of compulsory education with provisions for necessities for needy children; birth control of wage slaves, or Government care and support of such; appropriations to build homes for the poor instead of warships for their loot; non-participation in foreign wars; conscription of capital in time of war; this removes incentives for war from capitalism; conscription of man-power only in the event of hostile invasion of our country; employment of Federal surgeons and medical doctors who are paid to keep the people well. When they let people get sick, they to receive no pay.

Immediate farm relief.

Direct plea to the President by any person in the country when denied justice by the Courts.

Drastic reforms in government hospitals.

Self government for the P. I.

Immediate withdrawal of hostile U. S. troops from foreign countries. Respect for the Monroe Doctrine.

Peaceful relations with foreign countries.

Recognition of Russia.

Free speech; free press and freedom of assembly.

Eradication of lawlessness.

Abolition of lynching and other barbarous license.

Flood control.

Political study clubs thruout the nation to which all may go to free to be taught how to impeach disloyal and treacherous public servants.

Freedom of speech and the franchise for Federal employes and residents of the District of Columbia.

I regret that lack of time forbids my going into further details relative to the splendid legislation contained in our planks for all peoples in the U. S. but what will be better, I will endeavor to get legislation written into the statutes and immediately put into practice, if elected.

We guarantee adequate protection to business interests under the U. S. flag. Many have moved to foreign countries to avoid paying the American wages and to exploit the poorly paid workers of other countries. This is unpatriotic, therefore, they can not expect U. S. protection.

I thank my adherents for the high honor they have given me in choosing me as their U. S. presidential candidate.

Should I be elected, "you all" have a standing invitation to visit with me at your White House. I thank you.

Note: The space taken by the speech was originally intended for Albert James Norton's prosody lesson and poetry; but the "best laid plans of mice or men aft gang a glee," and my initiation into the U. S. presidential race so unexpectedly upset our Bookmaker plans and delayed the Folio again, but I hope the circumstances are sufficient to plead for my pardon. The speech was published from many requests. Sidetracked material will be published in the next number, now on the press. Pardon errors.

G. P. W.  
APOLOGIA: The F. A. B. L. P.; Of all the platforms has the best; So, Friedds of Freedom, everywhere— Should vote for Gertrude Perry West.

## TO AMERICA'S LAUREATE

(Gertrude Perry West)

Great, Laurel-Crowned One: you are  
my ideal  
Of what America's Laureate must  
Be . . . the idol of those who in you  
trust  
To save them from the gripping, grasp-  
ing steel  
Clutch of they, whose greed most truly  
reveal  
A craven, cruel and extorting lust  
For the toiler's wage, when they, pass  
unjust  
Laws which bring the people to want  
and weal.

That is why I inscribe these lines to you;  
Because, you for the masses bravely  
fight - -

The victims of the greed of cruel  
men - -

You, for your just convictions, great  
and true,

Strive on; they, gleaming clearly and  
more bright,

Reveal your greatness from your  
poets' pen.

C. O. Flynn.

## TO GETRUDE PERRY WEST

[Poet-Laureate Of Dixieland]

It's with the utmost force of circum-  
stance,

Her pen she wields, defensive of the  
right

As thot by her to be the sense, de-  
spite

The exploiter's graft which of ignorance  
Takes advantage; and the inheritance  
Steals; then, the shrewd dastards cru-  
elly smite

Her when she defends those they rob,  
in fight,

To gain, for them, a better sustenance.

For what do the plutes keep the work-  
ers in chains,

And slaves to they who smite the po-  
et down?

They die, and leave their ill-got-  
goods to Shame;

With fawner's flowers their grave's  
strewn, and stains

Are on the marble where the flowers  
brown,

While cold Ignominy the grafters  
claim.

Sol Lafarge.

## ANNOUNCING

GARLANDS FOR GERTRUDE PERRY WEST

## An Uncommercialized Anthology To Which all Poets Are

Invited To Contribute Without Cost Or Obligation To Those

Who Contribute. Many Poems Already Received Decided The  
Honoree to Show Her Appreciation By Publishing An Anthology.  
Send Poems To: Anthology Editor, Bookmakers, Callahan, Fla.  
The Anthology will go to press in the Spring of 1929, and off the press during the  
same year. Unless the contributors constitute many hundreds, they will be given  
a copy free. The editing will be done by Edward James Irvine, President of the  
D. of C. Bookmakers and a teacher of prosody in the Worker's College at Wash-  
ington City. The Bookmakers' Publishers will publish the Anthology, but one  
need not be a Bookmaker member to contribute.



# ANNOUNCING

The Bookmakers' Hall of Fame Anthology

Edited by Malcolm Campbell, will be off the press in 1929, in a limited de luxe edition and place your order early with The Bookmakers' Publishers, Callahan, Florida. A copy to honorees free. More copies at cost. To others, \$3.00 a copy.

## Muses' Lore From Dixieland

A brochure of verse by Gertrude Perry West, will be off the press in 1929. It will make an ideal gift, especially for those who honor the Immortal Lincoln as it contains the author's "unexcelled" Lincoln Sonnet Sequence. Order from the Bookmakers' Publishers, \$1.00.

## NEW MOON

A Second Brochure Of Verse By J. Graydon Jeffries, the helpless poet, now off the press. An ideal Christmas gift. Order one or more copies and help the author maintain himself. Order from the author at Brazil, Ind. \$1.00.

## A PHANTASY

(To A. A. U.)

Your self is all to me, Dear,

That they have found in love

Whose souls are like the sea, Dear,

Star-sprinkled from above.

Your self is all to me, Dear,

What these perchance have found,

In Love's Elysian lea, Dear,

In rapture roaming round.

Come, take me by the hand, Love,

Come seek delights with me;

In this entrancing land, Love,

Hard by the star-flecked sea!

And when we find them all, Love, ---

If this could ever be ---

Then heed the Nereids' call, Love,

And count the stars with me!

Robert F. Hester.

Note,- Robert F. Hester, Hon. Vice Pres. of Dist. No. 3, and Jack Conroy, Vice Pres. of Dist. No. 7 of the Bookmakers' League, were accidentally omitted from the Official Summary; Mr. Hester being an editor of The Truth Seeker, and Mr. Conroy, The Spider. To them I apologize.

G. P. W.

## FUTILE

O, I would lie where the tall grasses grow,

Where the sod is dew-wet and sweet,  
For I would watch the cloud-ships go,  
And the ont-life under my feet.

O, I would lie on a hill-top far

In the night when all is still,

And thumb my nose at a distant star

As I greedily drink my fill.

Of the ozone dark and damp

From the cities fields of men;

O, I am the pagan, worthless tramp,

My views are quite heathen!

But the dew-wet grass is soft

As it holds my weary head,

And the buzzard will watch alone aloft  
To greet me when I'm dead.

John C. Rogers.

## NEW YORK

Ho, Rocket!

Bright, fleet Arrow . . .

White, burning flash in the sunlight,

New York ---

How do you like yourself, now?

How do you like to be a bright bird

In the sunlight:

A city of shining towers:

A colored jet on the skyline?

Where did you get those reaching arms

Of stone and steel

That pull the sky down closer,

And make a bird of you?

How do you like those windows, scarlet

In the sunset, those

Silver steamjets, little clouds

In the street canyons?

How do you like yourself,

How do you feel about it,

Stone Arrow?

How do you like being young and free  
and bold?

Standing up there,

Can't you see London squatting in the  
fog

Like an old lady over the fire?

Can't you see Paris smiling in the sun --

And Berlin, and Rome, and Constantino-  
ple?

How does the wind feel

Whistling thru your high windows?

How do you like it, Rocket?

Me, I want to fly with you, Arrow ---

And never leave you . . .

Sol Leharbe.

## WHY ARE DOTS INSERTED?

In printing, one reason for inserting dots is, they suggest a certain extension of the idea or situation which the author leaves to the reader's imagination, and this, is the fundamental reason for their use, altho they are used for other reasons.

G. P. W.



## YARNS

Yarns so strange but so true;  
Yarns of folk and what they do;  
Yarns of love and yarns of hate;  
Yarns of fortune and yarns of fate;  
Yarns of woe and yarns of sorrow;  
Yarns of dread and yarns of horror;  
Are the yarns we like to hear;  
Yarns which make us shake with fear.

Marsden Priest.

## SILVER OF RUE

Have you ever held a leaf of Rue of the  
Meadow

In a brook, and watched its silver  
flowing away?

Beautiful bubbles drifting into the shad-  
ows? —

That's what I did, today.

Long had I cherished my rue; but today,  
I thrust it

Into the world's mad stream.

Now, it has lost the gems that used to  
encrust it,

Leaving me not a gleam.

Claribel Weeks Avery.

## ORIENTALE

The fragrance of crushed poppies rises  
in the dim temples;

The breath of sandalwood is sweet up-  
on the evening breeze;

A radiant sky is curved above an irides-  
cent sea

Glimpsed thru the slender, swaying  
stalks of the blooming bamboo  
trees.

A lazy sampan idly drifts upon the out-  
flowing tide;

The sunset turns to shimmering gold  
the white sands of the beach;

The twilight call to prayer is tolled by  
soft-toned temple bells

Which mingle with the sing-song  
notes of queer Malayan speech.

Quaint as a poppy dream the dusk creeps  
over the earth and sky;

Fainter becomes the muffled tread of  
shuffling, naked native feet;  
Like fireflies in the purple gloom the  
painted lanterns swing  
Above flitting shadows in the narrow  
oriental street.

A plaintive song heard thru the dusk is  
half menace; half allure;

One wonders, is it love, or hate, of  
which the singer sings;

And tho, the night rests on the earth  
like forlorn, folded hands, in sleep;

One seems to feel the strange watch-  
ing eyes of dreaded hidden, fur-  
tive things.

Rene Albourne de Pender.

## TO A LITTLE HOUSE

O, Little House, your walls are hung  
With tapestries so rich in gold,

That I crept back again to learn  
The secret yarn their pictures hold.

I came to glimpse the way of youth  
I lost because of wealth and fame;

I came to seek my first-born's face  
All soft beneath the candle flame.

And years, and days, so free and glad,  
I came, in quiet love, to bless;

For, words we spake on our bridal eve  
Are hollow, and cold, and answerless.

Without the beauty of lowly things,

A flower that bloomed; a bird that  
died;

A song; a kiss; a promise made;

A struggle won because we tried.

And so, Wee-house-of-tapestries,

My heart is glad because you share

On your walls no vestige of truth

That I am now, a millionaire.

Edna Morris Devin.

## THE INEVITABLE

Our youth,  
Like the Spring leaves

When the Autumn sap wanes,

Leaving the foliage fading,

Must die.

Marjorie Bruce.

AFFLICTED POET SECTION EDITED BY ELIZABETH BEAM FAIRCLOTH  
 PLEA FOR J. GRAYDON JEFFRIES

I bring to you a message true,  
 Dear Friends, pray all give heed;  
 I sing of one who has begun,  
 The poets' troop to lead.  
 His lines are fine, they all entwine,  
 Grace, beauty, sense and charm;  
 Our hearts are thrilled by measures  
 skilled,  
 Of city, woods, or farm.

This poet writes thru days and nights,  
 Of loneliness and pain;  
 Shall we in health not share our wealth,  
 That he may succor gain?  
 If we withhold from him our gold,  
 What may our Lord-Christ say?  
 If all of us shares loads he bears,  
 They'll lighter grow each day.

Then come, Dear Friend; assist to end  
 J. Graydon Jeffries' need;  
 That he may rise to brighter skies  
 On Pegasus his steed.  
 Like brilliant star that glows afar,  
 So bright will be his flame,  
 Time's sun-lit years devoid of tears,  
 Will win him lasting fame.

Emilie Shumaker.

### THE LITTLE OLD HOUSE

It's a little old house that is far away  
 now,  
 That my thots have returned to, tonight;  
 And my heart has grown sad as upon it  
 I think;  
 Tho the days spent within it were brite;  
 The sorrow I feel is because I am away,  
 And, perhaps, never more shall return,  
 Tho forever my thots and my heart will  
 be there,  
 To go back I shall not cease to yearn.

It was there that my days were most  
 happy and gay,  
 And my life from all care the most free;  
 But the time swiftly past, and the  
 day came ere long  
 When the end of this bliss was to be;  
 When the little old house for another

was left,  
 Then the time more slowly dragged by,  
 Now two months seem as long as two  
 years may have felt  
 In that house where time seemed to fly.

it was there that my heart gave the  
 best of its song,  
 For the sweet muses loved this spot,  
 too;  
 And they visited it often, conferring  
 with me,  
 Altho now this they may rarely do;  
 So, tonight, as I think of the days that  
 are gone,  
 And the places I most long to be,  
 It's the little old house, that dear little  
 house,  
 Which I first of all others would see.

Elizabeth Beam Faircloth.

### DE 'RIG'NAL GROWF

You thinks you's somem, dontchi,  
 Yo head's stuff full o' straw  
 A studyin' what de white man studies,  
 Medisun and Law?  
 You looks jis like a peacock  
 A struttin' back an' fof.  
 You's nothin' but de ol'-fiel'-pine,  
 But I's de 'rig'nal growf.

You's jine dat high society  
 You thinks you'r mighty great  
 A runnin' wid dem big rich people,  
 Sleepin' clean till eight.  
 Don't never come to my house,  
 De hain't room dar fer bof,  
 De groun' dat sprouts de ol'-fiel'-pine  
 Can't grow de 'rig'nal growf.

I sees de day a comin'  
 When Deaf, wid his sharp axe,  
 Gwinter cut us ol' uns frum de forest  
 Same as we wuz wax.  
 De woods is done an' changin',  
 I sees de ax blade shine,  
 De axe dat cuts de 'rig'nal growf,  
 An' leaves de ol'-fiel'-pine.

Paul Edwards.



## CHILDREN'S SECTION

EDITED BY EUGENIE DU MAURIER MEREDITH

Note.- The poems on this page are by the editor, but children are invited to contribute poems for this Section of the Folio.

G. P. W.

## BILLY BUMPS

Courageous little Billy Bumps,  
From your fearless headlong jumps,  
Like a dromedary's humps,  
Is your young anatomy.

Climbing trellises to see  
Birdies' nests up in a tree,  
And there sit mocking at me,  
Dreading some catastrophe.

Billy Bumps seems not to tire;  
All his bones seem made of wire;  
In his mind soars great desire  
To battle life's destiny.

Billy Bumps is not quite two;  
But that child will look you thru  
Frowning with dark scorn at you,  
Questioning his bravery.

Billy Bumps' blue eyes can find  
All the littleness of mind,  
In the daily life and grind  
Of his neighbors' activity.

Billy Bumps will make some day  
A man that can hold at bay  
The tides of evil that sway  
Aloft their deeds of knavery.

Billy Bumps, you healthy child,  
Eating cantaloupes so mild,  
High chair almost drives you wild,  
Close barring you securely.

Billy Bumps, you darling boy,  
Grandma's pet, and Daddy's joy  
Mother's baby, smiling coy  
At us all so demurely.

E. du M. M.

## JIM-BOY

Say, Jim-boy! Are you only six?  
With your strength and venturesome  
tricks,  
Manhood and childishness you mix.

Jim-boy, how I would like to know  
What the thots are that surging go  
Behind that sturdy face you show.

Broken watches, kodak focus  
Bring a look so bumptious, cautious,  
As tho you'd solved the marvellous.

Jim-boy, when you once really try,  
And yourself to something apply,  
Then yourself you will satisfy.

E. du M. M.

## ALECK

O, there isn't a book around,  
But Aleck wants that same book  
read!

And when he gets someone reading,  
He doesn't want to go to bed!

Aleck is a dear little boy!  
And he's loving as he can be;  
But nothing ever misses him;  
And he sees all there is to see!

Aleck does his own thinking,  
And into a thinker will grow;  
He may be an inventor;  
The scientific world bestow.

But now he's just an all boy!  
As full of mischief as can be!  
But a clean boy, thru and thru,  
And that's the kind of boy for me!

E. M. du M.

## GIRLS

Girls are made of spice  
And of all things nice  
Is why they are afraid of mice.

Drusilla Johnson.

## BLOOD BLOTCHED

There is blood on your gown, My Sister!  
Your cottons and linens and silk  
Are blotched with the blood of babes  
Scarce weaned from their mother's milk.

Your silks may shine at your parties,  
Your linens be spotless, white.  
Your cottons look as dainty as tho made  
by some fairy sprite,  
But—in the warp and woof of your  
fabrics  
Is woven a fearsome thread; the very  
life of some little child  
As it slaved in your mills for bread.

Those curious dots and figures  
Are the spectral sighs and tears.  
Those lines—the ghostly fingers of  
some child of baby years.  
Yes, those pretty dots are the dimples  
The smiles from an infant face  
Slaving away in Mammon's mills to our  
age-long shame and disgrace.

And our women wear these gaily  
The price of lives thus spent,  
That some gouty man may daily  
Gloat over his gains, and . . . per cent.

Yes, there is blood on your gown, My  
Sister!

Inspite of your pride and airs  
That child-blood in your fabrics  
Is groans of mothers at prayers.  
They are always a-praying, "O, Lord;  
please, hear our cry,  
And groans, and sighs, and wailings for  
exploited children who die!"

Children's tiny bony fingers; their  
ghastly, ghoulish laugh;  
Are all in the broth that's brewing for  
their exploiters to quaff!

Yes, there is blood on your gown, My  
Sister!

The blood of a young child's life, while  
Mammon's mills are singing  
The dirge of their slave curst life.

O, People of this Nation!  
How long must children slave, pray?  
As from heights of ease and fashion,  
The exploiters their golf play.  
Edgar L. Requa.

## THE CHIMES OF ST. JOHN'S

Deftly over the back of night,  
A dauntless rider is leaping,  
The Chimes of St. John's tour the town,  
The streets of the village sweeping  
Where trees were lashed by chords of  
rain  
Now are submissively weeping.

An Autumn evening that's drear  
And as the face of chaos, black:  
The Chimes pursue the furtive storm  
Upon its blind, uncharted track  
Lest with its anger unappeased  
It holds the cadenced tolling back.

Sweet harmony the darkness routes  
And scuttles overwhelming gloom;  
Subdues the rain until it drops  
As soft as petals when in bloom,  
Encircles night with kind intent  
Like echoes in a vaulted room.

The primal fury of the storm  
A simple melody allayed;  
The savage impulse of the wind  
The pealing of the Chimes has stayed:  
On all this wind-racked autumn eve  
No townsmen are at heart dismayed.

The music smoothes the scowl of night,  
Alings its tumult with repose;  
Over streets and houses drenched and  
mute

A friendly hymn unchallenged goes,  
And dares display to ernal storm,  
Beauty lingering in a rose,  
Joseph Leiser.

IF—  
Edward James Irvine succeeds in get-  
ting his non-stop flight to Russia, he  
will drop bulletins over every city and  
town, also ships; and barring accident,  
on the gilded Domes of Moscow, of the  
Gertrude Perry West Case. V. R.



## WAITING COACH

(From Voice)

The coach is waiting and I must descend,  
The lackey holds the door, the driver  
waits;

Farewell is over and the final friend  
Departed through the portal and the  
gates.

The butler, silence, hovers in the hall,  
Holding my tall hat and my polished  
cane;

The journey may be problematical—  
I go, but doubt if I return again.

The horses plunge outside, Time holds  
the whip,

I must be off before the day is here;  
The road is waiting and the endless trip,  
Another world, another hemisphere.  
What is the forecast of the almanac?  
No matter, Sirs, do not expect me back!

Harold Vinal.

## THE KEYSTONE

(One of four poems selected from eight  
hundred submitted in a contest of The  
Scientific Age, for a sonnet commemo-  
rating some scientific achievement.)

The singing wire has spanned its perili-  
ous way

Into the vale of ancient holy things.

Across the Nile and desert waste it  
flings

Its babbling tongue; where once o'er  
kingly clay

The God of Silence held unchallenged  
sway.

Do sleeping monarchs hear vague w<sup>h</sup>isperings

And mutter to the Sphinx, "These  
speaking strings

The straining peasants bear, whose gift  
are they?

The poet's dream the scientist made real;  
He snared elusive fancies in his net  
And wed them to achievement. Should  
the seal

Of royal favor on his brow be set

Or grace the dreamer's?" Hark! the  
Sphinx: "I kneel  
To Egypt's straining peasant. Kings  
forget."

Clyde Robertson.

## DEATH

[The Christian Speaks.]

The airplane waits and it is time to go,  
The Angel holds the steering-wheel  
outside;

Adieux are made to all who will abide  
A little while on earth where sad tears  
flow;

The gas, in waste, is burning; and the  
glow

From yonder sunset fades and I must  
ride

With the Angel Aviator and guide  
Thru the ether, when the chilly breezes  
blow.

His hand is on the throttle, and the air  
Grows colder while I am waiting to go;

Velocity is set for me thru faith;  
The steering has been always right and  
fair;

Where I shall make my final stop, I  
know,

My Lord will crown me with a  
Christain's wreath.

Euphemia Pate.

## VERSE

My love is long and full of understand-  
ing,

My life is long and full of tears,  
Give me, then, Dear, love to go  
With me thru all the years.

Frances Bailey.

## LIFE

I used to wear a gay bouquet;

A song dwelt in my heart;  
But now I wear black orchids:

I'm done: I played my part.

Katharine Kenan Rucker.

## NOTICE

Since this number of the Folio has been  
delayed on the press, The Spider has  
changed address to Chillicothe, Ohio.

## "TEEN DAYS

OR

## LOVE TO A FIRST SWEETHEART

Part V

("The Manuscript of Fame.")

If I knew that you were descended  
 From a monkey that swung on a limb  
 Until his hairy legs and arms  
 Were long and thin and slim;  
 My head I would not hang in shame  
 Because from where you had sprung,  
 But love you more because I'd know  
 You were honest tho, unsung.

If you were an oak on Waccamaw,  
 And I were silvery moss  
 A-swinging with your leavés, Love,  
 With a lovely springtime glose;  
 I too, would swing so happily  
 As the gentle zephyrs pass;  
 I'd listen to the lapping waves,  
 And sing to the verdant grass.

Were you a cardinal trying to please  
 The world with the songs you'd sing;  
 I would wish to be the maple lough  
 To which your feet would cling;  
 If you were one of the silver perch  
 In Bladen's pearly lake,  
 I would catch you on my fishing hook  
 And to my aquarium I'd take.

If you were a woodland blue-bird  
 Nesting in a hollow tree,  
 I would perch upon a limb near by  
 And sing from ecstasy;  
 I'd watch at dawn for the early worm  
 A-crawling on the leaves;  
 Spying one, I would bring it to you,  
 If from me, the food, you'd receive.

If you were a Bladen brooklet,  
 And I were a Bladen rill;  
 With you I would seek Sapona  
 As a bee, the daffodil;  
 Then, when into it we would flow  
 With our happy lover's sigh,  
 We'd feel ourselves complete in love,  
 And from gurgling rapture die.

If I were a rich old Pharisee,  
 And you, a plebian maid,  
 I would buy you a ring and necklace,  
 And would hide you in the glade;  
 Should a jealous elf-man  
 Try to search my Beauty out,  
 He would never find your pretty face  
 And would pine from fear and doubt.

If you were a Blue Ridge Mountaineer  
 Of Carolina's Smoky glades,  
 My bid with you would be in hearts,  
 And never would be in spades;  
 If you were Chief of the Cherokees,  
 And I were a Pale-face lass;  
 In the wild forest I'd hunt with you  
 For deer in the mountain pass.

Nothing to me would be sweet  
 Than to fish with you all day  
 Upon the banks of the Chowan,  
 Catching trout with scales of grass;  
 We would plan to pitch our wigwag  
 Among the river's sparkling falls,  
 Her creeks and brooks and rapids,  
 Which babble thru the forest.

If you were the Marquis de La Fayette  
 And I were a Tory girl;  
 I would march with you thru Bladen,  
 My Dear;  
 Because you'd be no churl;  
 To the Crown I'd fight my battle  
 The sceptre of George the First;  
 I'd make you forget all else but love;  
 Think all things else absurd-

Gertrude Parry West.

[To be continued.]

## THE INELUCTABLE

I have lost my love at last to one I dread  
 Who wooed with greater urgency  
 than I;  
 Now she is bound to the 'chill, Procrus-  
 tes bed  
 Of Time, with whom at length must  
 all loves lie.

E. Ralph Cheyney.



## VOICES IN LEAFY PLACES

There are low voices in the cool, leafy places  
On rugged slopes and ragged mountain heights;

The whispering pine placidly delights  
To watch the quaking aspen make grimaces  
As he quickly crawls to the open spaces;  
The firs and spruces are very pretty sights  
As they sigh and swish on the moonlit nights  
In evergreen frocks on rocky surfaces.

And the white-barked pine bows its wind-swept head

And complains of its gnarled and bitter lot;  
Every green tree some quiet life graces,  
Uniting with its fellows against ill-bred  
Humankind; who in Summer time, do not  
Protect from fire and save the leafy places.

Pearl Burke Wells.

## TO POET EDWARD JAMES IRVINE

Your hair's like tulips waving in the wind  
And when you speak all pain is left behind;  
You fill my heart with music to the brim  
By words more wondrous than some time-worn hymn

You, Boy; I admire as one who is great;  
Standing by your convictions against fate;  
Like a bee, I hunger for honey-dew  
Which falls in melody from lips of you . . .  
Philosophy like from an ancient sage  
Was poured upon remote poetic page.

Jewell M. Shields.

## THE IRVINES' CASTLES

There are four Irvine castles  
Of the clansmen and their kin  
But never a one of them  
Have ever I been in.

Being a *habitué*  
Of Hobohemia Hall;  
Not seeming to the manor born,  
My kindred will not call.

I am not asked to visit them . . . .  
Yet, when all is said and done . . . .  
History may call them sunbeams . . . .  
Reflections of me, their Sun.

Edward James Irvine.

## REVELATION

The secret of life— it is giving,  
To enjoy, and also, to serve;  
To do something good for the living  
From your spring of mental reserve.

Thus the wonderful things of creation,  
Are never put here to pass by;  
Admit, and uphold revelation  
And be willing to testify.

True, there are thousands objecting  
To honest and sincere surveys  
Which they all try hard by rejecting;  
Yet, the undisputable stays.

Whatever may be your conceptions  
Of the ideals of life, admit  
There may be some real, tho deceptions  
May lend you some benefit.

Some ideas may be quite strange to  
you . . . .

But be fair, and just remember:  
That many things that are most true,  
Incite atrocious temper.

J. William Decker.

## PROTEST

There should be strong protest demon-  
strations,  
For Gertrude Perry West by all nations  
While in spirit Sacco-Vanzetti pass  
Down thru the ages, by the Working  
Class.

Mass picketing may yet be done  
Before the White House in Washington,  
While petitioning Congress none  
Shall fail to hear till her case is won.

Giles Marcell.

## FAITH

It was with Christ on the cross;  
It was with the Pilgrims brave;  
And it is the light that leads  
Us unfaltering to the grave.

J. Graydon Jeffries.

## INCA MYTHS AND LEGENDS

## II

## THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN

## I

Five hundred years had gone their way  
into

A dark and savage past; no records had  
Been kept; none of the arts of peace had  
blessed

Mankind; and no religious truth had  
shown

The path celestial, save at the long  
Abandoned Cuzco, where some holy  
priests

Had taught the faith; and in the caves  
where lay

The sacred bones of the last Megalithic  
King, in Tampu-toco. And there a vast  
And thriving city had grown up, where  
now

Explorers tread its silent streets with awe.

## II

Then came to pass a marvel, as it seemed  
To men. Great Manco Capac and his  
spouse—

His sister—Mama Oćclo; Auca, or  
The Joyous, Fighting One, his wife,  
likewise

His sister, Mama Huaco, Warlike One;  
Cachi, the Salt Ayar, his sister-spouse,  
The Mama Ipacura, Elder Aunt;  
And Uchu, Pepper Ayar, with his wife  
And sister, Mama Raua. All appeared,  
Unheralded, at Tampu-toco, House  
Of Dawn-upon-a-Hill, the Tavern of  
The Rosy Light, with windows three,  
whence were

To issue at a later date two tribes,  
Led by Prince Manco and his royal kin.  
They richly clothed, with shining arms,  
proclaimed

Themselves to be the Children of the Sun,  
Sent by their Sire to teach the rude and  
fierce

Wild clans to live in peace and till the  
earth.

## III

The Children of the Sun, in course of  
time,

Brought under sway and to the ways of  
peace

And daily toil and fruitful life the tribes  
Of Tampu-toco and the country round.

Then their Great Parent ordered that  
they go

In search of richer lands and found therein  
An empire-state. And to this end the  
prince

And leader Manco Capac and his wife,  
With his princely brothers and their sis-  
ter-wives,

Passed through the royal Central win-  
dow of

The House of Dawn, the Maras Tribe  
went through

The Maras window, and the Tampu Tribe  
Issued from out the Sutc window, while  
Eight vassal Tribes assembled for the  
Quest.

## IV

And Manco, with his brothers and their  
wives,

All clothed in regal garb, with shining  
arms,

Stood there before this multitude and  
spoke

These words: "O, lowly sons of earth,  
we came

From yonder golden orb, to teach and lift  
You up. In that our mission is complete;  
But by command of the Supreme, we are  
To lead you unto fertile lands, and there  
To found a vast and splendid empire-state."  
He ceased to speak: all murmured their  
assent.

Then Manco took the magic golden staff  
That white and bearded Tonapa had left  
And the two cups of gold from which  
the sage

Had drunk, the bird named Inti, Sun, and  
wise,

His counsellor and brother, carried in  
A basket. All the people looked on it  
With awe. This bird, some say, a fal-  
con was.



Ten tribes, each with its families,  
and goods

Were ready to go forth upon the Quest.  
And all the host, at Manco's word, set  
face

Howard the hill o'er which the sun arose.

## V

And now appeared an omen of success;  
For rainbows canopied the noble form  
Of mighty Manco Capac, leader, guide.  
And thus the march began. The army o  
The Quest went slowly on its course  
toward

The rising sun, sowing and reaping as  
It went, but ever toward the rising sun.  
At length it reached the Valley of Hail  
Quisru, in which it tarried for a time.

Albert James Norton.

## MY CASTLE OF DREAMS

(Song set to original music.)

There's a castle of dreams, majestic  
and grand,

Built by fairies in a far distant land;  
Its gates stand ajar for all those who're  
in love,

And the sun is a-shining down from a-  
bove.

## Chorus

There's a castle of dreams majes-  
tic and grand,

Where Spring flowers bloom in a  
sweet Fairyland;

Where youth is a Springtime eter-  
nal of love,

And the sun is a-shining down  
from above.

There's a castle of dreams majestic and  
grand;

Green forests are shading this dear Fai-  
ryland;

It's there, we will go in the Springtime  
of love,

Where the sun is a-shining down from  
above.

Gertrude Perry West.

## MAKING GOOD

He was but a lean, lanky mountain lad  
With a head of cinnamon hue;  
Never a line, save of dirt, on his face,  
And maybe, of freckles, a few.

The boys had a laugh at the clothes he  
wore,

But he wasn't embarrassed a bit;  
"My motner," he said, "did the best she  
could

And I'm proud of the way they fit."

Forty miles be'd walked to enroll; and  
came

With a will determined to make good,  
And won: he stood at the head of his  
class,

And finished his course where he  
stood.

His mother was there when they gave  
his scroll;

The large hall was packed to the doors;  
His medal he pinned on her breast as  
he kist;

"You won it," he whispered, "it's  
yours!"

They can't be kept down with spirits  
like that;

May the world give more of their  
breed;

They're the pride of the soil of Democra-  
cy's hope;

Their spirit is bound to succeed.

Rev. J. W. Patterson.

## NOCTURNE

There is a charm when lights are lit  
On city streets when night is come,  
And shadows grey and sombre flit  
To add their charms when lights are lit.  
In shops the rich-clad puppets sit  
And sip their tea from cups of plum—  
There is a charm when lights are lit  
On city streets when night is come.

S. Bert Cooksley,

## DOUBLE DEALER

(Reprinted from the Sunday American, I believe, with gratitude to the author for having drawn such a vivid word-picture of the upholder of those who attempted to assassinate me at Waycross, Ga., April 22 and 23, 1924, by not having brot them to justice up to date; but instead, created numbers of bogus bills against me "without evidence to convict," quoting from his letter to the Attorney General of Ga., for the criminals, with full knowledge of their attempt to assassinate me; putting them before a packed Grand Jury who found them true, with full knowledge of the acts of the criminals and without evidence to convict, Allan B. Spence, Solicitor General of Superior Court, Waycross, Ga., thereby becoming their accomplice after the fact, as I believe him to have been before the fact. This is true, and I have never broken a law in my life! Official corruption exposed during the Shopmen's Strike of 1922-1924 in the Labor Press, aroused Official disfavor, and to prevent criminals from being prosecuted, is some of the reasons for my persecutions in this miniature Siberia. A bulletin of the case will be sent free on request. Your protest for equity for me will be appreciated. This has caused the delayed Folio. I was robbed at Waycross of thousands of dollars worth of Mss., books, paintings, and other property, for which I hope to recover. Thanks for your patience, sympathy and co-operation. The foundation of the Bookmakers is not undermined; but in attempting to obtain justice, and much charity publishing, my time has been unavoidably consumed to the delay of the Folio. I hope to avoid this in the future - -

The clever lie - -

This poem is a splendid wordograph also, of the ex-flunky of the Senate, G. S. Seemore of the Step Bladder who lies in Thanks at Sunrise . . . the lowest, being a promise to favorably review the helpless poet, Jeffries', Flame Points, which

was gratatiously published in The Bookmakers' Printery, and then do all he could to kill the book; thus taking the pitiful sustenance of the helpless author from his frail, twisted hand; thus virtually stabbing a virtually dead man in the back with the dagger of Envy in an effort to injure the envied; and that one, according to his libel, one of the members tagged with a number like a convict or a dog, of which organization he is the alpha, or big No. 1, altho some of his family wear other small numbers and do most of the work; while the thinker, Thanks at Sunrise, that all skunks, should take his bunks in his den so honest folk may have the daylight in which to breathe air free from his stunk. Well . . . a word in the English Language is not adequate to express the utter lack of principle of such cattle! I wish to deny the libel of my being a member of this organization of graft and grab; with it's you tickle me, and I tickle you, insides; not having paid any dues since they MOVED from Blackstone to the first floor on 53 St., to avoid paying rent (?). Ye, gods! - -

The clever lie  
That just got by  
Will later turn and face you;  
However fast  
You run the past  
Will find you out and trace you;  
The greatest cheat  
Can not defeat  
The forces of correction;  
If you have not played fair  
Beware  
Of ultimate detection;  
Whoever steals  
And double deals  
In time, will learn with sorrow  
That Justice, tho  
She may be slow  
Today, makes good tomorrow.

Herbert Kaufman.

One of the greatest poems ever written in content; relentless and inevitable!

Gertrude Perry West.



## WHEN COMES THE SPRING

The world is gray because it's March  
 There is no leaf upon the larch  
 And bare is every twiggy arch.  
 I find it wonderful to stand  
 Upon the moist and steamy land  
 Altho I cannot understand  
 The miracle that's soon to be  
 From silent bush and sleeping tree,  
 With grasses springing up for me,  
 With crocuses that shine a day  
 And then so quickly pass away  
 Like April fleeting into May.  
 I feel so strange, so strange the dark  
 Of this great, silent garden-park  
 That soon shall echo lark to lark  
 With song and color: where the stilly  
 Black mound is, shall rise the lily--  
 Where the trenches, wet and chilly  
 Spread, shall roses gleam again;  
 And so it is, I feel, with men . . .  
 Our lives seem futile, dead, but when  
 We find the Spring we shall arise,  
 Glorious and flower-wise  
 Into realms of new surprise.

Evelyn M. Watson.

## GOD IN THE FLOWER GARDEN

God walks with me among the flowers,  
 In noon-day sun and morning hours,  
 In bordered paths and dew-clad bowers,  
 And shows to me his wondrous powers.

God talks to me among the roses,  
 And sings to me among the posies.

Each petal is a gentle tongue  
 That speaks to old, and reckless young,  
 Each color is a loving smile  
 That lures away from actions vile.  
 Each odor is an emblem sweet,  
 Of life beyond, serene, complete.  
 Each dew-drop is a diamond bright  
 That flashes forth celestial light.  
 Each sprouting seed beneath soft  
 earth,

An emblem of a strange, new birth.  
 Each perfumed breeze so softly sings  
 Like zephyrs caused by angel's  
 wings.

Each thorn a solemn warning given  
 To hold me on the road to heaven.

Daniel H. Petree.

## TO MYRTLE DE MONTIS

(Humanitarian)

It's she who toils from morn till night  
 To make this world a better place,  
 And for oppress she dares to fight.  
 To that great poet gives solace  
 When persecuted. O, the shame  
 To town, county and Georgia state!  
 They seek the poet without blame,  
 To kill; or somehow, subjugate.  
 The poet oped the Hall of Fame  
 With her '*Teen Days*, at Washington;  
 Gertrude Perry West is her name;  
 Her persecutors shall be undone!

Eddy James.

## GERTRUDE PERRY WEST

Great, glorious Gertrude Perry West!  
 The Masses' splendid sweet poetess--  
 Deserves from her vast America  
 Protecting love from her distress.

O, You Redolent With Genius!  
 Carolina's crowned Laureate--  
 Is loved by the multitude of races . . .  
 For them she writes compassionate.

In the Hall of Fame's bright windows  
 Where gracious Clio gazes long  
 To honor Gertrude Perry West  
 Who is immortalized in song.

Jay Shields.

## BIRDS OF A FEATHER

All birds  
 Of a feather  
 Flock: Birds of *Paradise*  
 On one limb and on another,  
 Blackbirds.

Malcolm Campbell.

## SPRING

The Spring has come . . .  
 The frolicome  
 Child's millennium.

Princess Chantesuta.

TO GERTRUDE PERRY WEST

(The American Indians' Friend.)

Note- It is with some of the same unconstitutional, tyrannical and despotic laws still on the statues of Georgia with which the Conspirators are persecuting this distinguished and famous literary celebrity, with which they cruelly expelled Sequoia and his great Cherokee Nation from his own native hills of Georgia in 1838; another disgrace from which that state will never recover. Sequoia's statue today, graces the Hall of Fame for Originals, Statuary Hall, Washington D. C., from Oklahoma to which state he was expelled, he having originated an alphabet for the Cherokee Language, while his barbarous persecutors are unhonored and unsung.

She-po-kan-ah of Miami Tribe.

Who is the Redmen's sincere friend  
Whom countless Indians admire?  
She's Poet Gertrude Perry West,  
Our friend who pens song words of  
fire.

By Princesses and Chieftains loved  
With a love befitting that great scribe  
For they are faithful to their friend  
From Cherokee to Miami Tribe.  
Chief Sequoia.

GERTRUDE PERRY WEST

She is a light to lead America  
Out of its present pathway dark and drear  
Unto the heights of song celestial . . . .  
Her truth-beams growing brighter  
year by year.  
Yet, lawless criminals at bad Waycross  
(A savage town in Georgia) strike her  
down.  
And seize and steal her priceless works  
of art . . . .  
Where has our American manhood gone?  
Let this case be, for her, a vast protest;  
(A great Laureate in the Hall of Fame)  
Demanding justice for Gertrude Perry  
West . . . .  
Today, protest in a genius' name!

Edward James Irvine.

THE CASE OF GERTRUDE PERRY WEST

NOTE

(Unsucessful attempts were made to assassinate the subject of this poem at Waycross, Ga., in 1924, to prevent her from appearing before a Grand Jury against the would be assassins who have been upheld and not prosecuted by local corrupt Court officials who are co-conspirators of those who attempted to assassinate her. A reporter for the Labor Press during the Shopmen's Strike on the A. C. L. R. R., in behalf of the Strikers, she incurred much disfavor in having reported truthfully and fearlessly, thus exposing much perfidious corruption among officials and other persecutors of the Strikers. Register your protest with Court authorities, today.

Violet Ray.

(Sngg to the tune- "Face To Face," c.  
"Some Day The Silver Chords Will  
Break.")

SONG

The case of Gertrude Perry West  
Should rouse the whole United States;  
Of all the bards she is the best  
To pass thru Hall of Fame's bright  
gates.

Chorus

Demand for Gertrude Perry West  
The justice which is hers by right;  
O, Friends of Fair Play, never rest  
Till we for her win Freedom's fight.

At wild Waycross in Georgia state  
They injured her, and robbed her, too;  
So, protest ere it be too late  
For she to truth is ever true.

The long blue beaks of bigotry  
In Young Siberia fiercely fought  
The great poet who set truth free  
By teaching thru the press free-thot.

Violet Ray.



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# ACCEPTANCE SPEECH OF GERTRUDE PERRY WEST

## Candidate For The U. S. President On The Fundamental Anti-Blue Law Party Of U. S. A., Ticket, 1928.

Fellow Citizens:

It is with the greatest gratitude that I accept the candidacy for this most important office of our Republic; that of President of the U. S. A. on the Fundamental Anti-Blue Law Party of the U. S. A. Ticket, and with the humbleness of the service of such an office should I be elected, shall be my entire aim: to serve all the people, and not just the privileged few. You may claim that they all tell you that who have ever run for president, but that few have kept their promise. Remember, however, before you condemn my promise as being only "bunk" as it has proven so many times with candidates, that they were the male of the species, inbred to deceive, for having deceived the women folk for six thousand years, atleast. I am not knocking the men, for Abe Lincoln was a man. When I say that Abe was a man, I mean a real man. Not a puppet for the Classes. He is the great exception since the days of Jefferson, for having kept his promise, and the loyal servant of all the people. He died for it, in the flesh, but . . . his name is immortal. The spirit of Abe Lincoln will never die! And, it is with his spirit with which I am incarnated, so claim my adherants, with which I give you my pledge to serve all the people in this, my acceptance speech as a presidential candidate of the Fundamental Anti-Blue Law Party, the greatest political honor ever bestowed on woman before as the first woman chosen to run on any party ticket for president of any country in the known history of the world. This, too, is claimed for me by the party promoters.

The candidacy sought me in my almost reclusive seclusion in my obscure location in the state of Florida, of which there are not any better, or more battered, at the present time, but with a tremendous come back. This being true, I come before the nation as presidential candidate, with a great appreciation of the honor which has been accord

ed me as a Candidate of the F. A. B. L. P. and the Platform on which the party goes forth on its maiden journey with the hope of bringing peace and prosperity to a land almost desolated from the exploitation of the two old parties that have been in power, alternately, for many years; it being easily, the best platform of any party in the field.

Five millions of the citizens unemployed! Two millions of farmers homeless and bankrupt! That is appalling, and is the fundamental reason for a change; a new party which shall function as a Third Party, and a Third Party Movement.

I have been chosen as a candidate for the Presidency of the U. S., by this party from an humble home; the home of a woman poet; an humble poet; and whoever heard of a wealthy poet? Unless . . . they were wealthy before they were a poet? One poet has written that "Poets are the legislators of the world." This, is true; but, from the condition in which we find the U. S. under the present government, we are at once convinced that poets have had nothing to do with it. Poets could, and would, have done better. A poet has visions of the justness of things. A poet would have governed with a heart palpitating with emotion in which sympathy for the whole world of humanity dwells, and a brain teeming with idealisms put into practice. Therefore, I stand upon the fundamental platform of a party which is founded by poets; a party that shall function for poetic ideals which have spread over centuries and preserved to us what scanty liberty is left since the functioning of the old line parties under capitalistic injustice. It is time the poets were making themselves heard. Shakespeare, the Immortal, changed the old order of things in the British Isles. The Immortal Homer, the poor blind poet of Greece, begged his bread from town to town with his poets' songs, and none would give him recognition, but his bones have been begged



for by nine cities, claiming him as their own! Better, today, Greece is a republic! Slow, but sure. And, dozens of cases where poetic influence has changed and demolished empires and kingdoms. So, we are a party founded by poets. Poets of promise and poets of international recognition and national fame. As the only American poet ever nominated to the National Hall of Fame, and because of my having done epics which my adherents term "masterpieces," I am chosen as the leading candidate of the party in this 1928 Presidential Campaign, from a poetical standpoint. I am thankful they deem my modest poetical efforts worthy of this high recognition: Not from a selfish point of view, but because of the "Pleasures of Hope," of their being a means for the emancipation of the masses who are now more or less peons and wage slaves.

I come from an humble family so far as wealth goes at the time of my birth in spite of the fact that my grandfather Meares paid more taxes at one time in his county, Columbus, N. C., than any one man. I was born in a log-cabin, and some of my adherents term me "The Lady Lincoln of America." That is a great honor; and, the fact of my having been so born is a matter of great pride to me. Our slogan, then, is: "Up from the log-cabin to the Hall of Fame and the White House!"

Some of the first memories which I have retained is one of being rocked and sang to by my nurse, Christian Gibbs, a girl of ebony complexion and red heart. She was rocking me in half of a gum log which had been cut to proper length and hollowed out, and with half moon boards nailed to each end for rockers. She was singing as only a Negro can sing: "Swing low, sweet chariot." I had my bare foot up in the air playing with my toes, as babies do, and I even remember the spot in the cabin where the cradle was being rocked. I do not know my age, but it was warm weather, for both doors were open; one on each side

of the cabin opposite each other, and the cradle half way between them. I was born in January, and that must have been in the Summer or early Autumn of the same year. I was lying on my back, and would roll with the motion of the rustic cradle. Perhaps this stirred my brains into versatilities filling my head with notions. That was my first experience in being served which I remember. I was a bit shy of her, as I did not understand why she and I were not the same color. I did not know what color was, but for some reason I knew a difference. But, I do not understand until yet why the difference in color except from a scientific standpoint. Christian Gibbs was a granddaughter of "Uncle" Boston Gibbs, and his wife, "Aunt" Rachel Gibbs. We do not address Negroes in the South as Mr. Mrs. or Miss, but go one better, and claim kinship; the kinship of the Universal Brotherhood of Man. And, they understand, and are happy; happy with their "White Folks" until some scalawag exploiter comes along, buys a turpentine camp and farm where droves of Negroes are worked, and makes of them peons, upheld by the State Courts against "cheating and swindling," while it is the rascal scalawag with the ivory complexion who is both the cheater and the swindler! Even White persons are held in peonage in the South. . . . This is a national shame and disgrace.

The following reasons in the form of resolutions have been drawn up as the fundamental reasons for my having been chosen as banner bearer of the Fundamental Anti-Blue Law Party by its founder and adherents:

#### "WHY GERTRUDE PERRY WEST SHOULD BE U. S. PRESIDENT"

She who was persecuted, a modern martyr, to the greed and cruelty of criminal bigots in wild and lawless Waycross, Georgia, should be President of the United States because, she is a great soul; a representative woman; a

poet unexcelled.

It is high time, as the mighty libitarian author, Rupert Hughes, reminds us, to elect a woman to the highest office in the land, out of justice to her sex which has been so discriminated against for centuries, and in the spirit of fair-play.

Gertrude Perry West, has enriched the art and literature of America; has fearlessly fought for Labor and equity on all fronts; her blood has been shed for the sake of the American People; she is Dixieland's Poet-Laureate, and the most worthy muse-master to wear the laurel wreath of America's laureate-ship; she is capable of governing the People of the U. S. A. adequately and justly; so, to bring America toward a better civilization; we, the founders and promoters of the Fundamental Anti-Blad-Law Party of the U. S. A., nominate her, in Convention Assembled, and before the world, our Candidate for U. S. President, in the 1928 Election.

Done this, the 7 day of October, 1928, at the F. A. B. L. Party Convention held at Brentwood, Md.

Signed: Edward James Irvine,  
Sec. F. A. B. L. P. of U. S. A. and  
National Campaign Manager.

Sol Lafarge, Chairman Campaign  
Committee.

Sworn to and subscribed this, the . . . .  
day of October 1928, before me.

Signed: . . . . .

Notary Republic.

Then, for such an honor having been beatowed upon me from such a high source, I can only accept humbly, conscientiously, and with a pledge and intention of carrying out their Platform to the best interest of the United States and the People who should govern; all the People, and of whom I shall be the servant, if I am elected. And, I assure you that Christian Gibbs did not care for me in my helpless infancy, and rock me more faithfully in my rustic cradle, than I shall rock the helpless poor and

all the American People in the Cradle of Justice.

The F. A. B. L. Party comes into existence as a progressive and protective sentiment for a Third Party movement, pledged to wage relentless warfare against corruption in high places which has manifested itself repeatedly thru the two old parties. (Republican and Democratic)

The Party stands for the ethics of the lowly Nazarene, and is therefore, opposed, as is expressed by the name of the party, and the first paragraph of our Platform, to Blue Laws, and it recommends that they immediately be abolished by passing a law to the effect that, if any arresting officer is known to arrest another person under a Blue Law, that the arrestor be tried for felony. It is a fact that they are not laws of the U. S. but are Colonial laws of Great Britain which the Declaration of Independence annulled. Still, if Americans who are subject to the U. S. exercises their Constitutional right to free speech, one of these indigo laws of Great Britain are run out and made to serve as a mouth stopper to the "free-born American citizen." It was Jesus of Nazareth, the Christian God, who plucked corn on the Sabbath with which to feed His disciples and . . . informed His critics that "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man, for the Sabbath," but inspite of this biblical fact, our religious bigoted Colonial forefathers passed such laws to try to force all others to conform to their belief, whether they were Jew or Gentile; Turk or Hindu. Whichever sect was in office, these half civilized intollerants who burned each other at the stake as heretics, witches and other things just as absurd and ridiculous, passed a set of Blue Laws with which to persecute their opponents in religious intolerance. These Blue Laws passers made and branded the "Scarlet Woman." They owned, bought and sold, human flesh. They sold babies from the arms of mothers. They . . . . . created



the American Mullatto!

Blue Laws then, are a menace to the liberty and progress of the American People who reside in the U. S.

The F. A. B. L. P. is founded on Lincoln-Jefferson Democracy. That is not the kind one hundred and fifty thousand of our best manhood died for "Over There." That was Wilson-Morgan Democracy which is sung to the tune of ... Dollar Diplomacy. Every time I think of this premeditated master crime which was pulled off on the American People, I have to say words that are not smitable on the other cheek.

The F. A. B. L. P., is in the field to restore to the U. S. citizens that liberty guaranteed to them by our revolutionary forefathers, and these principles are free speech, free press, and freedom of assembly. Progressive reforms thru legislative measures: "Government for the People and by the People."

A breath of Lincoln-Jefferson democracy. My adherents claim for me that I am entitled to the presidency more than others because I am the only American woman having shed her blood in defense of Labor. Others have been killed in industrial disputes, even, with their babies born and unborn, but not exactly in defense of Labor. This being facts, then I ask Labor to give me their support. We need campaign funds. They should be sent the parties' Treasurer, J. R. Perry, Callahan, Fla. Great or small amounts will be appreciated. We do not intend to soar by plane, or ride by rail on charity, and waste funds entrusted to us for a more worthy service. We have no private car, and by objecting to the exploitation of the poor, the railroads are not likely to offer us a private car.

I accepted the candidacy as the standard bearer for justice for the masses, and as such behavior would be disgusting and nauseating under those conditions, our expenditures shall be modest but effective. They shall not be squandered in riotous living and drinking. I

do not drink, smoke or gamble. I am not a paragon, however, nor a fossil. I am human, and have faults. I am not a hypocrite or liar. I am persecuted for my convictions, but I have remained loyal to them inspite of this fact. Imperialism is a form of internationalism. If we expect foreign lands to respect us, we must respect them, and should withdraw our troops now on foreign soil for hostile purposes, atonce. We advocate organization of political study clubs thruout the nation to which all may go free and learn how to impeach their public servants who are caught red handed in their exploitation.

We advocate high-power efficiency in our public servants, and not a lot of time killing, worthless argument as revealed by the Congressional Record, and which is meaningless to the uneducated, and for the poor. We pay exorbitantly for the printing.

My adherents, many of whom are poets claim for me the support of the writers because, to quote, "She is the only American poet ever nominated to the National Hall of Fame." I shall appreciate the support of the writers. I shall try to do all I can to promote the progress of literature and art, if elected. It has long been a neglected factor in the scheme of government, altho our Constitution guarantees the upbuilding of both. We advocate an appropriation for this purpose, especially, for a government printery which shall publish the poetry and history of the authors free on a royalty basis, into book form.

We advocate flood control, atonce.

Prohibition is not an issue. It is a Constitutional law, and only two thirds majority of the states' votes can annul the National amendment; then, every state has their own prohibition laws that would have to be annulled in the same way. Not Herb, Al or I, could effect the law. It is only a gas mask to prevent the voters from smelling the dead rat in the old parties' oil concessions being given nourishment by an already

Rockefeller, whether on bootleg poison, or the weight of Standard Oil, as it concerns the elephant's trunk; and fumes from the Du Pont munition plants in the next foreign war now flaming in Mesopotamia over Johnny P. M.'s oil concessions, fanned by the tail of the elephant, and the perpetual hee haw of the donkey. Yet, I notice several who are inell-a-gent wearing their dog-tags!

The most pathetic person or thing I have seen is a Hoover Democrat and an Al Smith Republican. This brainless gentry fail to hear the death groans of the "Solid South," nor note her weeping child, "White Supremacy," kneeling at her bedside; all they can hear is the terrifying roar of the Beast of Rome; all good Christians, forgetting that it is from this same Beast, that they get their present religion and its God thru the beast, Constantine the Great the first Christian Emperor of Rome, whose licentious royal robes hang upon the topmost bough of the family tree of my Campbell progenitors; an anno Domini Lot... the grandfather of his own children, as applies to the Hoover Dummy-crazy. Both Herb and Al are out to not only crack, but break the Solid South.

That is the reason why a "Cathlick" was nominated for president. Both are better than their party, but that is not saying much for either, for when a political party ceases to function for all the people, it has lost its usefulness.

The most I have against Herb: he looks too much like Al; both tan pups of Big Business. Mr. Hoover is mixed up in the Dr. Work-Sinclair-St. Elizabeth-Hospital-Coal-Steal now just escaping from the brooder on its first wings.

But, assuming the boy twins of Big Biz are "puffick ledies," their party is wedded to the Powers-that-Be, and when they push the button, the elected boy will have to do the toe-dance because they pay the fiddler.

It is not so much the men who are rotten as the brazen, treacherous old parties for which they run, only as the

henchmen of said parties.

They could have the most tender fellow feeling, but it will all have to be exercised in the interest of Big Biz, at whose breast they are nourished, and in whose lap they have slept.

They are like an alarm clock. Their keepers, Wall Street and Tamany Hall masters of industry, sets the alarm, and when the gong rings, they will have to blow up a Maine, or sink a Lusitania; or commit any other wholesale murder to incite the masses to commit legalized murder for the Powers that Be in the name of patriotism; a bear and tiger in sheeps' clothing.

Quoting from the Founder of the F. A. B. L. Party, that great libertarian poet, Edward James Irvine, I give a most vivid word picture of the intention of the party: "The F. A. B. L. Party feels the pulse of myriad-nassed lives; the honest souls that struggle, toil and die in dim-lit little rooms of poverty. The bloodless faces of frail, hungry babes paint an eternal picture on the mind, till Truth uprises with volcanic vows to wrest America from lecherous thieves, and return it to the People who create, with the sharpnel of ballots."

Discribing the emblematic symbol of the party, the Founder declares that it is a "Nine pointed violet star; nine being the Bahai lucky number. Bahaism, defined is: "The Spirit of Our Age; unifying disharmonious elements; and violet, being emblematic of martyrdom and spirituality, used by the Old World Masters to portray great souls of brooding conquerors." Again, to quote from his virile pen I iterate: "The People's insignia means not the scarlet blush of concious prolet cults; nor bloodless white of wrong intrrenched in power; nor the pale, sick blue of a middle class by monopoly crushed, but a brilliant blending; a plausible, specious hue; soothing as slumbrous musk-fumes in twilight fields."

We have forty two planks overflowing with good legislation for all the peo-



ple. It relates, a spectre is haunting America . . . that of unemployment, of which the two old parties are practically blind. The farmer is rapidly evolving into peasantry. Our industrial workers who are employed at all are wage slaves who are barely given a wage sufficient on which to exist. We have several planks which will cover this shameful and deplorable condition adequately.

We have a plank covering initiative, referendum and recall as regards our public servants.

An emigration plank with teeth.

An effective plank against the abuse and misuse of injunctions.

Other planks against injustices of the Powers that Be as practiced against the substantial citizens, those who produce.

Effective legislation against the exploitation of women, children, and men; Federal laws of compulsory education with provisos for necessities for needy children; birth control of wage slaves, or Government care and support of such; appropriations to build homes for the poor instead of warships for their loot-ers; non-participation in foreign wars; conscription of capital in time of war; this removes incentives for war from capitalism; conscription of man-power only in the event of hostile invasion of our country; employment of Federal surgeons and medical doctors who are paid to keep the people well. When they let people get sick, they to receive no pay.

Immediate farm relief.

Direct plea to the President by any person in the country when denied justice by the Courts.

Drastic reforms in government hospitals.

Self government for the P. I.

Immediate withdrawal of hostile U. S. troops from foreign countries. Respect for the Monroe Doctrine.

Peaceful relations with foreign countries.

Recognition of Russia.

Free speech; free press and freedom of assembly.

Eradication of lawlessness.

Abolition of lynching and other barbarous license.

Flood control.

Political study clubs thruout the nation to which all may go to free to be taught how to impeach disloyal and treacherous public servants.

Freedom of speech and the franchise for Federal employes and residents of the District of Columbia.

I regret that lack of time forbids my going into further details relative to the splendid legislation contained in our planks for all peoples in the U. S. but what will be better, I will endeavor to get legislation written into the statutes and immediately put into practice, if elected.

We guarantee adequate protection to business interests under the U. S. flag. Many have moved to foreign countries to avoid paying the American wages and to exploit the poorly paid workers of other countries. This is unpatriotic, therefore, they can not expect U. S. protection.

I thank my adherents for the high honor they have given me in choosing me as their U. S. presidential candidate.

Should I be elected, "you all" have a standing invitation to visit with me at your White House. I thank you.

Note: The space taken by the speech was originally intended for Albert James Norton's prosody lesson and poetry; but the "best laid plans of mice or men oft gang a glee," and my initiation into the U. S. presidential race so unexpectedly upset our Bookmaker plans and delayed the Folio again, but I hope the circumstances are sufficient to plead for my pardon. The speech was published from many requests. Sidetracked material will be published in the next number, now on the press. Pardon errors.

G. P. W.

APOLOGIA: The F. A. B. L. P., Of all the platforms has the best; So, Friends of Freedom, everywhere—Should vote for Gertrude Perry West.

## TO AMERICA'S LAUREATE

(Gertrude Perry West)

Great, Laurel-Crowned One: you are  
my ideal

Of what America's Laureate must  
Be . . . the idol of those who in you  
trust

To save them from the gripping, grasp-  
ing steel

Clutch of they, whose greed most truly  
reveal

A craven, cruel and extorting lust

For the toiler's wage, when they, pass  
unjust

Laws which bring the people to want  
and weal.

That is why I inscribe these lines to you;  
Because, you for the masses bravely  
fight - -

The victims of the greed of cruel  
men - -

You, for your just convictions, great  
and true,

Strive on; they, gleaming clearly and  
more bright,

Reveal your greatness from your  
poets' pen.

C. O. Flynn.

## TO GETRUDE PERRY WEST

[Poet-Laureate Of Dixieland]

It's with the utmost force of circum-  
stance,

Her pen she wields, defensive of the  
right

As thot by her to be the sense, de-  
spite

The exploiter's graft which of ignorance  
Takes advantage; and the inheritance  
Steals; then, the shrewd dastards cru-  
elly smite

Her when she defends those they rob,  
in fight,

To gain, for them, a better sustenance.

For what do the plutes keep the work-  
ers in chains,

And slaves to they who smite the po-  
et down?

They die, and leave their ill-got-  
goods to Shame;

With fawner's flowers their grave's  
strewn, and stains

Are on the marble where the flowers  
brown,

While cold Ignominy the grafters  
claim.

Sol Lafarge.

## ANNOUNCING

GARLANDS FOR GERTRUDE PERRY WEST

## An Uncommercialized Anthology To Which all Poets Are

Invited To Contribute Without Cost Or Obligation To Those

Who Contribute. Many Poems Already Received Decided The  
Honoree To Show Her Appreciation By Publishing An Anthology. Send Poems To: Anthology Editor, Bookmaker, Callahan, Fla.

The Anthology will go to press in the Spring of 1929, and off the press during the  
same year. Unless the contributors constitute many hundreds, they will be given  
a copy free. The editing will be done by Edward James Irvine, President of the  
D. of C. Bookmakers and a teacher of prosody in the Worker's College at Wash-  
ington City. The Bookmakers' Publishers will publish the Anthology, but one  
need not be a Bookmaker member to contribute.





13 - Prohibiting the constituted government of the American people from hiring thugs for private interests in industrial disputes.

14 - Laws limiting the birth of children to parents who are not financially able to provide for them properly, or the government provide for any children which it allows to be so born.

15 - The discontinuance of using Federal troops in industrial disputes except in the most drastic necessity; the necessity to be defined in the law.

16 - Since there are many millions of the tax-payers who are not believers in the Christian religion in the U. S. A., the taxation of all church property. Complete separation of church and state.

17 - Drastic Federal laws to prevent wage slavery in sweatshops and at sweat shop wages in the home.

18 - Government ownership and control of all natural resources and public utilities, they to be operated for service.

19 - Appropriations to build homes for those kept poor by the exploitation of those who need workshops with which to protect their loot. We have signed the "Peace Pact." (Kellogg Bunk)

20 - To dethrone the Secretary of War, and enthrone a Secretary of Peace, now we have "outlawed war."

21 - National compulsory education. Inheritance Tax money to be used to buy food, clothing and books for children who need them.

22 - A bachelor tax to help furnish books for public school libraries.

23 - The employment of Federal surgeons and doctors to prevent illness, but who shall receive no recompense for treating the ill, altho they be required to give faithful service in either case.

24 - Immediate farm relief.

25 - Non-participation in foreign wars. Conscription only in the event of invasion of the United States by a foreign foe. Conscription of capital in time of war.

26 - Direct plea to the President by any person when denied justice by the Courts.

27 - Self government for the Philippine Islands, the United States to protect from foreign foes.

28 - Protection to Business Interests in the event of need, for those within the bounds of the United States. Those outside must either come in, or be unprotected.

29 - Immediate withdrawal of U. S. Marines and soldiers from the West Indies and Nicaragua, and any place elsewhere they have no business, with hostility. Respect for the Monroe Doctrine.

30 - Peaceful relations with all countries except in case of hostile invasion, or unless an American tourist is deliberately killed. Other U. S. citizens should not be there.

31 - Recognition of Russia.

32 - Free speech; free press and free assembly.

33 - Eradication of lawlessness in high places, as well as low.

34 - Just functioning of all Courts in the interest of all citizens, or their abolishment for injustice, to be supplanted by a Federal Court of Justice to which all persons living in this country may take their grievances and have them justly dispensed with by a Federal Court which sits continuously for such a purpose in Washington, D. C., expenses to be paid entirely by the Government so that the most humble may find relief.

35 - Drastic reforms of Federal hospitals

36 - Abolition of lynching and other mob license.

37 - Flood control.

38 - Political study clubs thruout the nation whose function will be to teach political economy and impeachment laws.

39 - Freedom of speech and the franchise for all Federal employes, and the franchise to citizens of D.C.

40 - The F. A. B. L. P. comes into being to give America a breath of Jefferson-Lincoln liberty, and who could better represent the American People than Gertrude Perry West, our National Hall of Fame Poet who has composed priceless masterpieces of poetic excellence



in honor of these two pioneer libertarians, and whose martyrdom at Waycross Georgia, due to her fearless defense of Organized Labor, free speech, free press and free assembly; the right of the poor to enjoy liberty and the pursuit of happiness as guaranteed them under the U. S. Constitution, as well as the privileged few; for which she shed her blood at the hands of vicious assailants, entitles her to the support of the workers more than any Presidential Candidate in the 1928 U. S. Presidential Election, as well as small business people whose prosperity depends upon the workers; she being the first and only American woman to shed her blood in defense of those who toil. Other women and their children, and even babies in arms, have been killed in industrial disputes, but not in defense . . . She stood up on the toes of the Industrial Masters and called their persecuting hand against the toilers, and in revenge, their thugs made repeated attempts to assassinate her, and other atrocities too numerous to mention here, for which she is yet seeking justice; the Courts pervertingly functioning for the few. She is a descendant of Patrick Henry whose cry to King George the Third, to "Give me liberty, or give me death!" shook the British throne, and gave us . . . liberty! Religious liberty! Moral liberty! Industrial liberty! Religious bigots who burned "heretics" over there and over here, usurped our religious liberty a century before Patrick Henry was born by passing a bunch of Blue Laws with which to prosecute each other and which the Libertarians, Jefferson, Henry and the others failed to remove. They are an inheritance and curse from a half civilized ancestry.

Whichever bigot, of whatever sect, was in Colonial office, past these laws with which to persecute his fellowman of some other sect, and if the law failed to frighten him into changing his views, he was persecuted by prosecution by some barbarious Blue Law in the name of the Prince of Peace. Just recently, in

Boston, Harry Kallan, an eminent lecturer, in the course of his lecture remarked that Jesus and Socrates were anarchists. A Blue Law was promptly resurrected of which the punishment is death, and he was arrested inspite of the driving of the Money Changers from the Temple, telling them they were making of His Father's house a place of merchandise, and in less time than a few years, had over thrown the old order of things, gave in its place His theory of religious and economic government in this one plank, - "Love the Lord, thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself: on this, hangs all the Laws and the Prophets." Whether Harry Kallen will be put to death awaits to be seen. We must abolish this menace to American liberty. We have brains enough to formulate and pass more laws more consistent with the Golden Rule which is the creed of both our Candidates.

Our Industrial liberty has been usurped by SIX Masters of Industry whose toll gates are Wall Street and Tammany Hall. They hold the destiny of one hundred and twenty millions of human beings in their avaricious clutches. They force us to march to Over There or Over Here to protect their loot. They influence State Officials to hold up an answer to ballot inquiries until it is too late to get our candidates' electors on the ballots, but they may be voted for where there are not any of our ballots, by writing West and Winters across the electors on any ticket. Only the Gold Dust Twins of the Goose Step Parties are wanted on ballots. Are we going to revolutionize these conditions at the poles Nov. 6 by electing two "Great Torch Bearers" to drive the Money Changers from the Temple of The People; Gertrude Perry West, the Lady-Lincoln of America, and Mrs. C Fuller Winters, the Lady-Jefferson of America? If elected we pledge to give the American masses what only the classes now enjoy; complete liberty and justice under the law.

42 - Justice to our boni fide citizens, the American Indians, by restoring to them their lands stolen from them by private interests againts their tribal treaties made with the U. S. Government; one case being that of the Miami Indians of Indiana whose lands have been stolen by the Prudential Life Insurance Company, and when they pray to the Courts, the Officials tell them that they cannot confer with them because they are Savages.

43 - Life imprisonment for Government Officials caught in injustice to, and crime against, those whom the U. S. flag is a guarantee to their protection.

44 - A better understanding between the ebony and ivory races. It is not social equality in the sense of the intermingling of races in so-called society for which the Negro prays, but social justice. He is not so unreasonable as to expect the impossible, for he knows the white race has not got social equality among themselves nor has his race; both races being divided into many kind of classes among both races. As an illustration: in the Nation's Capital, the descendants of the "Negro concubines of George Washington" that class themselves the scions of "the old families," would disdain to mingle with the family of a washerwoman as a social equal. From a psychological view, it is the urge of the blood of their distinguished white ancestor crying for expression, in the wrong way. We believe it is economic injustice, and the Bible calls it "the sins of the fathers." While we are not a government founded on Christinity; yet, we are supposed to be a nation of a great many Christians. Then, why deny the Negro justice under the law? The God of the Christians was a descendant in the same way as the Washington Negroes already mentioned. He was the grandson several times removed, according to His biblical genealogy, of Bearsheba, the Ethiopian wife of King David whom he obtained by causing her husband, Uriah the Ethiopian, to be killed; and, her mulatto son,

King Soloman, "the wisest man who ever lived!" He asked, "Why persecutest thou, me?" The difference? The Washington scions make of themselves a class above their kind, and create a class struggle for their kind, and are "stumbling blocks" for their race, while Jesus did not even stay in a "house by the side of the road to be a friend to man," but He got upon the road with the hungry and unemployed and died . . . . a God!

45 - The Vice Pres. Candidate is well worthy of the support of the people, she being for many years a fighter for their welfare. Two more deserving women could not have been nominated by the F. A. B. L. P. of U. S. A., than they who are now inviting the unstinted support of the U. S. voters regardless of sex or party. The office sought them, and not they, the office; therefore, since their sex has been discriminated against for 6000 years, atleast, try fair play and vote them into the highest offices of the country. Should the party not have a ticket in your state, write West and Winters across the names of the ELECTORS of any TICKET.

#### CAMPAIGN SONG

(Sung to tune, - Nearer My God Te Thee)

Nearer White House to thee,

Nearer to thee;

Post Gertrude Perry West

May enter thee;

In all our dreams she'll be

President, and set us free;

Nearer White House to thee;

Nearer to thee.

Giles Marcello.

#### THE ANTI-BLUE LAW PARTY

The Fundamental A. B. L. P.

Of all the platforms has the best;

So, Friends of Freedom, everywhere—

Should vote for Gertrude Perry West.

Violet Ray.



# PLATFORM

## FUNDAMENTAL ANTI-BLUE LAW PARTY OF U. S. A.

Send Campaign Funds Direct To The  
Treasurer, J. R. Perry, Callahan, Fla.

For United States President, -  
GERTRUDE PERRY WEST of FLOR-  
IDA:

For U. S. Vice President, -  
MRS. C. FULLER WINTERS of DIST-  
RICT of COLUMBIA:

Nat. Chairman Campaign Committee,  
Sol Lebarbe, Washington. D. C.  
Campaign Manager and Nat. Secretary,  
Edward James Irvine,  
3500 Eldridge Ave., Brentwood, Md.

### NATIONAL PLATFORM . . . .

The Fundamental Anti-Blue Law Party comes into existence as an expression of protesting sentiment, and for a Progressive Third Party movement, pledged to wage relentless warfare against corruption in high places which has manifested itself repeatedly thru the two old parties (Republican and Democratic)

The Party stands for the ethics of the Lowly Nazarene, and is therefore, opposed to Blue Laws, for it was He who broke co n for His deciples on the Sabbath . . . and declared that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."

It is not stated the corn was ever paid for, which may imply that it is not a wrong to take from those who have, if one has nothing . . . . . He had not "where to lay His head." We have no confiscation plank, however, but . . . . .

A spectre is haunting America; the spectre of unemployment, of which the two Old Parties are practically blind or indifferent to this menace to an already restless people, and the disgraceful privations which they are forced to suffer because these parties have been in the hands and control of Wall Street Interests, Tea Pot Dome Thieves and Tammy Hall . . . .

Prohibition is not an important issue in the present campaign: it is just a camouflage; people who are too poor to buy food, have no money to squander on "light wines and beer," or bootleg poi-

son. It will take the repeal vote of two thirds of the states to render void the 18 Amendment, and the repeal of all prohibition laws of all the states before it is off the statue books. Anyone who knows anything about our courts know they function seldom only in the interest of the classes against the masses; therefore the liquor-cellars of the privileged will not be disturbed whether the prohibition law survives or not, so long as the Democratic or Republican parties remain in power.

The fundamental issues before the American People are as follows:

Employment, or unemployment? Blue-Laws, or religious freedom? Cossack rule, or civil rights? Farm relief, or bankruptcy for millions more farmers? International good-will, or imperialism? Monopoly, or public ownership of public utilities? Therefore, the Fundamental Anti-Blue Law Party advocates:

1- Repeal of all Blue Laws now on the statutes.

2-The passage of adequate Federal laws supreme over state laws of the same nature which fail to function effectively.

3- Passage of laws compelling better working conditions in every state.

4- Eniative, referendum and recall.

5- Equal rights for women with men in the marriage relation and industry.

6- Adequate laws to protect children in industry and cruel, sweatshop condicions in the home.

7- Effective peonage laws.

8- Protective laws for unemployed persons in search of work.

9- To pass laws which guarantees every person in the U. S. A. employment if they want it.

10- To establish justice, and restore it to all who dwell under the U. S. flag.

11- Prohibit further emigration until every person now, October, 1928, in the A. S. A. is employed at a living wage except where men and their wives are seperated by such restrictions.

12- Prohibiting the misuse and abuse of injunctions in Labor disputes.

GARLANDS FOR GERTRUDE PERRY WEST

DRIFTED OAK LEAVES BY TIME'S HIGHWAY

COPY OF ORIGINAL:—

RESOLUTIONS OF THE DEDICATION OF AN ANNUAL DAY AS A MEMORIAL TO GERTRUDE PERRY WEST, "POET-LAUPEATE OF NORTH CAROLINA," AND "NOMINEE TO THE NATIONAL HALL OF FAME (STATUARY HALL,)" "THE ONLY AMERICAN POET SO NOMINATED" . . . . . TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, GREETING:—

Whereas:—

Gertrude Perry West (laurels given her, previously) first, "Poet-Laureate of Bladen" (County N. C.) "Poet-Laureate of North Carolina," "Only North Carolinian ever nominated to the National Hall of Fame for Originals, Statuary Hall, or the National Hall of Fame," the noted honors having been earned by her for her unlimited versatilities under the most difficult conditions:—

We, a Committee of The Bookmakers' International League of Writers and other Literati, assembled, of the United States, do hereby, dedicate the Second Thursday in August of each year, as a memorial to her, and in honor of her splendid achievements in having writter more epics on North Carolina and American, as well as International subjects, than any poet now living, or since the days of the Immortal Shakespeare, both long and short, and of great excellence.

Besides being the world's modern prosodic marvel, her genius is unlimited in other fields of the fine arts; many of which she has now developed. She is uncommercialized; refusing to buy her way into print thru the grafting publishers; thereby, the more deserving of greater honors.

Be it further resolved:—

That since she is a native of Rosindale, Bladen County, North Carolina, U. S. A., that the place that shall be regarded as a memorial shrine shall be White Plains Church, and the day as already designated, since the old birth-

place home of the honoree has been destroyed by fire at Rosindale, N. C., the original shrine location intended by the endowers; the church, being located near where she was born, and which is the church she attended as a baby, child and young lady; and is the immediate family burying ground; which ground, is annually cleared by the neighborhood folk on the memorial date named herein; instead of her birthday, January 18; because, of climatic conditions. Many of the neighborhood folk buried here, having been an inspiration directly or indirectly; also, living, to her; and, to which place is designated, all literary folk, and others who may be inclined to make a visit to this shrine, are extended an invitation to do so, in that or person, on the aforementioned date, or when most convenient.

Signed:— Giles Marcello, Chairman,  
Mildred Winters,  
C. O. Flynn,  
Ella Downing,  
Syd Drake,  
Ulysses Tellum,  
B. Field.

Done under the eaves of Statuary Hall at a National Convention at Washington, D. C., June 28-29 1927, of The Bookmakers International League of Writers.

B. Field, Sec. of Con.

ACCLIMATION FOR GERTRUDE PERRY WEST AS POET-LAUREATE OF DIXIELAND AND AMERICA

Whereas:—

No Poet of America has, before, been acclaimed Poet-Laureate thereof, and the same applies to Dixieland:—

We, the undersigned Quorum of the District of Columbia Branch of the Bookmakers' International League of Writers, in meeting assembled, hereby, acclaim Gertrude Perry West, the "only American Poet ever nominated to the Hall of Fame for Originals, (Statuary Hall) or National Hall of Fame, Wash-



ington, D. C.," Poet-Laureate of Dixie-land and America: she, being the most worthy Poet, for this, and many other reasons, to wear the titles of honor:

First, she is a genius of the most varied versatilities which she develops at will, with ease; under adverse circumstances; her's it is, it seems to be, *Ad astra per ardua* . . . "To achieve fame inspite of obstacles;" she, not only having to combat the most outrageous atrocities from criminal conspirators who would destroy her, but maliciousness from envy and jealousy from some of her own close relationship; second, she has composed many more long and short epics on American history than any American poet, any one of which is a masterpiece; third, she is the only poet whose poetry has been accepted with great praise, for book form publishing, invariably, by the publishers to whom she has submitted them, but with their usual contract in which is demanded their usual "pound of flesh" for the first edition of poetry, has upheld the value and dignity of the art of prosody, by refusing to sell her own and her fellow poets' poetic birth-right for a "mess of pottage" from the modern "fleshpots of Egypt," merely, to have herself sung, today, and tomorrow, be forgotten on some publishers' commercial dump-heap.

Much more is to be acclaimed for her, and general votes from the Literati are in order on this acclamation. Silence means consent.

Signed:—

Edward James Irvine, Chr., Quo,  
Jay Shields,  
M. W. Vaughn,  
Art Davis,  
Ed Johnson,  
Lon Stuart,  
A. Van Pelt.

Done this 5 day of September 1928  
Washington, D. C.

Note- More than two thirds of several hundred votes received, have confirmed the American Laureateship for the acclaimed. Violet Ray.

Note- I have gratefully acknowledged these supreme honors, so in this note I thank those who cast favorable votes for me both as Poet-Laureate of America, and President of the United States; both having very gratifying response in my favor, since my votes for the Presidency were "written in." G. P. W.

Artium Magister

(Master of Art)

To Gertrude Perry West

Like a breath of air  
Blown from Pan-pipes on wayside  
Lilies . . . her flutes catch  
Thistle-down of arts,  
Which spread cobweb lays . . .  
Melody of genius.

Syd Drake.

To Gertrude Perry West

High praise for Gertrude Perry West,  
By poets is cordially exprest  
And sympathy for her unplaceable loss,  
Thru persecution at "Wild Waycross."

For mercy, with justice taking stand  
Aroused to fury Greed's rough hand;  
The cry to heed, for those oppress  
Her nobleness of mind attest.

'Teen Days, of love undaunted,  
With melody is haunted  
Immortal be the author's name,  
Enrolled in National Hall of Fame . . .  
A star.

Corinne Clayton.

ALIS VOLAT PROPRIIS

(She flies with her own wings)

She needs  
No wings of bird  
To soar: Gertrude Perry  
West, flies aloft, on her poets'  
Song-wings . . .

E. Mark Comb.

## PLAY SECTION — EDITED BY— EUPHEMIA PATE

## THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

(A Play To Be Read)

ACTS I — SCENES VIII

## SCENE I

CASPER:

Oh, ho! A new star in the heavens, I  
 See; and it is more wonderfully brite,  
 Than all the other stars combined tonite,  
 West, North or South; and the vast east-  
 ern sky,  
 Shines as brilliant as Venus, and must  
 imply,  
 Phenomenon enhancing the twilite,  
 When the sun has gone down, and no  
 moon's white  
 Gold reveals a glow of some prophecy.

I shall follow, and shall learn the reason  
 Why this spread of glory glows in the  
 East,

For there is one, for the star's  
 sheen on earth.

Can it be, the God-man prophesied Son  
 Of Jehovah, foretold by the priest  
 And prophet of the Jews, is given  
 birth?

## II

## SCENE II

BALTASAR:

*(Following the star, hails Casper)*

Halt, Traveller! Tell me, Sir, if you may;  
 What star is this, appearing in the sky,  
 Where the heavens of the East magnify  
 Tonite, the glory of the sky by day,  
 As when the sun out casts its britest ray,  
 At high noon? Will you help me gratify  
 My astrologer's interest, in why,  
 This star has thrown the world in such  
 dismay?

CASPER

I have thot, Good Stranger, that the star  
 shines  
 With such a britness, because, it may b  
 The Son of God is born, as is fore-  
 told  
 He would be, by the Hebrew prophets.

Signs

Like this, were predicted, and the mys-  
 tery  
 Of this, must to me, on this nite,  
 unfold!

## III

## SCENE III

MELCHOR:

*(Following the star, hails Casper and Baltasar)*

Ho S rangers! What news of the brite  
 new star?

I am happy to join your company,  
 If I may, for my curiosity  
 Is alert, and I am particular  
 To learn more of this very singular  
 Phenomenon which helps to verify  
 The Deity whom Hebrews prophesy;  
 For if He's born, He will be popular.

So, let us be wise, and there, hasten on;  
 For it seems to hang above Bethlehem,  
 Where the prophets advised, He  
 would be born;

And being wise men, the phenomenon,  
 Has been defined; and we will, an an-  
 them

To Him sing, and as King of Kings,  
 adorn!

## IV

## SCENE IV

KING HEROD:

*(Watching the Star alone, meditatingly, speaks)*

I can not understand the brite new star,  
 That shines above the town of Bethle-  
 hem,

And the music, like an Hebrew anthem,  
 In the air; and from lands both near and  
 far,

Men come, with gold and myrrh, and like  
 nectar

Of gods is poured upon the diadem  
 Of a king, the wealth, is offered by  
 them,

To One, they claim, is Hebrew Avatar.

## V

## SCENE V



1918

1929

*(A messenger arrives and speaks with Herod)*

HEROD:

The idea: paying homage to that Boy,  
 Born to a virgin, in a stall manger!  
 Herod, trembling with fear, and  
 forgotten!  
 King Jesus of the Jews, I must destroy!  
 Death to male Jews under two years!  
 Danger,  
 Threatens my throne. Evil is the  
 omen!

*(The messenger goes)*

He must be slain! My throne is rocking,  
 now;  
 For, both Gentiles and Jews, worship  
 the Child  
 Whom the Wise Men that came from  
 the East, styled,  
 King of Kings, and to Him, in worship,  
 bow.

A king, over Herod? That shall not be!  
 That Brat, born in a manger, I'll de-  
 stroy!

*Messenger: (Returns)*

Joseph and Mary, have flown with the  
 Boy!

## SCENE VI

CHOIR: *(Singing in a modern church)*

Joseph and Mary, into Egypt fled  
 With the Babe whom Herod sought to  
 destroy:

He learned to carpenter when just a  
 boy;

When grown, on the cross, for human-  
 kind bled.

Yet, His hammer is heard from day to  
 day,

In lands where Christians to Jehovah  
 cried:

"Merely!" In the name of the Crucified.

## SCENE VII

*(Evening. Children singing carols on the street)*

HOLY NITE

On a Holy Nite, a star shone brite,  
 Above a stall where an infant lay  
 And Wise Men followed the glowing lite  
 While they, homage to the God-child  
 pay.

## VIII

*(A modern Negro Campmeeting in the U. S. A.)*

NEGROES SINGING:

THREE WISE MEN

De Wise Men seed de big starh,  
 Hangin' ober Bethulehemb!  
 De Wise Men seed de big starh,  
 Hangin' ober Bethulehemb!  
 Erbov' er King! 'Bov' er King!  
 Hangin' ober Bethulehemb:  
 Erbov' er King! 'Bov' er King!  
 Hangin' ober Bethulehemb.

De Wise Men foun' de manger,  
 Whar de God-Baby wuz bawn!  
 De Wise Men foun' de manger,  
 Whar de God-Baby wuz bawn!  
 He wuz er King! Wuz er King!  
 An' de Wise Men brung 'Im gol':  
 He wuz er King! Wuz er King!  
 An' de Wise Men brung 'Im gol'.

De Wise Men seed Little Jesus,  
 Wrapt in de swathin' clothes!  
 De Wise Men seed Little Jesus,  
 Wrapt in de swathin' clothes!  
 He wuz er King! Wuz er King!  
 Do He wuz de lo'liest bawn:  
 He wuz er King! Wuz er King!  
 Do He wuz de lo'liest bawn.

Herod wuz one de skyartest,  
 Kings in all ob ol Judear!  
 Herod wuz one de skyartest,  
 Kings in all ob ole Judear!

Kase King ob Jews! King ob Jews!  
 Kase King ob Jews dun bin bawn:  
 Kase King ob Jews! King ob Jews!  
 Kase King ob Jews dun bin bawn.

Gertrude Perry Wes

Jl 18 '31

C811

U. N. C. C. C.  
CAROLINA ROOM

# The Bookmakers' Folio

THE MEDIUM OF EXPRESSION

OF

## THE BOOKMAKERS' INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE OF WRITERS

Editor-In-Chief . . . . , GERTRUDE PERRY WEST . . . . National President

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ing, inspiring and instructive literature, help by joining the Bookmakers' today.

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Enclosed find \$1.00 (M. O. check or cash) for which enroll me as a member of

the Bookmakers' League which entitles me to all benefits and the Medium of Ex-

pression free for one year as it is published, and I will vote on four poems for

the Hall of Fame Square as the Folio appears.

Name and address: . . . . .

## EDITOR-IN-CHIEF'S NOTE

Introducing Odus Cleo Sikes, a native poet of Callahan Florida, U. S. A. who has been recently appointed President of Florida for the Bookmakers' League of Writers, Besides being a poet, he has won a prize for a short story.



ODUS CLEO SIKES

EROS' PANACEA

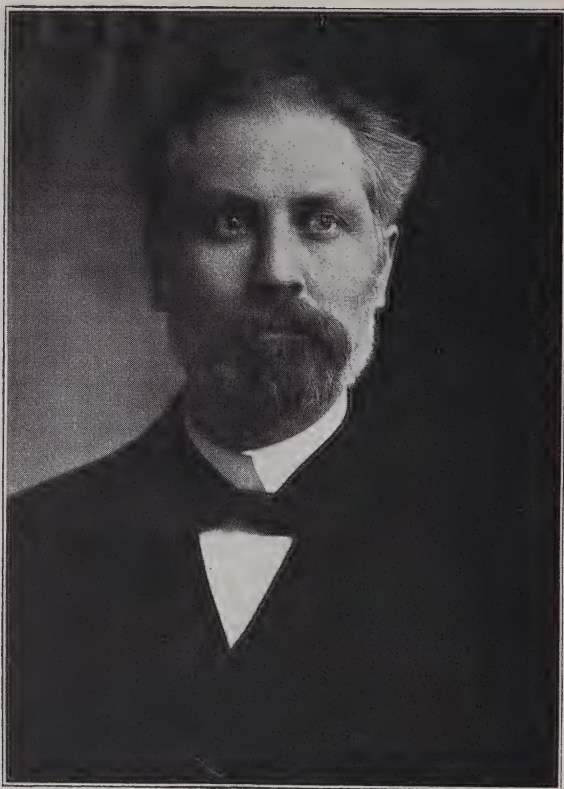
(To Her)

I lost my key to my haunted house when Spring's  
New love came and the old dead loves were gray  
From mould of yesteryear's hopeless decay;  
The dust of years on those destructive wings  
Of Time that soars above with hateful stings  
Which had been brought from youth to stow away  
Within my haunted house where dead loves stay  
In long forgotten pasts; poor, sordid things!

Old loves are dead and they give me no pain;  
They are ashes from the fire of a new;  
I thought I had discarded all romance,  
And love would never come to me, again;  
But in the depth of your brown eyes, I view,  
Your love for me, that wins me with your glance.

Odus Cleo Sikes





ALBERT JAMES NORTON

(Deceased Poetry Reviewer for the Bookmakers' Folio Born, 1854—Died, 1930.)

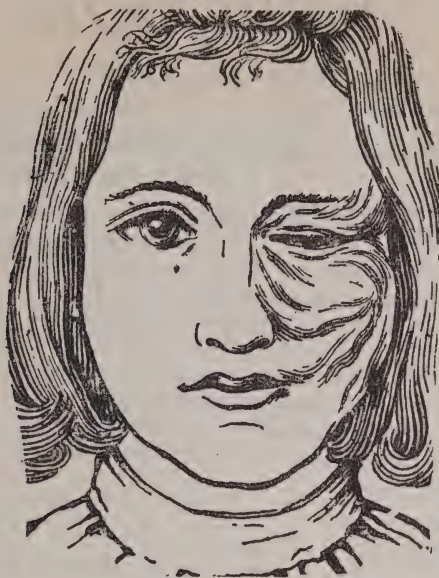
His pen, aflame with fires of poesy,  
Ran versatile across the mnemonic  
Page of Time's pallid paleographic  
Age when prehistoric peoples roamed lonely  
Trails that led over those plains and craigy  
Mouuntain cliff-stones and those marbled  
rustic

Steeps where forests of rugged artistic  
Woods spread their fragrant flowering beauty

But he is gone! To that place, Parnasus  
Of Death for poets he has passed; but still,  
His poems will live on in that great land  
Of his nativity when folk discuss

His versatility and master's skill  
Whose pen flowed virile from his poet's  
hand.

Gertrude Perry West.



## WHY THE SCAR ON KITTY LOGAN'S FACE?

Note- Kitty Logan, a homeless orphan waif of the Orphanage for Homeless Children in Philadelphia, is alleged to be the helpless victim of the vivisectionists, Drs. Hamill, Cope and Carpenter, while a compulsory experimental patient in St. Vincent's Hospital in Philadelphia, of which hospital staff they are members, and the picture of Kitty, above, inspired the poem. Dr. Hamill was appointed Chairman of President Hoover's Child Welfare Conference, 1930.

The poem is copied from the *Child and Animal Welfare News*, Philadelphia, Pa.

Is there one lawyer in the United States Who will prosecute the brutes, Hamill, Cope And Carpenter? St, Vincent's victim's hope Seems gone, and with a dastard's scar, relates The shameful story of confederates Who dare humane persons and philan- thrope, Without limit of time or curb of scope, To brutally maim the unfortunates.	Note the scar on Kitty Logan's fine face Put there, by the vivisector, Hamill, From some tuberculin injection's ill Results, and what can the vast human race Expect to gain by such heartless dis- grace By allowing brutes to inject their swill In the pitiful, helpless juvenile, And thus, the name of humanity, de- base?
The children of St. Vincent's Hospital, The brutes disfigure with experiments To the number of hundreds. But no voice Of Law has risen to demand, for ahl, Vast damages from such brutes, for their torments To helpless children who have no word of choice.	Yet, the President of this great coun- try Has called this inhuman vivisector To his Conference on Children Welfare, To whom you gave your good vote to keep free This land, whether from injustices or war. Then, rise, and of the poor child- ren take care.

Gertrude Peery West.



## EDITORIAL PAGE

## THE BOOKMAKERS' FOLIO

## Medium of Expression

The Bookmakers' International League  
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ogy and Albert James Norton is Pos-  
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No. 10 Willis Hudspeth,

No. 11 Pearl Casey,

No. 12 Isabel Perry Neill,

No. 13 Jeanette Norland.

League Dedication:

Thomas Campbell.

Emblem: Pegasus rising from an open  
book.

Motto: *Conanti Dabitur*. "It will be given  
to him who tries."

Slogan: *Et si ostendo non jacto*. "And if I  
show what I am I do not boast."

Colors: White and black.

Flower: Mountain laurel.

## JUST A DOLLAR BILL

Here is to the Poetic Ambitious

Who wish to see their work

In print and make a famous

Showing. They should not shirk

Paying the little dollar bill

For membership a whole year

But help Mrs. West fulfil

Her obligations and lift her burden of  
care.

They like to see their work in print,

So they should do their bit and share;

Not pinch their pennies and then hint

With a "Let George do it" air.

It costs much money a book to print

Very much more than one could be-  
lieve;

The little dollar is not a mint

But it helps our indebtedness to relieve  
So send in the annual dues

And whatever more you can spare;

You will see your poems published

By the magazine on the square.

Louis J. Silver.

## Life Members:

One or more loyal members of the League are given Life Memberships free for their outstanding loyal and devoted service to the cause of Bookmakers literature. A list of them will be found elsewhere in this publication.

## THE SUMMER WINDS

The summer winds blow and bringing the rain,  
 They wrestle with Life and force her to grow  
 The verdant plant-life o'er field and plain,  
 The summer winds blow.

All through the autumn the birds' sweet refrain  
 Is heard while the farmer commences to mow  
 The ripening harvest of corn and cane.

There is pathos of death in the chain  
 Of the months in the seeds that we sow;  
 Seasons bring the gleaners life with the grain  
 The summer winds blow.

Odus Cleo Sikes.

## TO MY BEGUILLED LOVER

In depths of your haunting brown eyes  
 I see  
 Distress and sorrow that does not  
 pass by;  
 They appear as though you have had  
 a cry;  
 That you are suffering from misery  
 Caused by a bad woman's shame. Can  
 it be

You can not longer smile whenever I  
 Appear, as always, you, relating why  
 That you are in love and it is with me?

You are down cast through her beguil-  
 ment. Now,

I, too, must pay the toll for her bad  
 crime

Of having forced you to forget,  
 in thungs

Of her stale, lusty arms, your love; and  
 how

Your heart aches only I can tell and  
 Time,

Must bridge the void and soothe  
 the cruel wrongs.

Drusilla Johnson.

## MY QUIZ TO LOVE

(To one who loves me)

O, Love! Should I now, go with you, a-  
 gain:

To where would you take me in future  
 years?

Would I be happy or would sighs and  
 tears

Be mine, with a young lover, down Life's  
 lane?

Dare I hope for pleasure instead of pain?  
 Old loves are buried, but the hateful  
 fears

That this, should I go, may fail through  
 the years,

Makes me wary to go, fearing, your wane.

He is so handsome and so debonair

The difference in ages may carry blite  
 That may cause his love to dwindle  
 away

When Porthos has squandered his carle  
 share

Of passionate toll, that he, in the  
 height

Of desire demands on our nuptial day.

Marjorie Bruce



# Hall Of Fame Square

## SPORTSMANSHIP

### FIRST HONOR

The hunter stood upon the well worn  
stand,

Listening to the yelping of the dogs,  
Like a happy chorus of springtime  
frogs,

As the doe comes bounding over the  
sand

Thru larch grown woods, while her nos-  
trils expand

In dismay. Her head high, thru brakes  
and bogs

She leaps over the bushes and fallen  
logs . . . .

But why, pursued, she does not under-  
stand.

The hunter saw the doe and shot. She  
leapt,

Then reeling, staggered on a pace  
and fell . . . .

In fiendish glee, he ran and cut her  
throat,

And from her udder saw milk ooze . . .  
but slept

Across her bleeding neck and gave  
a yell . . . .

Till yet, he brags, and over it, will  
dote . . . .

—Sol La Farge.



### HELL

### SECOND HONOR

Some folk will sneer and claim there is  
no hell

Or Devil who reigns there with ce-  
men's fires;

But they forget the vile, slanderous  
liar's

Mouth is the red slimy cave where Libel,  
The most evil and vile, low down second-  
rel,

Lolls . . . . a red viper that, with his  
green ires

Vomits venom that simmers like hot  
wires

Poked into cold water by a yokel.

An accursed adder that vomits slime thru  
White bones that serve for Libel's  
white-washed fence,

And where his intolerable lie gate  
Is never closed to keep venomous dew  
From being sprayed on helpless Inno-  
cence,

From Libel's jealous, malicious hate.

—Ulysses Tallum.

## TRAPPED

### THIRD HONOR

Have you seen these creatures die  
While the bleeding hours go by—  
These poor mothers in the wood  
Robbed of joy and motherhood?  
Do you, when at night you kneel,  
See them in their traps of steel—  
Not alone by pain accurst,  
But by hunger and by thirst?  
Do you hear their dying cries  
When the crows pick out their eyes?

Yes, sometimes in dreams you hear  
Yells of agony and fear  
From the snare of iron teeth,  
With that panting thing beneath,  
For all night, where storms are whirled  
Groans are curdling the white world—  
Groans of mothers dying so,  
Groans of little ones that go  
Homeless, left hungry in the snow.

Ladies, are the furs you wear  
Worth the hell of this despair?

Edwin Markham.

## HONORABLE MENTION

Note by the Editor-in-Chief:

Poems for the Hall of Fame Square are voted on by the general membership from the Folios as they appear, but in voting, remember that I am barred from this honor, as my verses are receiving entirely too many votes that must die, according to rules, when received by me.

## I WENT AWAY

I went away, as one may go,  
When love is foiled and not aglow;  
I went to blot you from my brain,  
And sat within a rushing train,  
Which brot to view wide fields of snow,  
I saw brite lanes, as if for show,  
All gleaming white in endless row:  
And thus in piquant, cold disdain,  
I went away.

But each bare twig the wind could blow  
Revealed your eyes . . . and smiling so!  
And every gleam upon the plain  
Disclosed your face, and all was vain;  
I kept remembering more, altho  
I went away.

Emelda Deshaies.

## ROBIN REDBREAST

Welcome is your jaunty wing,  
Blightsome herald of the Spring.  
Robin Redbreast, best to me  
Of the feathered minstrelsy.  
Always drest in Sunday best;  
Trim frock-coat and glossy vest.  
Happily you chirp your song—  
"Cheer up! Cheer up!" all day long.  
Making play of finding food  
For your hungry little brood.  
Hopping thru the dew-grass deep,  
Seeking worms while sluggards sleep.  
Ever gay and debonair,  
Tho the day be dark or fair.  
Lessons you have taught to me,  
With your true philosophy.  
God's own voice, I think, is heard  
In your song, O, Happy Bird!

Leroy Alwin Wilton.

## A TRIBUTE TO THE WRIGHT BROTHERS

Long years  
ago  
the  
times  
were  
slow

Two brothers dreamed a dream:  
They little knew the plans they drew,  
Would in Earth's limelight gleam.

So we, today, on winged way  
Respect and praise, retain,  
For these brave men who fashioned then  
F m  
o a  
r n,  
the  
aeroplane.

Ella N. Davis.

Note—The above verse form is a *chap-eau bas*, (Hats off!) created by Drusilla Johnson in honor of the inventors of the airplane.

G. P. W.

## NOW

(Sonnette)

The words she spoke so long ago I hear  
As first I heard them from her lovely lips  
When we made many happy pleasure trips  
She sweetly speaking love phrases while near.

Now her seat within the auto is not  
Occupied by her when evening comes  
But her grave looms gray in a grassy spot.

Odus Cleo Sikes.



A PAGE OF POEMS TO ALBERT  
JAMES NORTON DECEASED POET  
RY REVIEWER OF THE FOLIO

ALBERT JAMES NORTON

A lawyer bent on learning all his ways  
He won his way to honor at the bar  
With character unsullied by a scar  
But turned aside from present fields to gaze

On mountain parks or studied long to raise

Some poor unfortunate from things  
that mar,

So lifted up his eyes as if a star—

A hope, a dream a brighter trail might blaze.

But dearer than the knowledge won by him,

Was his devotion and self sacrifice

To his dear wife: to watch the light grow dim,

Neglecting law for love— life's greatest prize,

But true through all the shadows dark and grim

He wooed his Alpine heights and lofty skies.

Washington Van Dusen.

—\*—

IN MEMORIAM

(Lines to the posthumous Editor of *Garlands For Gertrude Perry West*, Albert James Norton.)

Acclaim grows short of breath, and life must fade . . .

Into the Great Unknown, a friend has gone,

Who right and wisdom ever made his own:

In peacefulness his earthly walk he made;

When other men defied the good, and played

*Toto caelo* stakes with chance, and skeptic strown

The heights he sought to reach his dream's high throne . . .

Kept a faith in men fresh as a spring-time glade,

This matchless friend from out a world,  
most blind,

Winged in his silver ship, alone, abreast  
Of death, has proved that men can transcend time;

For over this poet's brow, whose best mind

Was to mock at darkness (an illumined quest)

Shines a glory all radiant and sublime.

Eugenie du Maurier Meredith.

\* \* \* \*

A SONG OF DEATH

(On the death of Albert James Norton)

—Villanelle—

Death, with his aero plane soared high  
O'er where a dying poet lay—

For, physically, poets die.

All through the night it rode the sky

And till the dawning of the day,

Death with his aeroplane soared high

A great man called to glorify

A paradise where poets stay —

For, physically, poets die.

His passing, though, made others cry;

Yet tender glider on his way,

Death, with his aeroplane soared high.

He took our friend: we wonder why,

And now, in vain, we plead and pray—

For physically poets die.

It was a June morn Death came by

And took his spirit far away:

And with his aeroplane soared high—

For physically poets die.

Gertrude Perry West.

OBITUARY

We deplore the death of Albert James Norton in 1930 who served on the Folio Staff as Poetry Reviewer and Pres. of Dist. No. 9 of The Bookmakers' League Robert Bridges, Poet Laureate of Gr. Britain and Pres. for Gr. B. for the Book makers. They both lived long and well.

Vladimir Mayakovsky Pres. of Russia for the Bookmakers' League, and Princess Kshene-nok of the Miami Indiana. (Her American name, Victoria Brady.)

## SONNETS ON GREAT MEN AND

## WOMEN AND OTHER POEMS

By Washington Van Dusen

It is a pleasant task for me to review Washington Van Dusen's book of sonnets and other poems. Of the seventy-five poems that make up the volume under review, some forty are sonnets and very appropriately form the leading part of the title.

These poems had appeared at various times in different high class London and American publications prior to their publication in the volume before me; twenty-five have been chosen in prize contests, and medals have been awarded the author by certain well-known literary societies.

I shall first deal at some length with the sonnets. All except three are of the allowed and strict Italian form in arrangement of the rhyme schemes of both octave and sestet. The poet employs only two rhymes in the sestet and has chosen the form c d e c d e as the rhyme arrangement in the sestets of all the sonnets except in those of the three referred to, which I shall notice a little later.

The arrangement of the rhymes of the two tercets of the sestet in the form of c-d-e c-d-e is generally stated by the most competent authorities on the subject to be the "truest Italian type and to conform best with the idea of the sonnet." These two arrangements and one other, c-d-e d-c-e are the types, according to the order of their rhymes, under which the greater number of the best Italian sonnets appear. I regard this poet's sonnets as, in this respect, in the highest class of Italian sonnets; and I have no doubt that he was well aware of what he was doing when he selected the rhyme-type that he chose for his sestet.

Each of three sonnets, *George Eliot*, *Doro's Mission*, and *The Flower of the Ghetto*, ends in a rhymed couplet and is irregular for that reason. Furthermore the second named sonnet has the rhyme

arrangement of the first four lines of the sestet c d c d, which is a slight departure from the order of the rhymes of the other sonnets.

The contrast between the vowel sounds of the rhymes of the octaves and those of the sestets, as a whole, is noticeable and agreeable. The vowels used in the rhyming words are, in the majority of cases, long and opposed in sound and thus give vigor to the thought and at the same time avoid monotony. The number of monosyllabic words forming the rhymes of the sonnets is surprisingly large, and these words are in keeping with the ideas expressed in the verses. There are, however, a good many couple rhymes, which impart a pleasing variation to the whole effect.

A majority of the highest authorities on the sonnet lay down the rule, more or less clearly, that to be strictly regular, the octave of an English sonnet (I feel sure the reviewer means an Italian sonnet written in the English language (C. P. W.)) in the Italian form must end in a full stop. A number of high authorities do not support this view, and there is at least one who declares that there should not be a full stop at the eighth line. Mr. Sharp in his introduction to *Sonnets of the Century* merely says that whether or not its octave, or major system, be marked by a pause in the cadence of the eighth line it must (unless cast in the Shakespearean mould) follow a prescribed arrangement in the rhyme sounds, and Leigh Hunt, in his *The Book of the Sonnet*, contains among other things, thirteen very carefully prepared *Rules of the Italian Sonnet*, says nothing about a full or any other kind of pause at the close of the octave. Milton and Wordsworth and nearly all of our greatest sonneteers often violated this rule.

All but five of Mr. Van Dusen's sonnets conform, as it seems to me, to this rule.

In his *Memories of Roosevelt* there is not only no pause at the end of the eighth line, but none until the ninth closes with a period. The octaves of the *George Eliot*



the *Harvard Voices* sonnets close with semicolons, in *Dore's Mansion* the eighth and ninth lines are enjambees. There is a comma after the second foot in the ninth line and a semicolon is placed at the end of the tenth. A comma closes the eighth line of a *Flower of Memory*. In these examples, even if the strict type of sonnet has been departed from in this regard, still the distinctive type has been preserved. Whether or not Mr. Van Dusen intended this departure from the strict Italian form, I am unable to say.

Another rule, it is claimed, requires the strict Italian sonnet to be written wholly in iambic pentameter. Swinburne and a few other English poets wrote sonnets in a different measure. In *Memories of Rembrandt* the first foot of the fifth line, making, is a trochee instead of an iamb, and this must, I suppose, greatly disturb the self-complacent purists in prosody who declaim against inversion — either of accent, as in this case, or of speech. Still it is better, I am quite sure, in most cases, if not in all, to keep the iambic norm throughout every line of a sonnet. The third line of the sestet in *Pasteur on the Ice* reads:

I deal of Virtue, Science or of art.  
I should scan:

I de al | of Vir | tue Sci | ence or |  
of Art.

The line may also be scanned:

I de | al of Vir | tue, &.

In the former case the first foot is an amphibrach — — —, and in the latter the second foot is an anapaest; and as the anapaest is merely an expanded iamb, the occasional substitution of an anapaest for an iamb, even in the strict Italian sonnet, should not be a matter of the first importance. The first line in the sestet of *The Public Library*, which reads:

But when they saw the library, hap-

py pair!

is not very felicitous; bra-ry-hap, an anapaest, I should scan.

What broader views will rise interminably!

is a line otherwise admirable, made harsh and prose by the long word —interminably. This line is the fourth of the octave in *The Mount of Vision*. In the sonnet *Shakespeare the Richest Man*, the word wand does not rhyme very well with land, rand and hand.

The thirteenth line of *Joan of Arc* reads:

But Death hallowed the Flower of  
Chivalry. It may be scanned:

But Death | hallowed the | Flower of |  
Chivalry,

giving three dactyls and only four stresses; but there are, I think, five periods or feet, pauses filling the time of one foot: *But Death | hallowed the Flower | of Life | any*, giving three iambic, one trochee and 1 anapaest. Probably the line should be so scanned, thus keeping nearer to the norm throughout its length.

The flaws that have been pointed out are, after all, only moles, not beams, in Mr. Van Dusen's poetic eye.

All prosodists agree that by far the most important feature of the regular Italian sonnet is the expression of one idea, sentiment, mood or emotion. Wordsworth said that the excellence of the sonnet seemed to him mainly to consist in unity. Our poet under review follows this rule quite as strictly in the sonnets before me as any of our great English sonnet-eers who have written a considerable number of sonnets in the regular Italian style. Each of the first eighteen sonnets is, with one exception, devoted to the presentation of some leading characteristic of a great or noted person of modern times. Among those thus honored are a few still living. There are a few other sonnets that come within this special personal class. A careful examination will disclose, I believe, the fact that in all of the sonnets the one idea appearing in the title is closely followed out, and ex-

aneous matter is rigidly excluded. A similar remark applies to the remaining sonnets.

In furtherance of this requirement, it is held that the single idea, or as the case may be, that is the theme of the sonnet, should be introduced in the first quatrain of the octave, developed or explained in the second, prepared for the conclusion formally made in the second. "This extreme of organic elaboration is not found in many English sonnets. It evidently does not suit the English genius." Milton's sonnet *Cyriac Skinner* is an excellent example of the strict Italian sonnet with the quatrains of the octave and the tercets of the sestet following the rule just stated; and Longfellow's *A Nameless Grave* seems to me perfect in this respect.

In the main, Mr. Van Dusen's sonnets are worked out, whether consciously or not, on the plan of elaboration laid down in the last two or three formulas. Among the best of his sonnets that observe these laws, I mention *Abraham Lincoln*, *A Kindly Light from Edison*, *Charles Lamb*, *Browning*, *John Keats*, *George Eliot*, *Rupert Brooke*, *Mary Pickford*, *Alan Seeger*, *Sir Oliver Lodge*, and *The Speeding Earth*. Still others might be mentioned as being in the same category.

*Roosevelt's Humanity and Memories of Roosevelt* do not seem to seem to me to follow the laws in question as those just named. This statement is, perhaps, true of several other of the author's sonnets; but whether elaborated in accordance with these strict rules or not, the reader has placed before him in each sonnet a great central thought, which is worked out in such a manner that he instinctively feels that in real essence it is sufficiently distinctive to be regarded as composed in conformity with the rules governing this class of sonnets.

There could hardly be a disagreement among the readers of these short poems in regard to their lofty sentiments and the profundity of thought expressed in them. There is no straining effect, and the diction is suited to the theme. The *Lincoln* and the two *Roosevelt* sonnets

are elegant and eloquent tributes to the two Presidents and their great qualities of soul. The censorious will take exceptions, however, to the line in *Dore's Mansion* which reads—

Proposed, why don't you build a fine cha-  
teau?

as being colloquial and undignified because of the word "don't". They would probably wish to substitute "why build you not," thus preserving the dignity of the sonnet throughout and at the same time keeping the meter perfect. The last two lines of the sonnet are:

He tapped his forehead, as he proudly  
said,

Why should I build? My castle is my  
head.

This is somewhat epigrammatic, and the words "My castle is my head" give a very ingenious turn to the idea of the whole sonnet and is in the nature of a surprise to the reader, while it calls forth his admiration at the wit and wisdom in this brief sentence.

For a combination of dignity with quick ingenious turn, profundity of thought, strangeness yet obviousness of idea when presented to the mind in the fine imagery employed by the poet, I think it would be hard to find another sonnet in the English language to surpass the one bearing the title *The Speeding Earth*.

*A Symbol of the Sonnet* resembles Theodore Watts-Dutton's famous *The Sonnet's Voice: a Metrical Lesson by the Sea-shore*, in that both poets resort to the restless, mysterious and impassioned music of the sea wrought by its billows breaking upon the shore, to illustrate the characteristics of the Italian sonnet. In the Watts-Dutton sonnet the words *rhymes* and *sonnet-waves* in the octave and *sonnet* in the sestet, all embodied in strong metaphorical language, bring before the reader's mind and hold it there, in a vivid picture, the theme of the poem. The word *sonnet* does not occur in our poet's lines, but only in the title. The reader is impressed with the energy and aptness of the "symbol"



figured forth for out in the ocean coming nearer and nearer and at last "pouring its mighty waters on the strand," and

In one resounding paean strong and brave

It rings its triumph o'er the golden sand.

The symbol is splendidly portrayed and the reader easily sees that it typifies the regular Italian sonnet. Watts-Dutton makes the application of the theme for the reader, but with rather elaborate imagery. Mr. Van Dusen leaves the reader to make the application for himself, but furnishes him with a single strong and simple piece of imagery for that purpose. I should like to make some analysis of each of the sonnets not already discussed, but space will not permit, and I content myself in closing this part of my review with a few remarks applicable to the entire collection of sonnets.

The sonnets are all lyrical, as they should be, and of a high quality in that respect. They are couched in appropriate diction. They are, with only here and there a rare exception in single lines, perfect in metrical form. They embody profound ideas in clear simple language. They contain no unworthy thought but on the other hand, proclaim lofty ideals. Their imagery is of a high, much of it of the highest order. Finally, there are many lines worthy of quotation, some for their beauty of thought and language; and some for their epigrammatic character and universality of application.

Half of the volume is devoted to poems on various subjects, ranging in length from two to four teen stanzas. No stanza in any poem exceeds eight lines. A number of the poems are entitled songs, and songs they are. I presume that all of them could easily be set to music; some of these poems are among the most beautiful in our language.

"Song of the Dawn" is an exquisite three stanza poem, each stanza being made up of four lines. The lines rhyme alternately. Lines two and four contain

eight syllables and lines two and four contain seven. The meter is trochaic and the verse runs smoothly. The last stanza illustrates the beauty of the thought and the graceful flow of cadenced lines:

Lift thine eyes! the vision prizing

As the dawn wakes ever new;

In eternal beauty rising,

Fresh as roses wet with dew.

"Highland Voices" is, in one respect, directly in contrast with the former. It is in iambic meter, but is exactly similar in all other respects. Its third stanza is as follows:

But still I heard a voice within

Ring like the sounding sea,

Above the earth's tumultuous din—

"Leave all and follow me."

"Echoes of Heaven" reveals the deep religious feelings and heavenly aspirations of the poet. The great Japanese mountain of "Fusiyama" is made the subject of a beautiful poem which emphasizes this element of the poet's nature.

"Sunrise on a Japanese Temple" is peculiar in its structure. It is trochaic in its rhythm. The lines are seven-syllabled eight lines to a stanza. The first four lines rhyme in couplets and the last four are in the *In Memoriam* form, the first and fourth lines rhyming, with the second and third lines enclosed by them and also rhyming. There are numerous examples of some such arrangement in poems composed centuries ago and much later, some beginning with a rhyming couplet followed by the *In Memoriam* arrangement with stanzas of nine lines, some ten-line stanzas, with the last eight in the form of two *In Memoriam* stanzas, and in the *York Plays* an eight line stanza having its first quatrain in alternate rhymes, and the last like that of the poem in question. The arrangement is very effective. Rossetti has a stanza of three unrhymed lines and four unrhymed lines and four lines in *In Memoriam* meter.

The five line stanza of the "Bay of Monterey" is peculiar in that the first and the last line of each stanza enclose

three lines in succession rhyming together and thus forming a tercet, except that in the last stanza there is only one rhyme sound for the five lines— a long. In the second and third stanza this sound is contrasted with that of e long; while in the first stanza it is contrasted with the broad sound of a as in balm. By this method alone, a pleasing variety is secured. The meter is trochaic throughout the poem.

The two stanzas, of eight lines each, of "Twilight in Paradise Valley" rhyme in couplets. The iambic cadence flows along gracefully through scenes and amid sounds of beauty and familiar rural life.

Mr. Van Dusen is fond of the refrain, as the last stanza of the fine poem— "In Old Japan" well illustrates:

But when our ferry crossed the sea  
His treaty set the empire free,

New life and thought awoke the isles,

But still the light of kindness smiles,

In Old Japan!

He often varies the refrain slightly, sometimes throughout the whole poem, sometimes not. Examples:

To the cliffs of Monterey!

Tints the bay of Monterey.

On the bay of Monterey.

Lull the shores of Monterey!

In this poem the first line of the first stanza runs—

Come and rest beside the Bay,

the second—

Come and dream beside the Bay,

and this line with slight variation stands at the head of each of the last two stanzas. In this way the effect is that of a refrain beginning as well as closing each stanza. "The road led on and on" is the burden of the four stanzas of the poem entitled "Great Horizons." The refrain "Forever fade and fade away" of the very beautiful "Fading Skies" is of the same character.

Many lines suitable for quotation are to be found in these poems, such as the following in "Immortelles."

The only flowers that never die

Are memories of happy days.

"Her mission" tells the short sweet story of a woman who did not paint, nor work in marble, nor sing a famous song: nor did she sweep "the keys with thrilling tone"

But cast herself in finer mould;  
She finely touched the hearts of men  
Reflecting heaven in her face,  
Men gazed and took new heart the while;

What matter that no special task  
Was hers amid life's toil and strife?  
She gave earth all that Heaven could ask:

Her presence was the bread of life.  
Elevated thought expressed in simple  
and harmonious language always characterises our poet's verse.

In "Peace in Heaven," a dreamlike picture of the distant island of Tahiti, each of seven four-line stanzas has in its first and third line internal rhyme:

Lo! the skies peer out blue, as the isle  
comes in view,

As our ship cleaves the sea, with her  
sails spreading free.

So ease and seas; relief and reef, etc.

In the soft languorous verse of "Hawaii is Calling Me" is a single line—

O, how bright is the light of thy smile,  
which contains a rhyme wholly within the line. The musical "Isle of Dreams" also has one line with internal rhyme—

An island fair awaits me there;

It is evident that the poet finds it easy to incorporate internal rhyme in his verse but he does not, as so many thus gifted do, abuse his facility in this direction and tire the reader.

"The Little Voyager" is a pathetic story in quatrains, rhyming in couplets of a little Breton boy whose father, a sea-captain, had perished beneath the waves. The urge of the sea was upon the boy. One day his mother took him to the sea shore. There she fell asleep, while the boy played, but finally awoke hearing the little fellow shout again



and again that he would be back:

His mother saw him sculling seaward  
fast,

And watched his fading form until the  
last;

The night came on; she scanned the sea  
and shore

Till morning came, but saw her boy no  
more.

The volume closes with the "First Battle of the Marne," a spirited poem of seven eight-line stanzas, the lines rhyming alternately. It, like many of his other poems, shows five descriptive powers.

The *In Memoriam* meter is a fitting vehicle for the fine tribute to the great Master and "The Holy Land in "An Afterglow in Galilee," "The Bride of St. Francis" is a weird tale illustrating a great truth. The last stanza is as follows:

Then poverty rose clear and bright.

Her dismal weeds aside she hurled,

And dressed in white stood in the  
light,

The Beauty of the world.

In the third line is another instance of the author's use of internal rhyme.

"The Golden Pass" is a sympathetic story of the first view by the Mormons of their future home in the Great Salt Lake Valley. The stanzas are composed of six lines, the first and last rhyming, and the four enclosed lines rhyming in couplets.

The longest poem in the volume is that of "Sister Madeline." The good sister found it very hard to give up her freedom and live behind convent walls, when she looked back to her childhood days spent among the beautiful scenes around the Bay of Naples. Six pentameter lines, except the last, which is a line of only two feet, make up each stanza. The poet seems fond of short lines at the close of stanzas and employs them in a judicious manner in a number of his pieces. He finds the brotherhood of man reaching to the stars, as can be seen by running through the poem entitled "Autumn in Mars." Like the rest, it is a fine

lyric in most mellifluous verse.

In closing this review, I am prompted to generalize somewhat. In my opinion Mr. Van Dusen is entitled to rank very high as a poet, so far as can be judged by a careful study of the contents of the volume before me for criticism in the broader sense of that term. The sonnets and other poems under consideration will appeal to those who love fluent, musical cadences; and, notwithstanding the fact that a large number of poetry lovers profess to be greatly enamored of rough, harsh, irregular measures, I believe that the former class is much the longer.

Rhythm is one of the great laws of the universe and all it contains down to the minutest atom.

Mr. Van Dusen writes rhythmical verse and varies it, as has been shown in the course of this review, by different devices known to the poet. He carefully avoids the monotony that follows unvaried rhythm and interests and inspires the reader. The poet has not in the poems under consideration attempted any startling innovations. He has employed usual forms, although in a few cases in a somewhat unusual way. The prevailing meter of his verse is iambic; but he also shows himself a master of trochaic versification. A few anapaests occur in his lines and two or three examples of his use of dactyls appears. His lines rarely exceed ten syllables in length, and his use of very short lines is seen only at the close of stanzas, with two or three exceptions, mostly as refrains. In a few of his poems the figure of anaphora, or epimaphora, is used with good effect, that is, several successive lines begin with words having the same initial letter, as in "Sister Madeline,"

With vines, &.,

Whose rose-wreathed, &.,

With vistas fair, &.,

When mountains, &.,

Mr. Van Dusen's chief reliance for a favorable verdict from the poetry reading public, is then, upon the simple, musical quality of his verse, his employment

of perfect poetic diction, imagery, some subtle turns of thought, profound ideas, a high moral standard, and the most elevated religious sentiments, all clothed in appropriate form and expression. I commend Mr. Van Dusen's collection of poems to all lovers of real poetry and especially to all those who may be entering upon a poetic career. These poems may well be their models and their inspiration

Albert James Norton.

Note—I hope those who sent books for review will pardon me for keeping my promise to the deceased author by publishing the foregoing review in its unbridged form; it being posthumously published. Other reviews will appear in future issues of the Folio. To benefit from this very technical review, one should, by all means, possess a copy of the book that is the inspiration for this colorful review. Copies may be bought from the author at 133 West Washington Lane, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa. G. P. W.

**CLASH OF ANGELS** By—Jonathan Daniels—Brewer and Warren, New York City, \$2.00.

Of all the original and unique novels which have appeared in the last few years is one in which the author has originated a war in heaven when the angels rebelled, according to Biblical theological and mythological lore, against their heaven mate later, Lord and Master, Jehovah, the God of Fertility of the Babylonians, (and we do not know how many other nations and cities of forgotten civilizations claimed him before then) and Lucifer, one of the angelic hosts, was thrown "over the edge" of heaven for his naughtiness. It is a vivacious entry into the literary fields, and the author dares much in daring to defy the believers in Jewish theology or more correctly, mythology, in creating this piece of cynical literary craftsmanship which is founded on the first colony of lovers founded, as the Christians believe, by their deity who now has three heads; the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

The scene is laid in heaven and will be accepted by the followers of Jehovah, as an assault on Ezra's Biblical account in Genesis of the creation. The author is appreciating this attack by the fundamentalist hounds when he remarks: "To what end it (the book of Genesis) has come is a matter for the reader."

To comment on the book will draw out many clerical attacks; yes, many more than even Elmer Gantry, the Sinclair Lewis sensational novel of cynicism.

Lewis took his characters from the human horde to represent the people overriden by priests of different denominations and same creeds; but young Daniel has gone past the Golden Gate of the Celestial plateau for his characters of illicit love, vice and intrigue.

The mutations of the arch-angels in paradise are handled without gloves; a crusading youth's gloves, but sufficient. He does not only include cynicism, but irony of humor, as well. And it is maintained until the last toe of Lucifer is thrown overboard, by his enemies, into hell.

The author displays his gall in having introduced Lucifer as the hero of the story, and virtually spits his cynicism in the face of the upholders of the escapades of Jehovah and the Christian Bugger, Gabriel, the Pan of Christianity, as the villains.

Several affairs of love are a part of the novelist's scheme, but the most outstanding, is that of Lucretia whom he won from Jehovah by his intelligence and Gabriel, the God of Culture, but to get what the book is, and what it means to the coming generations as a cynical work of art, one must read it; not merely to be reading; but to learn with the daring young intellectual author the humorous conception of the Clash of Angels which reveals the ridiculousness of the whole plan of the Christian religion, as viewed by a skeptic.

Odus Cleo Sike

ERNEST HARTSOCK, an APPRECIATION; Edited by—Benjamin Mussen



A labor of love is always beautiful no matter how inadequately done; but Ben Musser's *Ernest Hartsock, An Appreciation* is so far from being inadequately done that it is an eminently fitting tribute to one of the South's truly great sons.

The likening of Hartsock to Keats is justified even though he was only beginning to show what he would have been as he been spared to reach the maturity of his powers, while Keats had already reached his noon-day splendor when he was taken from us.

The heart-break of a recent bereavement has not made Musser's tribute to his friend the less sane and cheering. He refuses to be cast down and he will not let us be cast down: "The man is gone, yes; but his work and influence will ever remain with us to help and comfort."

It is hard to say upon which tribute confers the greater honor, the author or his subject. The book is not for sale, but is for gifts to their friends.

Clyde Robe Meredith.

Note—Ben Musser has been elected a Life Member of the Bookmakers as a memorial to Ernest Hartsock. C. P. W.

History of Okefenokee Swamp by Alexander S. McQueen and Lamp Mizell, Press of Jacobs and Co. Clinton, S. C.

(Order copies from A. S. McQueen, \$2.00, Folkston, Ga.) This is an entertaining history of one of Nature's wonderlands which is situated in Charlton and Ware Counties in South Georgia. In it is told many fascinating historical and nature stories, it being a place of many historical events and this book should be read by all nature lovers. The data was furnished by Mr. Mizell, a native lumberman and the book compiled and written by Mr. McQueen, or "Colonel" McQueen as lovers are entitled in Georgia, neither of the authors aspiring as writers, but the book shows no less a remarkable aptness for the author who wrote the book with a vigorous pen. One can not, if they are looking for a book of gripping excitement and real enjoyment, find it

by going further, or go amiss by ordering a copy of this splendid history.

Odus Cleo Sikes.

This *My New England* by George Scott Gleason, is not a book for an idle hour; it demands the reader's undivided attention. The author is not in the least abstruse; his meaning is simple and perfectly clear; but he has attempted to deliver an almost purely emotional message through the medium of formal, rather than strictly, free verse. An interesting attempt approaching close to complete success. His music does not flow from any orchestral instrument but from an aeolian harp swept by every wind that blows, and for that reason is never cloying. His message is the appeal all nature makes to his heart; grave and thoughtful but always sweet and clean. And always he makes his readers feel what he wishes them to feel. This book and its author are not for today, alone.

Eugenie du Maurier Meredith.

HONORS:— Among honors that are the most touching and appreciated among several others since the last Folio, is the founding of the "Knights and Redmen of the West," an order of chivalry by the local young men and girls in my honor, and the intention of planting of trees along the left side of First Ave., (recently termed Lovers' Lane before the Bookmakers' Camp was founded on it) by them in the Autumn or Spring and name them for the local poets who contribute to the Poets' Corner of the Callahan News, and some others connected with the local school. The first tree, a sweet gum at the intersection of Mickler St., and First Ave., which nature planter, has already been named for me and dedicated to the Bookmakers by the order's President, Theodore Revella (Red) Fusell a promising poet of St. Petersburg Fla. and graduate of the local school. The row of trees will be called: Poets' Row. The uniform of the order is a red shirt. Red has been elected a Life Mem-

ber of the Bookmakers in appreciation.

To be so honored by the young folk of my adopted village is among the highest ever shown me, and I hereby extend to them my humble thanks, far words are inadequate to express a greater appreciation. This honor is sacred.

Gertrude Perry West.

Note—Emelda Deshaies, D. C. President for the Bookmakers' and Custodian of Bookmakers' Poetry for District No. 2 of the Bookmakers, has established a Bookmakers' Scrap Book at 1011 M St. Washington, D. C. to which poets from all over may contribute poems of not more than thirty lines for 25 cents each.

### BOOKMAKERS

God plants, within each human breast,  
Some talent. It may be song,  
Or love, or work, or touch that heals.  
It is for some, to paint, in colors rare,  
A canvas that will mellow with the years  
And blend its shades in nuances of myster-

y  
To show to men the beauteous hills of  
God;

But yours, O, Happy Throng, it is to  
sing

In words of lilting, lyric strain,  
Life's gamut, in a joyous, sweet refrain!  
Be yours to touch the magic flute  
Of words, and by their art compute  
The realm of man: to paint beauties of  
each others joy

In colors bright and fair with no alloy.

M. de Leon maus.

Note—June 25, 1931, is the 5 birthday of  
the Bookmakers.

G.P.W.

### PERVERSTY

Let me sing sweetly of sorrow . . .

(Carols of joy will come after)

Now that the youth of me savors

Less of despair than of laughter.

I would sing sweetly of sorrow,

(Knowing it not, how I woo!)

Who can interpret a magic  
While she is journeying through?

Let me sing sweetly of sorrow . . .

(When youth is gone, I will shun it)

Now it is gossamer-flimsy,

Now in my Spring let me sun it.

When I grow old and must wife it . . .

(Far and away be the years!)

Then will I ripple my laughter

Out of a chalice for tears.

Bertha Williams.

### SPRING

Another Spring is here in her new  
dress

And April rain and sunshine in new  
May

Have come again to help and bless

To tell once more of resurrection day.

All life has been entombed in Winter's  
night

And seeds that slept beneath the icy  
plains

Burst forth in new fragrance with col-  
ors bright

To prove immortal life forever reigns.

The fledglings in their nest and sleep-  
ing long

Were waiting in little secret shell

And baby's soul has now a new-born  
song

Because of mothers'-love and all is well

For Christ did, to us, his life and  
death give:

He rose again, so likewise, we must  
live.

Bertram Day.

### THE TEMPERING

A veil like gossamer, of saffron yellow,  
Was flung across the silver moon and  
sea;

A mist set all the stars to glowing  
mellow

As unwashed gold— for you had gone  
from me!

Jo Hartman.



THE ELEMENTS GOD AND NATURE

(Written May 8 — 1924)

At the flash of the lightning;  
The roaring of the thunder;  
You look and gaze with amazement  
As you stand there and wonder  
What it all really does mean;  
It is from the great beyond;  
The place you have not seen:  
Nature's secret hidden forces  
That are running wild;  
Waiting to be harnessed  
And tamed like a child;  
Lightning is very old;  
Forces of Nature to be controlled.

Carl, D. S. M.

READER DIAGNOSING DESCRIBING  
CLAIRVOYANT AND MEDIUM

One question will be answered free if you send this Add. and enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope. This is for sincere people, only. Distance is no barrier to me. Be sincere when you write. Send letter in closed room. Do not write me for mere curiosity. I value time and do this work to help people. I have answered thousands well pleased, well satisfied patrons. Confidential personal readings by letter, \$2.00, to sincere people. Free questions answered without this advertisement sent in your letter.

All letters returned with their answer. Time has proven my prophecies and my readings. I do not broadcast.

Add. — Carl, D. S. M., 513 Zane Highway, Martins Ferry, Ohio. U. S. A.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP & OF  
THE BOOKMAKERS' FOLIO.

I, Gertrude Perry West, being duly sworn before a qualified officer of the law, depose and say that I am the owner and editor of the Bookmakers' Folio and there are no mortgages or other indebtedness against it.

Signed: Gertrude Perry West.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this the 10 day of June, 1931. A. A. Jones

THE GROWTH OF A TREE

The growth of a tree is a mystery  
To me;  
Perhaps old Pluto pushes through  
The dew  
And mossy ground to feel around  
With hand and fingers in the sky;  
Perhaps a bird-god builds up high,  
A home for birds and builds at night,  
Limb on limb by full moonlight  
And pulls them out by slow degree—  
A tree;  
The growth of a tree is a mystery  
To me.

Charles L. Mann.

AN ACROSTIC

Greetings for a glad New Year:  
E very wish sincere and true;  
R ing the bells from far and near  
T houghts that echo ever new.  
R ainbow cloudlets scarce conceal  
U nderneath the sunshine's bright;  
D ecember's snows will soon reveal  
E aster joy blent with delight.

A. M. Harrington.

President of England for The Bookmakers.

1931 WITH APOLOGIES TO THE  
ROOSTER

Kindly accept a new-laid egg  
For one you sent to me.  
Though late for this year it will be  
In time for two or three.  
Fresh and warm for New Year's Day,  
This, my latest Lay.

A. M. Harrington.

Attention:

Send 3 cents for a copy of The Poets' Bulletin and other literature of interest to poets to Anton Romatka, 6 E. 14 St., New York City.

Note— The Bookmakers' Italian Sonnet Contest ended June 1 1931 and the winner will be announced as soon as possible. Their Rondeau Contest commenced when the other closed; \$500.00 being offered for the best rondeau by a Member.

## SEMPRE IN MEMORIA

Che vallo a pensare a te?  
 Andato teni sei, senza dolore  
 E vera che non pensi mai, mai a me?  
 Ma io penso sempre quel ore,  
 Che noi passeggiavamo insieme  
 Con un cuore chi repente  
 Io penso a te.

Sotto chiaro della luna  
 Noi sognavamo - -  
 Sotto le stelle vigilante  
 Passegiavamo - -

Ma ore - - che rimasti -  
 Sol un memoria  
 Quel ore, quel passegi, col  
 Tempo scomparsino - - ma

In Memoria sei con Me!

Marie Velardi

## RETROSPECT

Long the wild roses have blossomed and  
 fallen,

Our faces between:

Long the white clover has scattered its  
 pollen,

Down over the green;

Many the springs that have garnished  
 the gardens,

In bridal array,

Since we here revelled beneath the tree-  
 wardens,

That sheltered our play.

Still I can hear your sweet voice as it  
 called me,

So long time ago;

Seems I can see the dear face that en-  
 thrall'd me;

Its magical glow

Is bright in my memory with pictures of  
 child-hood,

That you shared with me,

Soon will be this tangled old wild-wood,

That is left of us three.

Jessie M. Gilmore

## MOONFLOWER

The ardent wooing of the sun is not for  
 you;

Too many blossoms share his golden  
 smile;

Your dainty nature bids you wait on  
 suitor true;

In faith, delay florescence for awhile

In hammock green, appareled as a bride  
 you lie;

In cool of nights and dream sweet  
 dreams of bliss,

Until your lover moon steals softly up  
 the sky,

And bends to wake you with a silver  
 kiss.

Elizabeth Masters

## WHAT?

You could not be my critic

Or more you would criticize;

A bud would understand me

A pal would sympathize;

You could not be an enemy

Or through deception you would rue

A friend would be more friendly

Pray tell me, what are you?

You could not be my lover;

So soon you would not forget;

O, I have not decided

What you are, to me; yet.

Eleanor Ellis

## COMMUNION

On a forest path, on a Summer night

We walked amid the magic glow

Of moonlight through the latticed leaves

Mosaiced on the sward below.

Years after, on the same worn path,

Dear One; by mortal eyes unseen

More closely, Mine; you walk with me,

Beneath each springtime roof of green.

Pearle Casey.

Note— This issue of the Folio having  
 been delayed on the press, the advertise-  
 ment on the back of it is dead June 1 '81.

rondeau is the next Contest form.



## TIME TO SOW OUR GARDEN

My father was a frugal man  
 And did not waste his time,  
 And when the sun had put a ban  
 Upon Old Winter's clime  
 His conversation was sure to lead  
 To putting in our garden seed.  
 He kept them in a paper sack  
 That from a rafter swung  
 Beneath a yellow almanac  
 That taught his blessed tongue  
 These words to which we all agreed;  
 It's time to plant our garden seed.  
 Our thoughts were all of one accord  
 As Dad would mount his chair  
 And, reaching up, untie the cord  
 That held the sack up there,  
 While in his face we all could read:  
 It's time to plant our garden seed.  
 But years have past, I must avow;  
 And Father's gone beyond recall;  
 But every spring these words, somehow  
 Into my ears most gently fall  
 And to my soul they softly plead,  
 It's time to sow our garden seed.

Floyd W. Hoover

## APRIL

Quiet calm of the forest floor  
 As I open wide the fairy door  
 And enter silently the mystic fen  
 Where play the brownie men.  
 Almost inaudibly I fear  
 To make a motion for I hear  
 The flower conversation  
 Of the woods' convocation.

Henry Flury.

THE SOLDIER IS AN OVERSEER  
OF INDUSTRY

The soldier is a *Simon Legree*  
 To whip you into slavery;  
 No limber blacksnake does he crack  
 Above your bowed and sweaty back;  
 But bayonets of cold, blue steel;  
 So smooth, so keen, you scarcely feel  
 Them rip you up till you are dead  
 And machine guns fill you full of lead.  
 A chattel slave master buried his slave  
 But your master denies you a grave

Mariel Wright.

## THREE LOVES -- THE BEAUTIFUL

(To Morjorie Bruce)

One gave, she told me; all her soul, but  
 kept  
 Her marble lips untouched and shun-  
 ning love  
 As if his act might blight the bliss  
 thereof;  
 The other heaped on me her art that  
 slept  
 With luxury but lacked what men ex-  
 pect;  
 A fond and loving heart: and so, they  
 strove  
 Like dying flowers against wild winds  
 that drove  
 Them on the rocks, as on, they madly  
 swept.  
 Then came the one whose soul and sense  
 unite,  
 Like starlight from out the ethered  
 blue,  
 In perfect dew-kissed bloom that told  
 Life's rule.  
 Such union is true love's supreme delight  
 Outshining all by being love that knew  
 The ecstasy of love in Nature's  
 school.

John A. Kames.

## TRUE BEAUTY

Beauty lies in the inmost soul,  
 Not in charms of form and face;  
 Not in part but in the whole  
 Human temple lit by grace.  
 What is lovelier than the rose?  
 Fragrant joy its odor brings  
 Or lark's song as it goes  
 Heavenward on happy wings?  
 Beauty arms the warrior knight;  
 Courage breathes when fears assail  
 And bids him strike for God and Right,  
 In whose cause he must prevail.  
 Fairest of God's works and end—  
 Woman— beautiful, tender, true,  
 Mother, sister, loving friend;  
 Calling men to triumphs new.  
 Beauty lies in deed and thought;  
 Not in winsome form or face;  
 Helpful act in kindness wrought;  
 Honor, truth— spiritual grace.

W. Mercer Lewis.

## SONG OF SORROW

shall climb the heights  
 In the stairway of the hills  
 Out of my sorrow,  
 Where breath of ferns, at night,  
 And song of birds in sight  
 Soothe my fevered soul.  
 I shall climb the heights.

And I shall dance again  
 Among the tear-drops  
 Through the ripple of the rain.  
 Yes, I shall weave  
 Bracelets of daffodils  
 To hide the marks of pain.

I shall dance again.

I shall scatter the star-dust  
 Of new dreams  
 In my wind-tossed hair;  
 With sandled-feet, tread the ashes  
 Of old dreams  
 Smoldering, broken, there.

Star-dust in my hair.

Dorothy V. Wein.

\* \*

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE

Shall I describe to you a haunted place?  
 It stands alone, apart, unloved, forgot;  
 A sheltered and secluded, lonely spot  
 It hugs dim shadows in its still embrace  
 The ravages of time seem to efface  
 All signs of beauty, A decaying rot  
 Has brought desolation and as a lot  
 I felt forboding loneliness, apace.

It reaches out with haunting, ghostly  
 hands.

And holds me when I come within its  
 power

As though to smother me, or so it  
 seems.

I feel the closing in of strangling bands  
 And yet, I linger there, hour after  
 hour . . .

You note, it is my house of shattered  
 dreams.

Olive Scott Stainby.

Note. We reserve the right to review  
 and revise all accepted poetry before we  
 publish it and we only accept poetry of  
 our members or of those who join the  
 Bookmakers' League of Writers. G.P.W.

## THE BREWER

I saw the sun at dawn, ascend a hill  
 And dip a golden spoon into the dew;  
 Upon the aromatic wintergreen:  
 Then, beamed and waited for his tea to  
 brew.

Pearle Adoree Rawling.

\* \*

## CACTUS BLOOMS

A chalice of gold on top a green lobe,  
 Greet's the eye of the passer-by  
 As the Texas plains in their rich June  
 robe

Unfold under a blue ceiled sky,  
 Bright and gorgeous as the young morn-  
 ing sun,

Colorful as the twilight's blush,  
 It sweetly chants the resurrection  
 That follows the night of life's hush.

Pearle Burke Wells.

\* \*

## LIKE SNOW

The apparel of the morning is like snow;  
 At evenfall soiled clothes are laid away  
 Within a solemn locker, where decay  
 Per glutton countenance may never show

With those unspotted, murky we stow  
 The cast-off rags whose price we sadly  
 pay;

The apparel of the morning is like snow;  
 At evenfall soiled clothes are laid away

When Morpheus snuffs, tonight, the can-  
 dle-glow,

And in the darkening changes of the  
 gray,

A knell is heard to mark the death of  
 day,

Then laundering forever, we forego.  
 The apparel of the morning is like snow.

Cyril Crique.

Exchange—VISIONS, Medium of Ex-  
 pression, of American Writers' Society.  
 1034 N. La Salle St. Chicago, Ill.



## ENFIN

Because I loved you once with all the  
flame

My throbbing heart could echo at your  
call

And since this was too little or too much  
For you, I find I love you not at all.

You dimmed the flame that snouldered  
in my breast;

You reached for stars that hung above  
your head

Knowing full well that stars are not for  
you,

And, strangely, at your blindness, my  
love, fled.

I offered you the greatest gift I had:

You turned away from this great love I  
bore,

And since you spurned it once, my weary  
heart

Is far too proud to linger any more.

Marion Alden Campbell.

\* \* \*

## FIRELIGHT TREASURES

Grandfather sits by the fire-place,  
Intently looking with vim,  
Something he sees in the fire-light  
Is of great interest to him.

Hiding behind him in shadows

I was astonished to see

Flashed on the background before us

Pictures as plain as could be.

Mansions and castles, all golden;  
Cities with lights all aglow;  
Large steam-boats skimming the ocean;

Mountains all covered with snow;

Showers of diamond set jewels;

Rivers of pure liquid gold;

Rainbows of promise and gladness;

Heaven and riches untold.

Gathering the bent form before me;

Hugging him close to my breast.

God, in his infinite wisdom,

Had taken him home to rest!

Now, as I look in the fire-light,

Watching the treasure-trove there,  
Grandfather's face comes before me.  
Singing with the angel hosts, fair.

Pearle Harris Heffner.

\* \* \*

## A SONG OF FAITH FOR FLORIDA

For the beauty of the earth  
And the wonders of creation,  
For the land that brought to birth  
Our great and mighty nation,  
And this state of palm and pine,  
Of sparkling lake and river,  
In our hearts and lives, O, Lord:  
Be praise to Thee, the giver!

As of old, our fathers wrought  
And labored for thy glory;  
So, may we, with humble hearts,  
Again, repeat the story - -  
Serving thee, our Florida:  
That thou, in turn, may nourish  
Sturdy sons and daughters - - -  
So our land may flourish.

Sidney W. Young.

\* \* \*

## AFTER THOUGHTS

In this nut of endeavor  
That I broke with much labor  
Is something to eat,  
It is meat,  
Good and sweet.

But what did I hope to find  
With such work in the hard, tough bird?

Had I shattered a cocoon's soft redoubt  
Would a butterfly have come out?

Ethel King.

## SAGEBRUSH COUNTRY

The gray hills sleep like kittens  
Weary from too much play.  
I shall not reach to pat them - -  
They might wake and run away.

Isabel Perry Neill.

Attention: Our next \$500.00 Contest will  
be for the best Rondeau, beginning June  
1 1931. Only Boomakers may compete.  
Join now. Send stamp for information.

## THE STRAITS OF MACKINAW

The coppered sun sinks slowly down aslant

The lovely Straits of Mackinaw,  
The rolling waves sing endlessly their chant

Upon the shores of Mackinaw.

What strange processions have thronged this gate,

The trail to mine and wood and fur—  
The priest, the trapper, the Indian and his mate,  
The soldier-sailor conqueror.

What endless lines of rugged men have come—

Indian, Saxon, French;  
Have fought and toiled till epic life was done,  
Then passed to death's cold trench.

Empires have ebbed, republics have grown strong;

Dynasties have fallen in time;  
But, Mackinaw's tides flow, untired, a long  
Unchanged by centuries, subline.

A millenium! what is that to waters deep  
Or a hundred winters cold?

Behind the swirling current and fallen p ne,

Nature lives, quenchless, as of old.

The headlands boldly hold their own  
Beneath the quiet light,  
The tall pine trees which edge the town,  
Still claim their living right.

Man's life is one day's shining of the sun  
Above the Straits of Mackinaw.

The Straits abide; man, to decay, must come,

Swallowed by Death into his hungry maw.

Gone are Marquette, Nicolet and Brule;  
Gone, too, the British flag!

Gone, the priests, canoe and totem pole:

Gone, Hiwatha, from the crag.

We, too, must die, though great our modern pride;

Must sink like yonder scarlet sun,  
Must leave our century with its giant stride,

Its solid triumphs just begun.

And other eyes shall see these charming sights,

The saffron sun to crimson turn,  
Near the waves splash and see the evening lights

And watch the lighthouse brightly burn.

Then, let me lean and rest my soul on that

Which under girds the world,  
That Flow of Everlasting Life whereat  
In vain the blasts of death are hurled.

(Rev.) William C. S. Pellowe.

\* \* \*

## THE TRIM BURGEOIS

Gabriel, angel whom the Lord sent down,  
Told Zacharias two thousand years ago  
And made him speechless as a sign to know,

That unto him in his Judean town  
Elizabeth would bear a son to crown;  
That he would baptist be for high and low

And locusts and honey make meet his *vow*

While skins of camel's hair would be his gown.

John proved his mission— was a welcome guest,

The gospellers tell us, for unto him  
They came from all Judea and Galilee

Men seeking out The Baptist in their quest

To be baptized and turn from sin.  
The trim

Burgeois was all a forerunner should be.

Murray L. Marshall.



## MY CROSS

"Mother" I called her for many years;  
 She knew my joys and shared my tears,  
 I see her clearly now as I write;  
 She is dying today without any fright;  
 With soft black hair and smooth skin;  
 Eyes without guile; a soul without sin.  
 Her roughened hands show her sacrifice,  
 Ever ready to serve as she gives advice.  
 Thousands of steps her feet have taken;  
 Her faith in God has never been shaken;  
 Secrets were whispered in her ears:  
 Many told her their hopes and fears:  
 Her sweet spirit shed rays of light  
 Which gave the weak courage to fight;  
 She is going to the God she serves  
 To rest that her soul deserves.  
 She has been a friend and mother to me;  
 When she has gone, how lonely I'll be!  
 She is all that is left of the long ago  
 When I was young with hopes aglow.  
 She guided my steps by faith and love  
 And I shall feel her presence from above.  
 When she has gone to dwell up there,  
 How I shall miss her, filled with despair!  
 As a child and in young motherhood  
 Her spiritual presence by me stood.  
 Her influence I felt when miles away  
 Whether at night or during the day.  
 When temptation and poverty stalked,  
 She took my hand and with me walked.  
 I felt her hold and belief in me;  
 It kept me steady, strong and free  
 To carry on until, today,  
 Death is taking her away  
 My hair is white; a grandmother, too;  
 To her, I have tried to be loyal and true.  
 Sometimes I failed and caused her pain;  
 Now, I shall never see her again.  
 She loves me yet I am glad to know . . .  
 This mother of mine who is about to go.  
 My heart cries out against her loss;  
 Another sorrow; a heavy cross.  
*Aloah oe!* \* Dear Mother of Mine:  
 You are, forever, immortally divine.

Vera Jane Pease. (Princess Akikita.)

Note. The above verses were written to my foster mother poet, Harriet Gray.

\* The italicized words are Hawaiian for "Farewell to thee."

V. J. P.

## MOTHER

Beware, O, Children of Today!

You know not what you miss

When you, neglect to pray,

And shun your mother's kiss.

Love her while you can, My Dears;

She lives for you, you know;

The older she becomes in years,

More appreciative grow.

Do not leave her alone

With your heart filled with hate;

She is the precious thing you own

And be not a small ingrate.

Mary Emma Hall.

\*—\*

## RESCUE

He sued for favor found among fat kings  
 And scorned to call a simple dog his  
 friend;

Fine words are soft, with smiles of flattery;

A dog, it was, who saved him in the end.

A slight mis-step; he floundered in the mire;

The princes passed upon the firm, white sands;

The dog leaped in and dragged him to the edge

And licked the slime from off his stiffened hands.

Dorothy Garrison.

\*\*

## I ASK NO PITY

Just the mere pressure of your hand

And simple words, "I understand;"

No other pity from your lips;

Just your clasping finger tips.

No flowing phrases well prepared;

Just the knowing that you cared,

For things like this can touch a heart

And bids our troubles to depart.

Reta Crawford Danahy

Attention:

Muses' Lore, A Bookmakers' Anthology is now off the press uncommercially published in brochure form and edited by Gertrude Perry West. Poems from the Folio. Your poem may be in it. \$1. a copy

## MOUNT MITCHELL'S SUMMIT

The beautiful story just can't be told  
Of the wonderful mountains, fold on  
fold,

Nor of dark green valleys so far be-  
low

Where brooklets, creeks and rivers  
flow.

No artist can paint the beauty found  
there

Of peaks on peaks and valleys so fair,  
No words can portray the scene from  
the tower

As the clouds drift by, the peaks to  
devour.

There's nothing more beautiful in all  
the world

Than mountains and valleys before one  
unfurled,

Or to gaze for miles and miles around  
Where rivers, cities and lakes abound

The top-most peak points up towards  
heaven

In feet it is six thousand seven hundred  
and eleven,

And when you have made the last  
short climb

You feel the chilled air as in mid-  
winter time.

Mount Pinnacle points almost as high,  
They both seem almost to reach the sky  
So if you've not seen it for pleas-  
antness, do;

It is the prettiest spot in the Land of  
the Blue.

Vera Mae Kelly.

From The Asheville N. C. Citizen.

Attention!

FOR EROS, on the opposite page,  
should have been accredited to Edward  
Lennon as the author, to whom I apolo-  
gise for erroneously omitting his name  
at the ending.

G. P. W.

## LAUGHTER LAND

Come O. Momus, take my hand;

Let us go to Laughter Land!

Join Naiad's play by brooks that gleam  
Where Narcissus wooed the stream!

In glens where Amphion moved the  
stones,

With a lyre's melodious tones;

Come with Aeolus on Spring's wing,

To sup with Eros, the love-god king.

Come O, Momus, let us be free!

Gods eat ambrosia, so may we.

To drink nectar is joyful bliss;

Come, Momus; away to this!

Oreon Marie McKee.

## MANY A SLIP

A saucy bird hopped and at me cocked  
his eye:

"Twitty-wit-wit!" he chirped with a sigh

Now, prithee, Sweet Bird; can you fly?

"Twitty-wit-wit!" was his only reply.

O, Pretty Bird: to fly, you must try!

But he chirped: "Twit-wit-twit-witty-  
twit-twy!"

But bad boys will come and then, you  
may die!

He pensively chirped: "Twitty-wit-why?"

Close to the bird I drew very near

As he chirped and twitted, some salt to  
apply;

But a flirt of his tail and a flutter of  
fear,

Was all that I caught, for that bird can  
fly!

Ida Wilson Zealear.

Note:— I wish to call special attention  
to the poems in this issue of the Book-  
makers' Folio of Odus Cleo Sikes as they  
are highly educational in the fixed forms  
and for this reason his poems have been  
given much space so other poets may  
learn from them. They have all been pub-  
lished in the POETS' CORNER of the CAL-  
LAHAN NEWS, which corner I edit. GPW



## ROGUES

(Form: Cinquain)

Houris,  
Are those rogues  
Who work night and day,  
Stealing our best loved and dearest,  
For Death.

Odus Cleo Sikes.

## HE WENT AWAY

(To My Britisher On Armistice Day  
1930 )

He went away when buggles blew  
To call to arms, except a few,  
The men and boys to foreign wars;  
"To whip the Kaiser's brave Hussars"  
And when I bade him last adieu,  
I seemed to feel it, and I knew  
What likely from it would ensue  
To leave upon my heart these scars  
When at our last sad interview,  
He went away.

Long since the yearly calendars  
Have shown the months like gray friars  
Passing me by in plain review  
That does no hope to me renew  
Since to cruelest of all wars  
He went away.

Gertrude Perry West

## NAMELESS

I loved you once, when you were young  
You merely laughed, stuck out your  
tongue.

I loved you swinging on a gate,  
Your scorn but scorched my addled pate

I loved you in my first long pants,  
Retorted you: "My sainted a'nts!"

I loved you, growing a rose'  
You seemed to think it just a pose.

I loved you patting at your nose,  
While powder flew all over my clothes.

I loved you . . . all my wits at sea . . .  
While you were married for a fee  
But to another man than me . . .

Eleanor Dutton Martin.

## FOR EROS

O, jaunty, mocking God, of faunish air!  
The luckless seek you tirelessly and  
long,

Set bait and trap to snare your stray-  
ing song

And trail you, hopefully to deepest lair-  
Seek foolishly until Life's gaudy fair  
Has closed for them, nor know their  
utter wrong

When all has ended and the wise and  
strong

Have learned they could not find you  
anywhere.

But one who in a lightsome mood con-  
trives

To bend your power to his slightest  
will

May own you, though he scarcely even  
strives

To lift a lazy hand to grasp his fill.

Some such may bear you, captive to  
the sky

And why should this be staunchest  
truth, Love, why?

## TO ELIZABETH

You put a rosebud

In your hair;

I knew, dear heart,

Why it was there.

You spoke a word

That made me strong;

It changed depression

Into song.

You said your faith

Would do for two;

So hand in hand

I walk with you.

Grenville Kleiser.

## HER EYES

Her glad brown eyes with gleams of  
light

Seem houris messengers of night.

Still, to me, they will speak no love,  
Yet shine brightly as stars above.

O, haste the day when I can see  
Eternal love in them for me!

Vincent Gould.

## ANNOUNCING

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#### THANKSGIVING

(Rondelet)

Cornucopia is full again . . . .

Happy the hour!

When wheat is garnered for flour,  
Fruit, and different kinds of grain  
In abundance, and Southern cane . . .

Happy the hour!

Odus Cleo Sikes.

\* \* \* \*

#### FUTILITY

Where I had gone, filled with despair,  
To where I thought it best to fare,

So me, your image, might not chase  
And if it did, I might out race;

I felt so sure, away out there,  
I could, for you, my love, forswear;  
But from open spaces, as elsewhere,  
With haunting eyes and handsome  
face,

Your image into mine, would stare,  
Where I had gone.

Then, I did, from out my lair  
Escape: back, I thought, I will dare  
My weary footsteps to retrace  
Since there, I could find, no solace  
And feeling like a hunted hare,  
Where I had gone.

Gertrude Perry West.

#### HER EYES

Her glad brown eyes with gleams of  
light

Seem hours messengers of night.

Still, to me, they will speak no love.  
Yet shine brightly as stars above.

O, haste the day when I can see  
Eternal love in them for me!

Vincent Gould.

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# SCRAPBOOK

OF

## THE BOOKMAKERS' INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE OF WRITERS

THE BOOKMAKERS' FOLIO, THE MEDIUM OF EXPRESSION,

Editor-In-Chief . . . . , GERTRUDE PERRY WEST . . . . National President

The Bookmakers' Camp, Callahan, Fla. U. S. A.

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A fee of 25 cents is charged for each poem entered in the Scrapbook.

Always enclose self addressed stamped envelope when communicating with the Bookmakers and Mr. Decker. Poems entered for the Scrapbook will be kept on exhibition at the Museum by him to whom send poems and etc. Poems will be read over the radio and the books, as filled will be sent to libraries over the country, as well as viewed by thousands. Any poet may enter poems whether a Bookmaker or not. Do not make needless inquiries. Mr. Decker is a very busy man.

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VERA JANE EDWARDS PEASE  
(Princess Akikita: One Who Works  
With Determination.)





## FOR ERNEST HARTSOCK

Obit 14 December 1930

Never can they convince me you are  
dead,

You whom I love as friend and more  
than friend,

For love can pierce the veil, can com-  
prehend

You have but travelled on a step ahead

A step up high Parnassus, overspread

With heavenly glory, where your ly-  
rics blend

With song of poets that shall never  
end

Till listening souls are no more to be  
fed.

Keep but a place at your right hand for  
me,

That, stumbling still on earth, a fugi-  
tive,

I might not lose your way, who  
walk among

The youthful patriarch-poets eternally.

You will not age, nor die! For you  
shall live

With Chatterton and Keats for  
ever young.

Benjamin Musser.

*From Sonnet Sequences.*

## Bookmakers Announcement-\$500.00 Rondeau C

The Bookmakers' International League of Writers, Gertrude Perry West, National President and Editor-in-Chief of the Bookmakers' Folio, their Medium of Expression, announces the close of their \$500. Italian Sonnet Contest June 1 1931 and the opening of their \$500.00 Rondeau Contest to close June 1 1933; the winner of the Sonnet Contest to be announced publicly in the Spring and Summer Nos. of the Folio. The donor who wishes their identity to be kept secret, is the sole Judge since the deaths of the other two, Albert James Norton and Robert Bridgea.

The Rondeau Contest will end June 1 1933 and only Bookmakers members will be allowed to compete and they must be members in good standing for 15 months previous to the close. All poets are invited to join and contribute as many rondeaux as they wish.

The best Rondeau wins the Grand Prize of \$500.00 and there will be 23 Honorable Mentions, all of which will be published in a Contest Number of the Folio at the close of the contest as well as an anthology of the same poems. The Rondeau is a French form consisting of 13 lines and two refrains which should be the first four syllables of the first line; only two rimes being used for one contest model.

The lines, except the refrain, must consist of an octave: a line of 8 syllables; the first two lines rime as a couplet; the next two as couplets with a different rime and the fifth line rimes with the first couplet and should end in a full stop.

Space and rime the next couplet with the first couplet and the next line with the second couplet and then refrain with the first four syllables of the first line, in a full stop. Space, then the next two lines should rime with the first couplet; the next couplet with the second couplet; the next line with the first couplet and the refrain, as before with a full stop. With C to represent the refrain, the order of the rime scheme is: a-a-b-b-a a-a-b C a-a-b-b-a-C. The Rondeau may be of any theme and as many as one may wish may be entered by a Bookmakers member, in the Contest and all poets may enter rondeaux who join the Bookmakers' league. The intention of the Contest is: to teach the poets to write better poetry in the fixed forms.

They are a permanent institution of the Bookmakers' League, and will close and reopen every two years, so it would be wise for the poets to join at once and become a permanent established Contestant.

Join now, and get in line to win the Grand Prize! It will not be divided. Some poem will win. Why not yours?

Gertrude Perry West edits a Poets' Corner in the Callahan News. The poets subscribing to that may have their poems published weekly. Subscription rates to the News is \$1.50 a year inside the 5th., zone and outside, \$1.75. Inquire at your postoffice. Membership to the Bookmakers, \$1.00 a year and the Folio free to members. Both for \$2.75.

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# ANNOUNCING CONTEST

## BOOKMAKERS' \$500.00 ITALIAN SONNET CONTEST

To satisfy the Bookmakers' conscience, a cheap contest, the cheap lure for the gullible used by so many unscrupulous publications, has been as scrupulously avoided and discouraged by our Editor-in Chief of the Bookmakers' Folio, as others have used them as a snare to entice the unthoted poets to bite the bait, only to have the puny bauble burst and the general hopes blasted, by seeing the prize go to some so-called teacher of prosody for having lured their gullible pupils to join or subscribe to the organization or publication which has set the snare; thus dishonestly obtaining patronage. For her honest struggle to keep the Bookmakers functioning against the tremendous odds, she has won for the membership, and future membership' a \$500.00 ITALIAN SONNET CONTEST, which will be repeated every third year; the contest to run two years on one given form of poem.

This notice begins as of June 1 1929, and will end the same day and month 1931. To enter sonnets, one's dues to the Bookmakers' must be paid; beginning with 1929 for those already members, so renew, at once, please; all who have not; and if any owe for 1927-1928, we shall appreciate that they pay for 1928, as we make 1927 a gift year because the Folio having been belated, altho you will receive all the belated numbers in twin, triplet and quadruplet form, twelve double columned pages being allowed for a number. We do not make renewal for '28 compulsory, but leave it to your conscience and purse. If you need it worse than the Bookmakers' treasury, keep it: and those who worked that you might enjoy the Folio, will rejoice with you. We need more printery equipment. Why not all pay up and send two new members? The sonnets must be strict Italian, and not any will be returned. Any number may be entered under the outlined conditions. Only Editor, G. P. W. will be barred. Three judges will decide; the donor being one, perhaps. When writing, do not forget the address envelope and stamp. The best sonnet wins. Address, Callahan, Fla. Marjorie Bruce., Contest Editor.







# The Bookmakers' Folio

Medium of Expression of The Bookmakers' International League of Writers.

TOR-IN-CHIEF - - - GERTRUDE PERRY WEST - - - NATIONAL PRESIDENT

6, Nos. 1 and 2. Spring and Summer 1931. This Edition of The Bookmakers' Folio is dedicated to Kinchen Council, Eleanor Wiley and Ruth Mason Rice. Copyrighted 1931 by Gertrude Perry West, The Bookmakers' Publishers, Callahan, Florida, U. S. A.



Music  
and  
Poetry.

Music and poetry are twins...  
both sublime...

In melodies that reach the  
things divine...

And which none other  
than poet born can  
kine.

Gertrude Perry West.

Our Motto..

Con anti  
dabitur.

(It will be given  
to him who  
takes.)

Gertrude Perry  
West



EDITORIAL PAGE

THE BOOKMAKERS' FOLIO

Medium of Expression

The Bookmakers' International League  
of Writers.

Callahan, Fla. U. S. A.

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No. 11 Pearle Casey,

No. 12 Isabel Perry Neill,

No. 13 Jeanette Norland.

League Dedication:

Thomas Campbell.

Emblem: Pegasus rising from an open  
book.

Motto: *Conanti Dabitur*. "It will be given  
to him who tries."

Slogan: *Et si ostendo non jacto*. "And if I  
show what I am I do not boast."

Colors: White and black.

Flower: Mountain laurel.

JUST A DOLLAR BILL

Here is to the Poetic Ambitious

Who wish to see their work

In print and make a famous

Showing. They should not shirk

Paying the little dollar bill

For membership a whole year

But help Mrs. West fulfil

Her obligations and lift her burden of  
care.

They like to see their work in print,

So they should do their bit and share;

Not pinch their pennies and then hint

With a "Let George do it" air.

It costs much money a book to print

Very much more than one could be-  
lieve;

The little dollar is not a mint

But it helps our indebtedness to relieve

So send in the annual dues

And whatever more you can spare;

You will see your poems published

By the magazine on the square.

Louis J. Silver.

Life Members:

One or more loyal members of the Lea-  
gue are given Life Memberships free for  
their outstanding loyal and devoted ser-  
vice to the cause of Bookmakers liter-  
ature. A list of them will be found  
elsewhere in this publication.

## WHEN I LEFT HOME

(Rondeau Sequence: French Form)

## I

When I left home my heart did break  
 When I could not my babies take  
 And bring with me away out here  
 Which seemed completing my despair  
 And which, to me, seemed so unfair  
 Yet, my intentions, for their sake,  
 Was, for them; I shall undertake  
 To build a home with them to share,  
 When I left home.

Some one in heaven, while I stay  
 Out here, and from them, am away  
 Has sent an angel to be there  
 To love my babies while I'm here  
 And so, I was consoled, the day,  
 When I left home.

## II

When I left home my heart was broke  
 And surely it did me provoke  
 But when the birds learn it is Spring  
 I shall return and with a ring  
 That I shall surely send or bring  
 The God of Love I shall invoke  
 Until her love shall be awoke  
 For me, although now, regretting,  
 When I left home.

Although I sing alone out here,  
 "In television realm and sphere,"  
 I see her lovely, beaming face  
 And not a blemish can I trace  
 For no one with her could compare  
 When I left home.

Odus Cleo Sikes.

## TO MY VALENTINE

Ever since I saw you,  
 You've seemed to be just mine;  
 Will you not be true  
 And be my valentine?  
 O, but I'd be so happy  
 If I could only know,  
 That I am your sweetheart  
 And you are my bean!

Vera Mae Kelly.

## TROUBLE

I thought that all trouble had come to me  
 That Fate could send to billow waves  
 of life;

And I survived it through such awful  
 strife,

That untold, unbearable misery  
 At times, has been my lot: a hopeless sea  
 Of chaos through which few beams  
 that were rife

With worthwhile pleasures that her  
 long keen knife

Did not stab to death in their infancy.

I reckoned wrongly: I loved at a cost;  
 I loved: after years it faded and died,  
 Soon going to decay, and left a welt;  
 Yet, such was almost bliss beside the  
 frost

Left on my mother-heart when I had  
 cried

From pain put there which my own  
 child had dealt.

Euphemia Pate.

FOR KINCHEN COUNCIL  
THOUGH DEAD HE LIVES

[1864—1930]

Though dead, he lives whom Death has  
 stole,

But through eternity will roll  
 The words he wrote and yarns he told  
 Of things that were in times of old  
 He searched from out the Age's mould  
 Which he could quaintly tell so droll;  
 Yet, he had never reached his goal;  
 Still, much to him his Muse foretold...  
 Though dead, he lives.

By him was held the poets' pen  
 And staunch and true to fellowmen  
 He lived to gain their confidence  
 Which guides him through that vast  
 silence  
 Which, after all, reveals that then,  
 Though dead, he lives.

Gertrude Perry West.

Fr. Callahan News &amp; Bladen Journal.



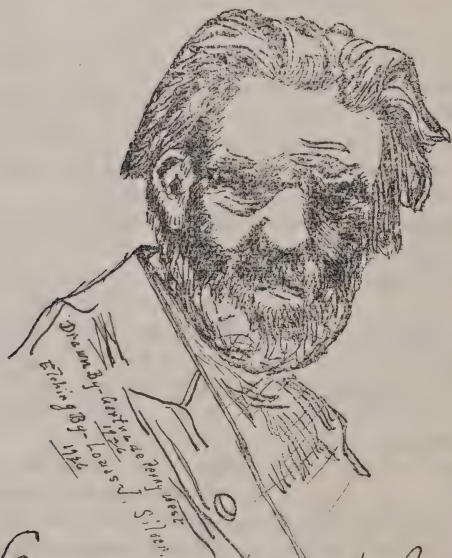
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THE BOOKMAKERS' FOLIO

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Ladies, Are The Furs You Wear  
Worth The Hell of This Despair?



Edwin Markham

From Welfare News

# Hall Of Fame Square

FIRST HONOR

EROS' PANACEA

(To Her)

I lost my key to my haunted house when Spring's  
New love came and the old dead loves were gray  
From mould of yesteryear's hopeless decay;  
The dust of years on those destructive wings  
Of Time that soars above with hateful stings  
Which had been brought from youth to stow away  
Within my haunted house where dead loves stay  
In long forgotten pasts; poor, sordid things!

Old loves are dead and they give me no pain;  
They are ashes from the fire of a new;  
I thought I had discarded all romance,  
And love would never come to me, again;  
But in the depth of your brown eyes, I view,  
Your love for me, that wins me with your glance.

Odus Cleo Sikes

SECOND HONOR

THE SUMMER WINDS

The summer winds blow and bringing the rain,  
They wrestle with Life and force her to grow  
The verdant plant-life o'er field and plain,  
The summer winds blow.

All through the autumn the birds' sweet refrain  
Is heard while the farmer commences to mow  
The ripening harvest of corn and cane.

There is pathos of death in the chain  
Of the months in the seeds that we sow;  
Seasons bring the gleaners life with the grain  
The summer winds blow.

Odus Cleo Sikes.

From: *The Bookmakers' Folio. Muses' Lore; A Bookmakers' Anthology,*



THIRD HONOR

TO MY BEGUILED LOVER  
 In depths of your haunting brown eye  
 I see  
 Distress and sorrow that does not  
 pass by;  
 They appear as though you have had  
 a cry;  
 That you are suffering from misery  
 Caused by a bad woman's shame. Can-  
 it be  
 You can not longer smile whenever I  
 Appear, as always, you, relating why  
 That you are in love and it is with me?

You are down cast through her beguil-  
 ment. Now,  
 I, too, must pay the toll for her bad  
 crime  
 Of having forced you to forget,  
 in thongs  
 Of her state, lusty arms, your love; and  
 how  
 Your heart aches only I can tell and  
 Time,  
 Must bridge the void and soothe  
 the cruel wrongs.

Drusilla Johnson.

HONORABLE MENTION



NOW  
 (Sonnette)

The words she spoke so long ago I hear  
 As first I heard them from her love-  
 ly lips  
 When we made many happy pleasure  
 trips  
 She sweetly speaking love phrases  
 while near.  
 Now her seat within the auto is not  
 Occupied by her when evening comes  
 But her grave looms gray in a grassy  
 spot.

Odus Cleo Sikes.

MY QUIZ TO LOVE  
 (To one who loves me)  
 O, Love! Should I now, go with you, a-  
 gain:  
 To where would you take me in future  
 years?  
 Would I be happy or would sighs and  
 tears  
 Be mine, with a young lover, down Life's  
 lane?  
 Dare I hope for pleasure instead of pain?  
 Old loves are buried, but the hateful  
 fears  
 That this, should I go, may fail through  
 the years,  
 Makes me wary to go, fearing, your wane.  
 He is so handsome and so debonair  
 The difference in ages may carry blite  
 That may cause his love to dwindle  
 away  
 When Porthos has squandered his carnal  
 share  
 Of passionate toll, that he, in the  
 height  
 Of desire demands on our nuptial day.  
 Marjorie Bruce.

## Bookmakers' \$500.00 Italian Sonnet Contest Announcement Of The Prize Awards

(The following note is from the Poets' Corner of the Callahan — Fla., U. S. A. — News, which I edit. G. P. W.)

Note— It has been announced to me through the benevolent donator of the Grand Prize in the Bookmakers' Italian Sonnet Contest that closed June 1 1931, of \$500.00 that Sol La Farge, won the prize from over two thousand sonnets entered; while our native poet, Odus Cleo Sikes won First Honorable Mention, as was published in the News last week, and I am happy to extend to them my most humble congratulations as an instructor in poetics of both the winners, but had no part in awards of the prizes.

I have also been honored very highly although barred, as the Editor of The Bookmakers' Folio, from participating in the Contest; my rondeau appearing in the News recently, entitled, My Grand Knight Hugh, having been chosen by the donator of the Grand Prize of \$500.00 for the Bookmakers' Rondeau Contest which opened when the other closed as a modle rondeau, and in extending my thanks, this is an honor, too, to the subject of the rondeau, if he can be located for decoration, and this, has inspired me to write another to him.

The informed know that an Italian poet, Petrarch, created the Italian, or Petrarchan Sonnet and that Laura, the woman he madly loved, was made as immortal as the poet, through his immortal sonnets he wrote to her. Unfortunately she was married before he saw her and his love was unrequited.

So. Petrarch and Laura won the \$500. prize, the winning sonnet. G. P. W. List of the Winners:—

Grand Prize of \$500.00- *Petrarch and Laura*- Sol La Farge;  
First Honorable Mention- *Eros' Panacea* dedicated *To Her*-Odus Cleo Sikes;

Second- *Mother*- Kingsley Tufts;  
Third- *To My Beguiled Lover*- Drusilla Johnson;  
Fourth- *The Italian Sonnet*- Mary Owen Lewis;  
Fifth- *Sappho*- Washington Van Dusen;  
Sixth- *Beauty's Sceptre*- Eleanor Morton;  
Seventh- *Eyes*- Margaret E. Bruner;  
Eight- *October*- Enola Keisling Thrall;  
Ninth- *Three Loves*-*The Beautiful*- dedicated to *Marjorie Bruce*- John Augustus Kames;  
Tenth- *The Patient*- Anton Romatka;  
Eleventh- *Petrarch's Plea To Laura*- Marjorie Bruce;  
Twelfth- *Petrarch's Prayer To Porthos*- Malcolm Campbell;  
Thirteenth- *To Any Patriot*- Margaret Munsterburg;  
Fourteenth- *Vergilius*- (Written in honor of Virgil's two thousand birthday, the only ancient whose birthday is celebrated) - Florence Jameson;  
Fifteenth- *The Choice*- Clifford Gessler;  
Sixteenth- *Antidote*- Pearl Adoree Rawling;  
Seventh- *The Unborn*- Jessie M. Gilmore  
Eighteenth- *In Memoriam*- To Albert James Norton- Engenie Du Maurier Meredith;  
Nineteenth- *Chanticleer*- Pearle Harris Heffner;  
Twentieth- *Modern Youth*- Annabel Schley Fahle;  
Twenty-first- *Elephants*- Dorothy Moore Garrison;  
Twenty-second- *Unrest*- Mary B. Ward. Commended:

*Learning To Read*- Cora Warburton Husa;  
*My Quiz To Love*- Marjorie Bruce  
*and On Friendship*- Elizabeth Wild.

Several others drew special mention and will be written to personally. A Contest anthology is on the press of the winners' poems that will be given to them, free. Shall we publish a pay for a page anthology of those sonnets given special mention? Let us hear. Congratulations to all. Get your dues paid for the Rondeau Contest at once.

Marjorie Bruce, Contest Editor.



## BOOK REVIEWS

MUSES' LORE, A Bookmakers' Anthology, The Bookmakers' Publishers, Callahan, Fla., U. S. A. \$1.00.

This collection of poems opens with a couple of lyrics entitled *The Saddest Time*, by Gertrude Perry West, and *Death Took Away*, by Odus Cleo Sikes. There is an undertone of sadness in the verses. Even Mrs. West's *O, Glad New Year*, has an undertone of sorrow due, no doubt, to the general depression. The next poem is a vilanelle on the death of Albert James Norton, deceased Poetry Reviewer for the Bookmakers.

These sympathetic verses are a tribute to the poet and reviewer whose service Mrs. West, the National President, rightly valued and whose loss she felt keenly.

The Lincoln sonnet sequence, *A Temple of God*, by Mrs. West, contains five sonnets treating of the life and aims of the Great Emancipator. The last sonnet sums up in its closing lines, Lincoln's influence on Humanity. It is a splendid appreciation and very poetically expressed:—

Into the utmost regions of the seas,

Your great light has shone and every stone,

Has been turned where man was held as a slave,

And sold from master to master. The breeze

Has carried it through the remotest zone,

As Love piles immortelles upon your grave.

A sonnette by Odus Cleo Sikes, has received an honorable mention and there is, also, a lyric, *The Summer Winds*, by the same writer. These are followed by two sonnets by Drusilla Johnson, *To My Beguiled Lover*, and Marjorie Bruce, *My Quiz to Love*.

They are correct verses of the old-fashioned love lorn variety. The next is more manly and heroic—just see the *Bird—Job the Turken, Mascot of the Bookmakers!* A portrait of Job that is

well sketched with many telling strokes by his "*Missus*" and a *Rara avis* created in his honor as a rare bird, and apt to be remembered when the love lorn lyrics are forgotten, Mrs. West.

Two sonnets now claim our attention, one on *Hell*, by Ulysses Tellum, and one on *Sportsmanship*, by Sol La Farge. These sonnets are fairly well written, but present a lurid picture of repulsive tragedy, but which the poets desire to express.

We now have a play section edited by Euphemia Pate. It is called, *The Star of Bethlehem*. It is too long to quote, but there are many lines worth quoting. It is in poetry, mostly sonnets ends with a Negro spiritual. It is by Mrs. West.

*What Price Fame*, is another fine, long poem by Mrs. West, a part of *My Pean*, by her:

Yes, yes, on saffron sunlit cloud,

Is glory written for the bards;

Then why not cease to bite the proud,  
Hand, Folk; and honest, shuffle cards.

The next section,—*Theorem*, shows the same kindly, liberal spirit, I can but hope the day soon hies,

When the bards may sing, all sublime  
None envy others or despise,  
But sing with joy, till end of time.

Euphemia Pate has a novel sonnet on *Death*. The departing leaves by airplain  
The angel holds the steering wheel outside,

Adieux are made to all who will abide  
A little while on earth where sad tears flow;

The gas, in waste, is burning and the glow

From yonder sunset fades, &.,

This is an imaginative picture with something realistic interwoven. There are a few more verses but I was warned to be brief. The anthology was published from the Bookmakers' Folio, uncommercially and edited by Gertrude Perry West.

Washington Van Dusen.

SINGING SOULS, A Joy Book of Verses and sayings by Friends of Ariel The Red Rose Press, 2136 Red Rose Way, Santa Barbara, Calif., \$1.00.

An anthology of verses and prose written to George Elmer Littlefield (Ariel)

Sol La Farge.

MY JEWELLS, A brochure of heart verse by Ouida Annonette Webb, Hargraves Printing Co., 1013 Main St., Dallas, Texas, \$1.00-A beautifully printed brochure.

Euphemia Pate.

The Call of the Bells, An occasional poem dedicated to the Diamond Jubilee of the Parish Church, St. Paul's Whitley Bay, (England) Sept., 3, 1864-1924 by Alice Maud Harrington, 15 cents. J. Dowling and Sons, Printers, Whitley Bay, England.

Marjorie Bruce.

Wishing on a Comet by Louise Burton Laidlaw, Dodd, Mead and Co., Publishers, New York City, \$2.00.

A first book of poems by this young poet, still she has been widely published in many magazines and papers that publish verse. Wishing on a Comet is the first poem in the book of eighty-nine poems. The format is in blue and gold and beautifully printed. It is dedicated to Zhammie and Jaimy. Compiled in six sections or parts:- Beyond, Earth Inward, Far Scenes and A Modern Love Sequence, Nature. In quoting from her Larches, in the part devoted to Nature, are the lines:

Have you ever known this wonder—

Feel of larch buds? O, divine  
Token of Spring's rare surprises,

Supple phantom of the pine!

To enjoy these poems, one should secure a copy and take an afternoon off, and loose oneself in the perusal of its pages.

Odus Cleo Sikes.

The Wind In The Cedars by Glenn Ward Dresbach, Henry Holt and Co.,

publishers, N. Y. City, \$1.50, contains seventy poems printed in a beautiful format in green and gold. The first poem is:-Boys Tease A Wounded Hawk. Most of the poems are devoted to nature with a humane appeal. Such is given in behalf of the hswk in the above mentioned poem.

There are many quotable lines in the book and we believe Mr. Dresbach will go a long way as a poet. To appreciate the book one must read it.

Gertrude Perry West.

I Discover Greece by Harry A. Franck, The Century Company, N. Y. City, \$4.00, is a great work compiled by a great writer of travel lore. It is printed in green and black binding and is profusely illustrated with Grecian of facinating interest, and to do justice to such a stupenduous volume is a task that can not be well done with the limited space allowed us in this review.

Sufficient to remark that if one wishes to visit Greece, there is no better transport than:- I Discover Greece. Those interested in Grecian art, literature, or history should own a copy.

Syd Drake.

The Menace of Blue Laws edited by E. Haldeman-Julius and published by him at Girard Kansas; composed by Henry Flury, is a history of the menace of Blue Laws as are imposed constitutionally on the American People by the blue nosed Christian Fundamentalists since the country was discovered; laws brought over by the bigoted Pilgrim Fathers and others as barbarious, and who did not hesitate to establish the slave trade and barter with slave trade bootleggers in human flesh. Professor Flury "gets" em told, without gloves on who are still trying to enforce antique laws that are relics of European laws of the time; some being as remote as 1600 . . . to enforce the observance of a day called by the Jews the Sabbath, in the Christian way; claiming it to be the day on which Jehovah got, according to their theory rested from his stre



nuous labors of "creating the world," the other six days from a handful of nothing and which his Son, one of the heads of their God (he has three according to their theory, "Father, Son and Holy Ghost, the last head mentioned being a dove.") abolished except for a day of rest for all mankind except his private menagerie of aids on earth and in heaven; the first mentioned having to preach and eat chicken, and the Angel of Death is never allowed to rest, if man so wishes to so observe it, by telling the Blue nosed priesthood of his day that the "Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath," and who broke unpaid for corn and gave it to his disciples to eat, from any Jew's cornfield. Read the book, by all means. It and twenty other Little Blue Books postpaid for \$1.00 from the publishers; 5 cents a copy.

Ulysses Tellum.

Spring Choral, Edited by Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheyney, Contemporary Vision Press, an anthology of verse by their pupils. Heymann Printing House, Philadelphia, Pa. A brochure beautifully printed in green and black. No price given.

Marjorie Bruce.

Training for Authorship; A complete Course in the Writer's Art by Greenville Kleiser, Funk Wagnalls Co., N. Y. City, \$6.00 net. In a publication of this kind is found the complete and comprehensive information every one who writes needs with which to compete with the best authors of the best literature and a book every author should own, whether arrived or not.

It is with regret that our space is limited to the extent that we could not give the book a thorough review; describing every phrase of instruction that may be absorbed by the author from between its cover; but we feel that the author's reputation as instructor or to authors in many previous publications will be a review sufficient to carry this one over big and that every

writer will buy this gold mine of information for it is as food to the hungry.

Gertrude Perry West.

Miscellaneous Moods by Emelda Deshaies, Washington Journal Printing, Washington, D. C. but order from the author at 1011 M St. N. W.

Is printed in a pretty format and a lovely picture of the author is the first and most attractive page and—poem, whom the World asks why she never married and who answers the question with;

I am fond of many men — not merely one,

And that is why I never married.

Read the book.

Gertrude Perry West.

Appreciations: Poems of Praise, A Bookmakers' Anthology Edited by Gertrude Perry West from the Poets' Corner of The Callahan (Fla.) News.

It is a miniature anthology printed in the black and white format that distinguishes the Bookmakers' Publishers', brochures, this one being described as the Bookmakers' Poets No. Three and contains the excellent verse that has been written to and by the editor and published in the Poets' Corner of the News which she edits.

It is very interesting from the fact they are poems of the heart; love lyrics from other pens and hers; to them and by local admirers; some too shy and young to sign more than "Red" or another name of the kind. One of the wittiest of these is:

TO MY RIVALS

My face is freckled

And my hair is Red,

But her valentine

I am, she has said,

Why should I worry

If all fellows go West

If I am the one

Whom she loves best?

Red.

The brochure is not for sale for less than \$5.00 as a curiosity or heirloom of literature. Contributors are given one copy free.

Vincent Gould.

### SONGS RECEIVED

Mafalda—Words by E. I. E. Thompson and Music by Nell Godfrey. Order from Mrs. Thompson at Cannonsburg, Pa. 30 cents a copy.

Let Us All Smile— By Clarence L. Haynie from whom order at 50 Spring St. N. W. Atlanta, Ga.

Write The Home Hour Announcer of Station WJAX, Jacksonville Fla. U. S. A, Leo Kitchen Box 888, and ask to hear any of the following songs by the author, Gertrude Perry West, and order copies from the Bookmakers' Publishers at 30 cents a copy or from the author. Send her your song lyrics and if available, she will create a melody for each one and have them published at the most reasonable terms. Enclose addressed stamped envelope. Address, Callahan, Fla.

Beautiful Isle of Delight

When You See My Mother Smile

Just a Little Spot

In The Land of Old Black Joe

There Are Tears That Swim In My Eyes

When Dat Coon-dawg Whine.

### PERPETUAL MEMBERS

(The loyalty and interest of the following Bookmakers is worthy the gift of a Life Membership or for some other striking reason. One or two members are so honored every year. They are worth \$50.00, so it pays to be a loyal Bookmaker more than just to be on the Roster to have poems published and other privileges:

1928—Edna M. Zeiss\* and Marie Tello Phillips.

1929—John M. Stahl and Albert James Norton.\*

1930— University of North Carolina Library and Washington Van Dusen,

1931— Benjamin Musser and Theodore Revells (Red) Fussell.

\*Deceased.

### HIS GIFT OF LOVE

Out of the Land of Play Dreams,

You come to me every day,  
To offer me little treasures,  
Leaving behind your play.

Sometimes it is sticky candy;  
Sometimes some smeary gum;  
But it matters not what the token:  
Just where the gifts come from.

Out of the Land of Play Dreams,  
You come, to bring me joy,  
Sweet as the sugar gum-drops,  
You offer me, Dear Little Boy!

Reta C. Danahay.

### SEA-SCAPE

The constant, never ceasing waves  
that beat

Upon the jeweled strip of gleaming  
sand;

Whose buffeting some swimmers bravely  
meet,

While others, frightened, seek the  
higher land . . . .

Are like the cruel, daily waves of time,  
That break upon life's beach incessantly;

We meet them with a tear, a shout, a  
rhyme . . . .

Unknowing which shall sweep us out  
to sea.

Clarence L. Haynie.





## TO MY CLASSMATES

Comrades in a holy cause,  
 God has brought us on our way;  
 Not through Hatred's bloody wars  
 Nor through any wild foray.

Purposed for our selfish gain,  
 Not to trample but to lift;  
 Have we followed in his train,  
 Who is heaven's richest gift.

Heaven offers life and peace;  
 We are messengers of love,  
 May our zeal for him increase  
 While the years His mercies prove.

We are comrades by His grace  
 And his graciousness appears  
 That we see each others face;  
 God has kept us through the years.

But if on some fateful day  
 One, in answer to the call,  
 Lays aside his house of clay,  
 To arise, ethereal.

We are comrades even then;  
 Death is powerless to break  
 Ties that join the souls of men  
 Here in grace for Jesus' sake.

Rev. J. W. Patterson.

THE OLD PALMETTO STATE  
 (South Carolina.)

The ocean breezes softly blow  
 And lovely skies are bending low  
 Over the Palmetto State;  
 The hills, broad fields and valley's  
 green

Affords the eyes no fairer scene.  
 The palms in pride wave on the shore;  
 The mountain rose and many more

Kinds of flowers bloom so gay  
 The healthiest state of all the brood  
 And contains more iodine in the food;  
 There is cotton, corn, asparagus,  
 And vegetables, various;

Fruits, golden grain, and hay,  
 To tell the world in search of health,  
 It may be found as well as wealth,  
 In Carolina State.

The license tags of fine cars  
 Proclaims iodine and rich pine tars;  
 The broad rivers and crystal rills  
 Are humming now the many mills;  
 Around mighty Lake Murray  
 Will come to dwell a busy throng  
 That may join in a happy song  
 To the Old Palmetto State  
 Where ocean breezes softly blow  
 And lovely skies are bending low.

Corrine Clayton.

\* \* \* \*

THE TALL MAN  
 (Lincoln)

His was a face whose every lineament  
 Showed fortitude and brooding mystery;  
 Always the learner - - striving constantly

To solve earth's problems, tracing each event

With wisdom of the sage and seer blent  
 With the deep silences of hill and tree,

And rivers murmuring to a far off sea:

That vision which the gods have rarely lent.

Higher in mind and stature than most men,

And yet there was compassion in his might,

That he could read with pitying insight when

Small minds had not the power to see aright--

Are there no more tall Lincolns to arise  
 And look on life with kind, far-seeing eyes?

Margaret E. Bruner.

GLEANINGS

These are the things I hold most dear,  
 Of all that life has given:

A book; a friend;

The gorgeous end

Of day, and star pierced heaven.

These are the things I hope to shun:  
 A promise basely broken;  
 A prayer unheard;  
 A hate-gray word  
 And false vow fairly spoken.

Dorothy Moore Garrison.

\* \* \* \*

MY HELEN

She has come with me all along the way;  
 And when the way was glad, together  
 we were glad,  
 And when the way was darksome she  
 never failed

To let me know that she was by my  
 side;

I had but to call and she would com-  
 fort me;

She shared my every dream of happi-  
 ness;

All my rainbow visions she made to  
 rise;

My inmost soul she taught to look for  
 goodness.

Thought, word and deed, in enemy and  
 friend;

Herself the best friend any one could  
 have.

Eugenie Du Manrier Meredith.

#### CREED

Consenting not, consulted not, I came  
 What then, am I? A simple pawn of  
 fate

That accident of birth alone might  
 claim

For prince or pauper; saint or profligate.

With knowledge of my whence to me  
 denied,

With mystery my pathway shroud-  
 ing o'er,

How then shall I my whither's hope de-  
 cide?

Or seek beyond this sphere in thot to  
 soar?

The force that formed the mammoth  
 in his time;

The cuttle-fish, the sponge, the cor-  
 al reef;

The chambered molusk in his home of  
 slime;

The smallest germ, the crystal, and  
 the leaf;

No revelation yet has vouchsafed man,  
 Though book and legend would pro-  
 claim it so;

But, loving good, I trust, nor fear to  
 span

The final breach, presuming naught  
 to know.

Charles Sloan Reid.

#### AH DON'T WANT WHINGS

When de good Lawd calls fo' me

Ah'll say whar Ah wantta be,

Whar they's anguls wid no whings,

Plunkin' banjos whilst they sings.

Ah ain't hurd no harp as yet,

Wid the plunk-a-plunk, us get

A-pickin' on de ole banjos,

Puts the twiddles in mah toes.

At singin' songs Ah ain't much use,

But Ah kin whistle mah teeths loose

A-pickin' of Ole Zip Coon,

Or enny such like good tune.

Whings fo' birds am good enuff,

But my big foots kin make a bluff

At bein' whings mos' enny day

When dem Klu Klukers come mah way

When the good Lawd calls fo' me

Ah don't want whings, Ah wantta be

Jess a happy care-free coon:

The Lawd can't call me none too soon.

G. Harrison Riley.

#### INSPIRATION

Like angry winds

Ploughing thorough space,

My thoughts take flight

On the dust from the stars

With visions to view

The giddy, laughing moon,

While I hopefully

And mutety wait.

W. P. Murray.



## I AM INTOLERANCE

I am Intolerance . . . .

Curses on your head;  
Maledictions against you;  
Anathematized be your name  
If you dare disagree with me.  
Death be your fate;  
Torture, hounding, persecution;  
The gallows, the wrack, the pillory,  
The poisoned hemlock and the cross;  
In the Middle Ages the Spanish Inquisition . . . .

In the "enlightened" Twentieth Century,  
A stubborn jury in Dayton, Tennessee;  
Blue Laws in Maryland and Pennsylvania,  
Or the ostracism of the super-sanctimonious.

I am Intolerance . . . .

You must think as I think;  
Talk as I talk; worship as I worship;  
Dress as I dress;  
Belong to my church or cult;  
Move in my kind of society;  
Mumble the incantations I mumble:  
Vote the ticket I vote,  
And obey my every dictate.  
Should you hesitate in the slightest detail,

I will tear your bleeding body into bits;  
Wring the flesh from your bones;  
Burn you to ashes and shriek in glee;  
Or, if I can not subject you to physical cruelty;

I will resort to more subtil methods;  
I will abuse and maling you;  
Call you mean and lying names;  
Brand you "heretic" and "red;"  
Label you "infidel" and "traitor;"  
Inflame the unthinking against you  
By circulating malicious falsehoods,  
Saying you are your country's enemy;  
Immoral and unscrupulous.

I am God, heaven, law and gospel;  
The infallible religion;  
I am hell . . . .

To criticize which means my vengeance

I am Intolerance;

Sharp-toothed; acid-tonged;  
Without emotion or affection,  
Humanity or sympathy;  
Convinced that I, alone, am always  
right,

And that no penalty is too terrible  
For the sinful creatures who dare  
To doubt that I am all-wise and all-  
righteous.

Malevolent, mendacious, murderous,  
Vindictive and venomous,  
I stalk across the whole earth,  
In hate and madness  
In quest of thinkers and seekers  
To castigate, terrorize and annihilate.  
When free-thought, free-speech,  
Courtesy, consideration, kindness  
Tolerance and liberty  
Are obliterated.

And the planet is peopled  
With those who consider superstition  
The highest intelligence  
And tyranny the greatest blessing,  
And are infinitely happy  
In utter ignorance and slavery;  
Then, and then, only,  
Shall I be satisfied . . . !

I am Intolerance.

Linn A. E. Gale.

Charles L. Mann, Poet and Journalist



## FORGIVENESS

When you forgive another's wrong,  
And cast it from your mind,  
Your heart will be more brave and  
strong

Because you have been kind.

No man can hate who knows that hate  
Decreases his own joy,  
And takes his cheer and peace of mind  
To exploit and destroy.

The way you live, the things you do  
May be your own concern:  
But other people see you, too;  
And by your acts, they learn.

And if they learn the things they shun,  
To place before their eyes;  
You will find yourself to blame,  
When others criticise.

So, live that in your heart you know  
You have done the best you could,  
And then, perhaps, your life will show  
Your smallest acts were good.

So, do not hold your selfish worth  
So high you cannot live  
To cast aside another's wrong  
And in your heart, forgive.

Rosa Kramer

## TO A FUR SCARF

The trap jaws clanked and held him  
fast;  
None marked his fright; none heard  
his cries.

His struggles ceased; he lay at last  
With wide, uncomprehending eyes.

He watched the sky grow dark above  
And watched the sunset burn to gray  
He quaked in anguish while he strove  
To gnaw the prisoned leg away.

Then day came rosy from the East,  
But still those steel jaws kept their  
hold

And no one watched the prisoned beast  
But Fear and Hunger; Thirst and  
Cold.

Oppressed with pain, his dread grew  
numb;

No more fright stirred his flagging  
breath;

He longed in vain to see him come . . .  
The awful biped, bringing death.

The day flapped past on heavy wing,  
He saw the shadows longer grow,  
A hopeless, wrecked and dying thing  
Encircled by the tramped snow.

Then, through the gloom that night  
came One

Who set the timid sufferer free.

"I know the anguish, Little Son;  
So men once trapped and tortured  
Me."

Frederick F. Van De Water.

From The N. Y. Tribune.

## SOVEREIGN

A true Queen wears for subjects and  
for peers

A smile upon her lips, nor counts the  
pain;

Some inner chalice catches up her tears  
Let others shed them, Majesties  
must reign!

She is a tool of State . . . and if the  
lovers

She might have had grow unremem-  
bering,

Her secret hurt with regal gems she  
covers - -

Shall pity her, the mistress of the  
King?

Dream laden dusks of June, rose-scent-  
ed, mean

So little to her palace-guarded hours:  
She has rare orchids, the fair jeweled  
Queen,

What need has she of simple love  
and flowers?

Her soft hands, yearning not for scept-  
res only,

Beneath a courtier's kiss - - can  
flutter lonely!

Jo Hartman.



## A RONDEAU TO BROWN-EYES

"To be with you and share life's grind  
and stress

Would be a joy beyond my heart to  
guess,

Beyond the witchcraft skill of Fate  
to brew!"

So spoke I once, before my dreams  
came true,  
For Fate, in granting, does not always  
bless.

Our daily life is not one long caress,  
And dews of Time dampen our wings,  
unless

We flirt with Time . . . and that I  
could not do,

To be with you.

We are not always all that we profess,  
And love is something that no one can  
press

Unto its heart and wear until worn  
through!

Yet parting brings but longing  
born anew,  
To find someday an hour of happiness,  
To be with you.

## II

"To be with you and share life's stress  
Would be a joy no heart could guess,  
Beyond all witchcraft Fate could  
brew!"

I said, before my dream came true,  
For Fate, in granting, may not bless.

Our life is not one long caress,  
Time dampens rainbow wings, unless  
We flirt with Time, as some might do  
To be with you.

We are not all that we profess,  
And love is something none can press  
Unto the heart until worn through!

Yet parting brings but thirst anew  
To find some hour of happiness  
To be with you!

Patricia Stanley.

## ARMISTICE DAY

The phantom drums of Death are lur-  
ing me,

The ghost-march of unnumbered  
tramping feet,

From slopes of Arlington,  
And clay of home in graves beyond the  
sea . . .

Wake, Nation, to the cadence of  
that beat!

Strange, strange! We grope and fall  
but all the night

The earth re-echoes to that muffled  
tread;

While breathless stars gaze down  
On tombs, all those who perished in  
the fight

March on to muted trumpets of the  
dead.

Diana Kearny Powell.

## MY NIGHTINGALE

My Nightingale may sing tonight  
And fleck the sombre waned moonlight;

But sad your song will be to me,

For I am not your love, you see;

You sing to one you love, while flight  
Of fancy soars to that vast height  
Of realistic verse to write . . .

Forgetting that to you, I plea,

My Nightingale!

O, could your heart with mine, agree;  
And you would let me keep the key

It would, to me, bring such delight,

If my true love you would requite;

Then, Hyem, would bring ecstasy,

My Nightingale!

Vincent Gould.

## ANGRY WORDS

Some of these days,  
These words of anger  
Will surely rear

A corp of hate,

That will come

Before you know it,

To camp right near

Your own back gate.

Frances Tonkel.

## THE IDLER'S MISSION

Down on your knees amid your growing  
flowers

In coarse and faded clothes, with all  
your might,

You toil,—conscientiously doing right  
To nurture beauty through the daylighte  
hours.

Arising late, I come from marble tow-  
ers

In soft raiment with hands dainty  
and white,

To gather and possess your blossoms  
bright,

And pay a fee to loiter in your bowers.

I pity you—so chained to menial's task  
What good am I? in envious scorn,  
you ask.

The Father of all Life, who made us,  
knew

That without rich and idle folk like me  
To buy the products of your toil, there  
would be

No need for busy working folk like  
you . . . .

Elizabeth Rehberg Fleming.

## VERITAS

Who says that love is a passing thing,  
Knows nothing of love at all;  
He who has risen on Love's high wing  
Is safe always from a fall.

And you, who dare say that love grows  
old

And fades and darkens in hue,  
Have surely mistaken dross for gold.  
What fades is not love, but . . . you!

Annerika Fries.

## UNSKILLED ARTIST

I know  
That I was made  
To be a painter but  
Colors become confused with me:  
I write.

Charles L. Mann.

## HOLIDAYS

We are off! Off for the holidays!

Hurrah! Harrah! Hurrah!

*Pater familias* and the kids

With poor long-suffering Ma.

Everyone has managed to don

A new suit, jumper, smart-pull-on

All—save poor old Pa.

But then, you see, he owns the car

And all of us, *so there you are!*

Though as he views each distant hill

He seeks a solution to life's ill:

It will be lucky if there is no kill.

He ponders as he pumps away,

The pleasures of a holiday!

A. M. Harrington.

## TREE-TOP PATHS

I know it would be so much fun

To walk along the tree-top paths.

Up where the level pathways run

On tree tops like thin, narrow laths.

The walking there would be quite slow,

The risk of falling, very great;

But there, the evening breezes blow

And sunlight floods those paths,  
sedate.

Of course, the curtain of the dusk

Is thin to clutch, when falling far;

Judge not the fruit by the husk:

For you might grasp a silver star.

I shall reach those paths for which I  
dare;

And though I fall again to land,

I have seen the view from there.

Where I caught star-dust in my hand.

Charles L. Mann.





## SUMMER

Bright summer days with sun and sing-  
ing bird

Have triumphed over winter's cold and  
snow;

The spring has gone and left our hearts  
all stirred:

But autumn, soon, will come again, we  
know.

The rose bud in the bed is in full bloom  
And young birds' plaintive chirps are  
now, a song;

The golden grain must have its winter-  
room;

For harvest, men, are working, all day  
long.

So, life is full, in happy summer time  
When baby's tiny hands and feet grow  
big;

And, sweet sixteen awaits the wedding  
chime,

For love, is best, beneath the blossom-  
ed twig.

O, summer, is sweet music, by God's  
will;

The time of love, and magic chlorophyll

Bertram Day.

## THE CROSS

Take up the cross,  
Deny self and sin,  
Christ is the way,  
Enter thou in.

Take up the cross,  
Follow thou on,  
Dark though the night,  
Soon comes the dawn.

Take up the cross.  
Climb the steep height,  
Cast away fear,  
Christ is the light.

All will be gain,  
There cannot be loss,  
Christ is the way,  
Take up the cross.

Grenville Kleiser.

## THE ROVER

Flagrant gypsy breezes blow  
Tendrils of her silken hair,  
Vagrant as the curious steps  
Of raindrops, here and there.

Yearning for the unexplored  
Crevice of liars of stranger land,  
Burning for adventures  
Like a sun-dial in her hand.

Amazed, she knew the stirrings  
Of a man-child near her heart,  
Crazed for the new adventure,  
She stood, transfixed, apart.

\* \* \* \* \*

Declining years of loneliness,  
Her dreams of wanderings gone;  
Pining for a word of love  
From her roving gypsy son.

Leola Christie Barnes.

## Estimates Furnished

THE CALLAHAN NEWS has one of the most modern up-to-date job printing plants in this section. We also have experienced printers with years of experience in some of the leading job printing plants in the South — we have the experience and equipment to handle every kind of job printing orders from the simplest card to the most complicated ruled form. No job too large or small.

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## The Callahan News

PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS

Callahan, Florida

## THE SADDEST TIME

The saddest time of all the year  
Is when the Christmas tide is here  
And children's hands and stomachs  
are

Empty, though, there appeared a star  
That wise men followed from afar:  
And then, with words of hope and cheer  
Spread wide the news; and without fear  
Proclaimed that a great Avatar  
Was borned whom all, must now, re-  
vere . . .

The saddest time.

Two thousand years have gone and  
clear

The Christmas bells ring out good cheer  
But O, how sad and singular

That poverty reeks vast, to mar . . .  
While Mammon reigns to domineer . . .  
This saddest time!

Gertrude Perry West.

## DEATH TOOK AWAY

Death took away, when roses bloomed,  
And in the June time was entombed  
Upon the very saddest time  
Of all my life when not a rime  
Could I express, for Death's mean  
crime,

But I could only grieve, engloomed,  
That he had thus, my young life doomed  
To live without her presence's chime.  
Death took away.

But in our baby's face has doomed  
Her features which it has assumed  
And in her brown eyes the sublime  
Expression comes when she does  
climb

Upon my knee, as her, entombed,  
Death took away.

Odus Cleo Sikes.



## O GLAD NEW YEAR \*

O, Glad New Year, you've come this  
way;

Beginning to reign the same day  
That you were borned! Yet, it seems  
sad

To see the Old Year, good and bad,  
Limp off and with his hair so gray  
From tolls that all Old Years must pay  
For what they cause the months to slay  
Still, there was nothing he could add  
By longer with Old Time to play;

O, Glad New Year!

But as I ponder and display  
Experiences that for me portray  
Themselves like elves and some dryad;  
Some are finest I ever had . . .

But many sorrows so outweigh . . .  
O, Glad New Year!

## II

O, Glad New Year! What will you  
bring?

Will those experiences which will cling  
To me through life, and much of  
joy,

Stay pleasant, or will they destroy  
The music that I write and sing  
From pleasures from which my songs  
spring . . .

Notes such as those of a starling,  
Or will some vast evil employ  
Pleasures of the Old Year to sting?

O, Glad New Year!

Some experiences in my heart swing  
As some belfry bells when they ring:

But sorrows like a broken toy  
Of this Old Year are a decoy . . .  
Will they die from their cruel sting?

O, Glad New Year!

Gertrude Perry West





---

### THIS CHRISTMAS DAY

This Christmas day my home is bare  
And no one by with me to share  
The Christmas cheer the day should  
bring

To followers of the Christian King,  
For she has gone who was so fair  
And lonely she has left me here;  
Yes, she has gone . . . He took her  
where

An angel choir for her will sing  
This Christmas Day.

O, true it is, that just last year  
That she was by with me to hear  
The Christmas bells as they would  
ring

The birthday of the Christian King,  
But now has left me in despair,  
This Christmas day

Odus Cleo Sikes

---

## THE BOOKMAKERS FOLIO

### MY POET FRIENDS

(Of the Poets' Corner Callahan News)

My Poet Friends: I bid you try  
For us to live though others die.

It will not be in "Lover's Lane\*"

But in Arcadia where we reign  
With more immortals who may vie  
With us, to write a lullaby  
That will, its author, glorify—

A master poet that Muses train . . .

My poet friends.

May we, to their great throne attain;

Where Fame her master poets ordain

Who did their talents multiply;

Did thus, their poems, edify;

So, may your efforts never wane—

My poet friends.

Gertrude Perry West.

\* A romantic name applied to 1 Ave  
in Callahan Florida on which is situated  
the Bookmakers' Camp; it having been  
given the title before the Camp was so  
located; and because, it is alleged, it  
is the trail of lovers that led to their  
rendevous Lake Gallilee.

*Arcadia*— Home of pastoral poetry.

G. P. W.

### STEP SOFTLY SPRING

Step softly, Spring, through the wood  
Or you might waken sleeping brood

Of tender flowers Hyems stored

When frosted cold and snows he  
poured

On budding stems of plants you wooed,  
Heavy footed as a lion, stood;

Scenting jungles in search of food

While hunger urged him on, he  
roared . . .

Step softly, Spring

Step softly Spring: the plants protrude  
The sun, already, has them viewed;

Their tender stems you have adored

And with acclimations, restored

To verdant beauty that is good;

Step softly, Spring.

Odus Cleo Sikes.

*Hyems*— One of the Seasons - Winter.

I call the readers' attention to the excellent alliteration in the title and refrain of Mr. Sikes' rondeau. GPW

### OLD SUWANNEE RIVER MOON

I will soon be coming down

The trail to "Home, sweet home:"

I am going back today;

Though it is many miles away

And again, I will never roam.

I left there long ago

And now, I am longing so

Just to be back there once more;

The moon will always beam

With its same golden gleam

On the dear old Suwannee River shore

Red Fussell.

### MY INDIANA

Indiana! My Indiana!

The state where I was born;

The fields now red with clover

And green with Indian corn;

The lakes that charm the north

And southern hills to rest;

May the sight of you stay the longing

That fills my breast.

Indiana! My Indirna!

You, blessed state of mine!

The woodlands vert with trees

Which climbing vines entwine.

The rippling streams and quiet nooks

Where lazy rivers sleep;

The lowing of the herd at eve

And bleating of the sheep.

Indiana! My Indiana!

The place that I call home;

The state so rich in honey

Dripping from the comb;

Pay homage to her name;

Her monuments a living shrine

May she endure forever

This dear old state of mine.

Floyd W. Hoover.



## VOLUPTAS SPEAKS

OF

## THE VAMPIRE

(With apologies to Kipling.)

A fool there was and the man in the  
case

(Even as you and I)

Told the woman a lie with a for-a-fact  
face

(Shall we call her the woman out of her  
place?)

But he called her the woman with vamp-  
pire grace

(Even as you and I.)

O, the thoughts she wastes and the  
time she spends

And loses from the Page of Time  
Belongs to the man she does not know  
And for whom she has fallen so low

Yet she chases the stale, empty  
crime.

A fool there was and her love she spent  
(Even as you and I)

Honor and faith to the man she lent  
(As if carnal love could be well meant]  
By man or woman with carnal intent  
(Even as you and I.)

O, the sorrows she cost and joys she  
lost

And the great things that she planned  
Belongs to the man who didn't  
know why

(And now she knows he will laugh  
at her cry,)

For she bared her hide till it tanned.

The fool was bared to her naked hide  
[Even as you and I]

Which she might have seen when he to  
her lied

But it isn't recorded the man ever tried  
So some of her lived but most of her  
died

[Even as you and I.]

And it isn't the shame and it isn't the

blame

That burns like a red hot brand;

It's realizing he never cared how  
Her virtue burned out with a flame  
In man's voluptuous hand.

Odus Cleo Sikes.

## WOMEN AND MEN

O, women, women!

These terrible women!

The things that we wear are a scream!

Vain, fickle creatures,

With clown-painted features,

We think we are everyman's dream.

We sail through the world

Like a baseball whirled,

Regardless of masculine wonders;

We smoke and we pet;

We almost forget

That we're not supposed to make  
blunders.

Yet men, the big bums,

Choose us for life chums,

Though they curse us, discuss and  
doubt us;

They are so stupid and slow,

They're too dumb to know—

Poor worms, they can't live without  
us!

Ella N. Davis.

## MY PAL HAS GONE

My pal has gone and there will stray  
My best thoughts that with them shall  
stay

Till they return after awhile

And I shall see their cheery smile

Which will my hopes quite reconcile  
And seems to be the poet's way

To me, their pal, to convey

Regards for me that are worthwhile--

My pal has gone!

No matter, though, they will be near  
In television realm and sphere:

Will, in a poet's way, return,

As joyfully, they will discern,  
That friendship did not cease out where

My pal has gone.

Gertrude Perry West.

## MOTION PICTURE ENTHUSIASTS' MAGAZINE

The magazine of expression. The International Motion Picture Enthusiasts, 157 West Santa Barbara Ave. Los Angeles, Calif., are putting out an attractive Magazine. It contains interesting motion picture information and educational articles, editorials, jokes, essays, poems and illustrations contributed by our members. Dues are \$1.00 a year (foreign \$1.50 a year) is issued every month, has branches in many lands and we wish to contact people capable of organizing others.

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## TWILIGHT MAGAZINE

The National Woman's Poetry Forum

A bi-monthly published at Edmond Okla. It is not of the almanac size that we find on the market but is one of the largest Poetry Journals in the field; unique in format and workmanship; clean and inspiring to say the least. Each issue features from 50 to 100 poems, breath-taking short stories, worthwhile articles on—preparing, constructing and marketing poetry; unique and clever articles on prosody, nature and art; a "Literary Chatter-box" by the "Twilighters" and other features. Several handsome prizes are offered for lyrics, sonnets, snappy short stories—including the famous Henry Harrison Library of books of verse, that will be one set awarded each issue for the outstanding poem and special prizes for the Sonnet Department. They solicit contributions. No free or unrimed verse. They welcome men and women interested in the higher and better things in life. They desire a representative in every state in the U. S. and other countries. Subscription rates: \$3.00 a year; 6 months \$1.50; copy 50 cents. Foreign

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CAROLINA ROSS  
The Bookmakers' Folio

Vols. 6 and 7 Nos 3 4 and 1

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Autumn--Winter 1931 and  
Spring 1932

Italian Sonnet Contest No.

Gertrude Perry West, Editor





Editorial Page

Edwin Markham; Hon. Natl. President,  
John M. Stahl. Hon. Natl. Vice Pres.  
Gertrude Perry West, Natl. President,  
and Editor-in-Chief of the Medium of Ex-  
pression, The Bookmakers' Folio,

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quired to furnish their own postage.

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No. 13, Jeanette Norland.

League Dedication:

Thomas Campbell, *The Bard of Hope*.

Emblem: Pegasus rising from an open book.

Motto: *Conanti Dabitur*, It will be given to him who tries.

Slogan: *Et si ostendo non jaeto*, And if I show what I am I do not boast.

Colors: White and black.

Flower: Mountain Laurel.

One or more loyal members of the League are given Life Memberships free for their outstanding loyal and devoted service to the cause of Bookmakers' ideals and aspirations, which are of the highest as regards better literature and writers, every year.

Those who send checks for membership fee, add 10 cents for foreign bank exchange, please.

This being the Italian Sonnet Contest Number of the Folio, the Hall of Fame Square may be omitted. If so, it will appear in the Summer 1932 Number.

The following rondeau has been selected as a model for Contestants who may not be familiar with the form.

Marjorie Bruce suggests that the poets renew their membership at once to become eligible to enter the Bookmakers' \$500. Rondeau Contest, and those who are not already members, join:

### MY GRAND KNIGHT HUGH

My grand Knight Hugh, with eyes so blue,

Loves only me and no wild shrew

Can take him for he sure is mine

And I am his own "Bright Sunshine,"

He vows; and to me, he is true.

Then sing, I must, to handsome Hugh

Who has no other one in view,

But in his heart has built my shrine;

My grand Knight Hugh.

O, Cupid, what else can I do!

But sing a rondeau to my Hugh?

His love clings round me like a vine

Because he thinks I am divine

So, may I love my grand knight, too . . .

My grand Knight Hugh,

Gertrude Perry West.



## Editor's Note—

The first 24 sonnets in this issue of the Folio are the prize winning sonnets in the Bookmakers' \$500.00 Strict Italian Sonnet Contest: the first having won the Grand Prize of \$500.00 and the others are Honorable Mentions. The donar was the Judge and they wish to be anonymous; the other two judges having died during the Contest. The sonnets are published in their merited order. *C'mmicleer* by Mrs. Pearle Harris Heffner won nineteenth place but admits she was not in good-standing at the close, so next in order takes its place. I regret this, as it is her first sonnet, revised by me. I congratulate all and I feel very proud of all. Both the highest winners and others are my pupils in poetics. Over two thousand sonnets were entered. Keep in good-standing for other contests. They are permanent. Enter the next one early.

The two last in order are Commended Sonnets. All will be sent a Contest Anthology free. All may be reached by addressing them at the Bookmakers' Camp

## PETRARCH AND LAURA

His walks were made as he passed many  
by;

But in a pew at church service he saw  
A woman whom he deemed without a  
flaw;

So love, atonce, began to light his eye.  
Her noble presence gave to him a high  
Inspiration for his apt pen to draw;  
And like a man who drowns will grasp  
a straw . . . .

He wrote of her in terms no one could  
vie.

But while he loved her madly until  
death;

She did not love the poet in return,  
Which hurt him to his fond impassioned heart.

Yet, he wrote his themes with a happy  
faith,

That though her grace and beauty  
made him yearn;

Divinely, she always, inspired his  
art.

--Sol La Farge.

FIRST HONOR  
EROS' PANACEA

(To Her)

I lost my key to my haunted house when  
Spring's  
New love came and the old dead loves  
were gray  
From mould of yesteryear's hopeless  
decay;  
The dust of years on those destructive  
wings  
Of Time that soars above with hateful  
stings  
Which had been brought from youth to  
stow away  
Within my haunted house where dead  
loves stay  
In long forgotten pasts, poor, sordid  
things!  
Old loves are dead and they give me no  
pain;  
They are ashes from the fire of a new;  
I thought I had discarded all romance  
And love would never come to me again;  
But in the depth of your brown eyes I  
view,  
Your love for me, that wins me  
with your glance.

Odus Cleo Sikes.

\* \* \* \*

MOTHER

If thus the Herald should sing from  
heights afar  
With clarion voice unto the heart of  
you,  
"Unbind your life from his, and say  
adieu;  
The years are gone— forsake the double  
star  
And henceforth be what in yourself you  
are  
Apart from him. To self alone be true  
For self is all!" Mother, what would  
you do:  
How would you answer, being what you  
are?



The dreams of old that you gave up for  
me—

Would you recall them now? Would  
you be glad

For youth returned with all its glow-  
ing charm,

With things untried— your life happy  
and free?

Or would you smite at all you might  
have had

And chose again my face upon your  
arm?

\* \* \* \*

#### TO MY BEGUILLED LOVER

In depths of your haunting brown eyes I  
see

Distress and sorrow that does not pass  
by;

They appear as though you have had  
a cry;

That you are suffering from misery

Caused by a bad woman's shame. Can  
it be

You can not longer smile whenever I

Appear, as always; you, relating why  
That you are in love and it is with me?

You are down cast through her beguil-  
ment. Now,

I, too, must pay the toll for her bad  
crime

Of having forced you to forget, in  
thongs

Of her stale, lusty arms, your love; and  
how

Your heart aches only I can tell and  
Time

Must bridge the void and soothe the  
cruel wrongs.

Drusilla Johnson.

\* \* \* \*

#### POEMS WANTED

The poets are requested to submit 10  
of their short poems for his anthology,  
Poems In And Out Of Season, to Law-  
rence Rector Griffiths, 511 South Logan  
St. Denver Colo. and do not forget to en-  
close postage and envelope for informa-  
tion and return of unavailable poems.



THE ITALIAN SONNET

The noble plainness and the upward lift  
Of that grave form, compact and serious,

Those many-chambered halls compendious,  
That rise on ribs of steel, no blow can rift.

So tensile is its strength, it bears the shift

Of the disembowelled earth upon its truss.

No tremor of strong feeling shatters us  
That it cannot sustain; a priceless gift!

O, architecture proud and strong and pure;

Skyscraper among poetic forms—

Built to hold the business of the soul!

Your lofty, windowed structure will endure

In a serener air and higher storms

Than where low commerce seeks its trivial dole.

Mary Owen Lewis.

\* \* \* \*

SAPPHO

Great poet of the Lesbian's lofty isle

Your burning words are lost, once known to fame,

But Time has spared some lines to crown your name,

And at your tenderness fond mother's smile,

And bless their children and their lambs the while

Bright Hesper leads all home with kindly aim,

As slowly sinks the sunset's dying flame,

And darkling shores no longer men beguile.



But down the Ages comes your Hymn to  
me

As fresh and fragrant as the dewy  
morn;

Your memory will live in that sweet  
strain

That we may hear like surges of the sea

A note eternal in your song forlorn—

What passion there? What longing?

And what pain!

Washington Van Dusen.

\* \* \* \*

### EYES

The eyes are called the windows of the  
soul,

And so we have the poet, starry-eyed;

The artist with a vision deep and wide

Who searches always for a shining goal

And there are eyes that Dissipation's toll

Has marred and blurred: the steely  
eyes of pride,

And those where all but love of gold  
has died,

And treacherous eyes that play a subtle  
role.

But O, the tragic eyes of those where  
hope

And Faith's bright flame has ceased to  
glow and burn!

That tell of loads too heavy to endure  
Of spirits crushed and minds that drift  
and grope,

That see, yet naught of beauty can  
discern:

The dull eyes in the faces of the  
poor.

Margaret E. Bruner.

\* \* \* \*

Note— That Kingsley Tufts is the author of the Second Honorable Mention entitled: *MOTHER*. We apologise for the omission of his name at the end of his sonnet.

---

OCTOBER

October flings about the woodland hills  
Her tapestries with wanton, lavish  
hand.  
Her alchemy dips dyes of priceless  
brand,  
And over all, like some rapt spirit spills  
Libations of the sunlight she distills  
To glint the grasses and the silver  
sand.  
And with no one to listen or demand  
She bids the wood-thrush scatter trills.  
  
She uses ever changing purple mist,  
That fades to lavender and then, to  
gray,  
To blend the glory of the elm and  
oak,  
With golden sunbeams kissing amethyst.  
October is a nymph, and in her play  
She veils her tapestries in thin blue  
smoke.

Enola Keisling Thrall.

\* \* \* \*



\* \* \* \*

THREE LOVES—THE BEAUTIFUL

(To Marjorie Bruce)

One gave, she told me; all her soul, but  
kept  
Her marble lips untouched and shun-  
ning love  
As if his act might blight the bliss  
thereof;  
The other heaped on me her art that  
slept  
With Luxury but lacked what men ac-  
cept,  
A fond and loving heart: and so, they  
*strove*  
Like dying flowers against wild winds  
that drove  
Them on the rocks, as on, they madly  
swept.



Then came the one whose soul and sense  
unite,  
Like starlight from out the ethered  
blue,  
In perfect dew-kist bloom that told  
Life's rule.  
Such union is true love's supreme delight  
Outshining all by being love that knew  
The ecstasy of love in Nature's  
school

John Augustus Kames.

\* \* \* \*

#### THE PATIENT

The style of prose, as rough and hard as  
flints,  
That comes, when versed in monetary  
lore,  
One can not make his phrases sing and  
sour,  
Has gone since Beauty gave her rainbow  
tints.  
O, do not chain this poet's mind that  
springs  
Through skyland pastures where the  
star gems pour  
Like rain on Poetry's receptive floor,  
And make him write of stocks, or money  
mints.

His songs are those of great poetic strain  
That beats and throbs in many lyric  
scores:

The gnibs and sneers of prosy fel-  
low men  
Assault his tender, beauty-burning brain.  
He makes a liniment for open sores,  
And winds the singer's bandage with  
his pen.

Anton Ramotka.

\* \* \* \*

Note—Believe it or not, but at the Book-  
makers' Turken Ranch, is a Turken hen  
of White Leghorn strain, hatched on St.  
Patrick's Day, 1931, which lays eggs  
which weighs six ounces and inside of  
the six ounce egg is another egg of nor-  
mal size with a shell on it. G. P. W.

PETRARCH AND LAURETA

My plea to you is: love me, Laureta;  
Though by Hymen's vows you are not  
my bride;  
But should you let me linger by your  
side  
I will write to you a sonnet stanza  
Of immortal verse, and the sonata,  
Shall live forever as a lover's guide  
By which his love may evermore abide  
In a fixed form and not, a fantasia.

Until this day, the sonnets that he wrote,  
To his unrequite love, in fame, have  
grown;  
A cause, for all in love, urged by de-  
sire,  
To win their love and evermore devote,  
As Petrarch did to Laureta, his own  
Unhallowed love, excusing thus, the  
fire.

Marjorie Bruce.



PETRARCH'S PRAYER TO PORTHOS

Porthos, Porthos, why will you tantalize,  
Unless Laureta will kindly respond  
To my passion's plea, of whom I am  
fond,  
And whom both gods and men must idol-  
ize;  
Although, her sex with scorn her and de-  
spise,  
Unless, she is bound by Hymen's strong  
bond,  
To whom, she pawns her freedom each  
second  
To be, a wife, for man, to tyrannize.

Then, Porthos, though my love, by her  
own sex,  
Be the scorned object of Diana's hate,  
Give her to me! My mistress on a bed  
of amaranth! Let me reach the apex  
Of Love's divine sweetness when first  
I mate  
With her whom I worship but cannot  
wed.

Malcolm Campbell.



TO ANY PATRIOT

I know you are a man who loves like me:  
 You love your woods astir with fay and  
 gnome;  
 And you the purple heather, where you  
 roam,  
 A ballad on your lips: and you a quay  
 Where sun-browned boys sing on a drow-  
 sy sea;  
 And you a Viking rock that breaks the  
 foam;  
 And you the shadow of an ancient dome  
 Your home, your home, above all things  
 that be.

I know you are like me: your blood runs  
 hot  
 Like mine; you feel the scorch of pas-  
 sion's flame,  
 The dew of dreams, sweet laughter's  
 overflow.  
 And so I cry aloud that you shall not  
 Be made a lump, or target in the game  
 The great ones play for Might. Be-  
 cause, I know!

Margaret Munsterberg.

\* \* \* \*

THE CHOICE

Whether for more of sorrow or of joy  
 We two frail bits of dream-stuff now  
 are whirled,  
 Together in this dance men call the  
 world;  
 Whether the winds of time and chance  
 deploy  
 After some hidden purpose, or decoy  
 To some dark doom in some vast brain  
 uncurled,  
 I do not know, but only, we are hurled  
 Together, if it be but to destroy.

But if it be for gladness, or for pain,  
 Whether for long desire, or swift delite  
 Or flight, or irrecoverable fall—  
 I gladly take the lifted cup, and drain  
 It to the bottom, asking neither right  
 Nor wrong. I give, I take, and that  
 is all.

Clifford Gesslex.

Note-- Fleeting Glory, page 16, is by  
 Evelyn Brown. We apologize.

VERGILIUS

(Written in honor of Virgil's two-thousandth birthday)

Drink at the River of Time, from out  
those dark

And bristling shadows where Iliian  
heroes dwell!

Put on the sacred chaplets when the  
smell

Of solemn sacrifice is given! Mark

The salted cakes, within your Stygian  
bark,

And hold from out your hollow hand  
the spell

Of an Immortal, before you say fare-  
well,

Virgilius, and shroud the sacred spark!

Yes, let your spirit walk to meet our own

That are your heirs forever and today

Stretch forth your gift embroidered  
with the Past,

And wear the Crown of Age for you alone

But when the night clings to our fin-  
gers, stay,

And stroke the sleeping hours with  
song, at last!

Florence Jameson.

\* \* \* \* \*

ANTIDOTE

I am tired of such pomp and revelry;

And seek, again, the splendid solitude

Of wooded wild domains. If silence brood

Among the foliage, and daylight flee,

I care not, for wood shadows are, to me,

The proud protectors of my hour and  
mood,

And through the calm of midnight  
serve as food

To my starved soul. Fie, for destiny!

For once again my feet in their delight

At finding quaggy mould beneath them  
stray

Into remote recesses where they  
wake

The sleeping lonely echoes into flight.

It was thus, I fit myself to face the  
day

After the night you found love a  
mistake.

Pearl Adoree Rawling.



IN MEMORIAM

(Lines to the posthumous Editor of Garlands for Gertrude Perry West, Albert James Norton)

Acclaim grows short of breath and life  
must fade . . .

Into the great unknown a friend has  
gone,

Who right and wisdom ever made his  
own:

In peacefulness his earthly walk he made  
When other men defied the good and  
played

Toto caelo stakes with chance, and  
skeptic strown

The heights he sought to reach his  
dreams' high throne . . .

Kept a faith in men fresh as a spring-  
time glade.

This matchless friend from out a world,  
most blind;

Winged in his silver ship, alone, abreast  
Of Death; has proved, that men can  
transcend time;

For, over this poet's brow, whose best  
mind

Was to mock at darkness (an illumined  
quest)

Shines a glory all radiant and sublime  
Eugenie du Maurier Meredith.

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

THE UNBORN

Where lurk enormous Night's grim shad-  
ows, wait

Ethereal bands, impalpable, unseen

Among the misty clouds that float be-  
tween

The worlds and watch for mystic hands  
of Fate

To set ajar the latch of Passion's gate

That they may enter life. To them, we  
mean:

Release, joy, fulfillment, and glint  
ing sheen

Of beauty; they live not unless we mate.

Desire weaves threads that bind us;  
makes us share

The kiss of ecstasy in love complete,  
Where two souls seem to melt and  
merge

In one; a third is always waiting there.

The unborn seek for mothers, their  
lips meet

And burn with ours; resistless, in  
their urge.

Jessie M. Gilmore.

\* \* \* \*

### MODERN YOUTH

When I look out upon this world's decay  
In moral force, in virtue and ideal;  
Where no conventions temper nor conceal

The crude expression of the thoughts  
that away

The minds and actions of our youth, to-day;

When I hear youths and maidens so reveal

To one another everything they feel,  
As merchandise is set out for display:

Then, do I long for winged words of  
power

Enough to pierce the shell of sensual  
dross

That stifles thoughts of all but sordid  
bliss.

Could I but have the strength in this  
dark hour

When their bright youth seems but a  
total loss,

To grasp and draw them back from  
this abyss!

Annabel Schley Fahle.

\* \* \* \*

Note—The first tree planted in the  
Poets' Row on 1 Ave. in Callahan, Fla.  
beginning at the Bookmakers' Camp and  
extending towards Lake Gullilee to the  
South is named Gertrude Perry West in  
her honor and dedicated to The Bookmak-  
ers by Theodore Revells (Red) Fussell,  
Pres. of the Knights and Redmen of the  
West, a local organization in her honor,  
a representative of the order.



### ELEPHANTS

A mountainous gray beast with secret  
ways,

As terrible in patience as in rage:

A portion of a dim forgotten page  
Rent from the obscure tomes of other  
days.

A dream half recollected in his gaze  
Of scenes on a fabulously wide stage  
Where he, with other giants of the age  
Atlantosaurus and the other bear dog,  
plays.

What wisdom lies within his wrinkled  
dome!

What god like tolerance for pigmy  
things

That prod his sides and fetter him  
with chains!

A captive wrested from his jungle home,  
Meek servitor, born from a race of  
kings,

Shackled or free; earth dominant,  
he reigns.

Dorothy Moore Garrison.

\* \* \* \*

Note— The poets who are represented in  
the Poets' Row as identified with Callan-  
han are, as planted: Gertrude Perry  
West, J. William Decker, Odus Cleo  
Sikes, Theodore Revells (Red) Fussell,  
Vera Mae Kelley and David H. Petree.

\* \* \* \*

### LEARNING TO READ

By- Cora Warburton Hussa

Worlds no human eye can hope to see  
Our Author made and in their mighty  
rhyme

And rhythm wrote a message for all  
time.

Of all His works this world alone can be  
To me a book whose print is lake and  
tree.

I am a child whose tracing finger's  
grime

Smudges the line he seeks to read till  
shame

Of words and thought sets all the story  
free.

"Beauty," I read so clear upon the page  
In tiny forms of intricate design,  
In velvet rose and iris-tinted hill.  
But "Pain," a foreign word the wisest  
sage  
Is baffled by! Why in this lovely line  
He left it unerased, I wonder still.

\* \* \* \*

ON FRIENDSHIP

A miracle that meets you, unaware!  
No hackneyed pledge could forge the  
great combine,  
Or feast the mutual taste that seems  
divine.  
No planning, purposeful and laid with  
care  
Could bring about this mystic bond so  
rare:  
This wholesome union free from heart  
repine.  
Its law is spontaneity: its shrine  
The trystring place where close knit  
thoughts repair.  
Joy will forever dance with joy, untaught  
A sorrow, ever seek its cruel kind;  
Thus, giving proof that taste is one  
with aim.  
Love may be alien to its mate in thought;  
At once is love, though silent, dumb  
and blind;  
But Mutual Friendship always speaks  
her name.

Elizabeth Wild.

\* \* \* \*

POETS' ROW, (Callahan, Fla.,) Planted.

On January 12 1932, the Poets' Row to  
be dedicated to The Bookmakers' Inter-  
national League of Writers by the local  
organization in honor of the National Pre-  
sident, Gertrude Perry West, the Knights  
and Redmen of the West, Theodore Rev-  
ells (Red) Fussell, Pres. was planted.

Mrs. West threw a handful of soil to  
each hole dug for planting and "Uncle  
Aaron Johnson has the honor of the work  
of planting the trees. It was decided to  
plant magnolias to represent all, and they  
were donated by Mrs. Francis Falann  
from Cross Creek. (See page 14.)



FLEETING GLORY

With passing day, a sunset brushed the  
sky

In its swift flight, and with a glancing  
wing

Touched earth's uplifted arc; where  
maples fling

Bright leaves upon the grass, its spell  
passed by.

Then dawned a blue that art may never  
ply

In pigments; painted words could nev-  
er bring

The vision that to autumn vistas cling  
In colors that so close to heaven lie.

O, that this mystic hour were a net

To catch and hold this radiant harmony

Forever in a magic mesh, and yet

The vision lives a pensive ecstasy

Of inspiration. Though the world  
turns grey,

I have seen beauty; I have lived  
today . . . . .

Note-- the above sonnet is an excellent example of the "allowed" form of the Italian Sonnet, and note the difference in the form of its sestet and the "strict" forms of the Contest winners published in this edition of the Folio.

VISIONS

Medium of Expression of The American Writers' Society, Olive Scott Stainby, President of the society and Editor of its spacious magazine where is always room for one more. It is published by-monthly and a stamped, self addressed envelope sent the editor will bring one news of all the advantages of this splendid opportunity for aspiring writers. There is no better place for young or arrived poets to find a friendly welcome and a place to hang one's literary hat than the tree of Visions. It will be sent you a year for \$1.00. Membership in the society another dollar. Investigate atonce. Address at 1322 Las Flores Drive, Los Angeles Calif.

ARMISTICE DAY, NOVEMBER 11

Peace! It is easy to write:  
Proclaimed from citadel:  
The Poppies of Flanders wrote it  
With indelible ink.

Peace! a few dead leaves:  
Are empires reared on these?  
Barter for millions of lives laid down  
A laurel wreathed crown?

Peace! Sweet gentle dove:  
Nations as they wing  
Prove dread sport for fools,  
A test for Venom's sting.

Peace! Never a hero knows:  
Duty! His path to tread:  
Follow the Call! There alone lies peace:  
Peace, with honor to the dead!

A. Maud Harrington, England.

\* \* \* \*

THE WOODTHRUSH

The woodthrush in the glamorous trees  
Has caroled love where garlands swing,  
Where music buds beneath the breeze,  
And petals fall like melodies  
Beneath the lyric breath of spring.

Not though the world of man discards  
The tilting joy that love should be  
Will I be hushed, since earth retards,  
For I shall vie with feathered bards  
To feel the pulse of Ecstasy.

Diana Kearney Powell.

\* \* \* \*

BOOKMAKERS' SCRAPBOOKS

For 25 cents apiece poems may be pasted  
in Scrapbooks on exhibition at the follow-  
ing places by any poet, also books of  
poems will be exhibited free:

Address: J. William Decker, National  
Custodian of Bookmakers' Poetry, Muse-  
um of Art, 420 Main St. Jacksonville, Fla.  
U. S. A.

Emelda Deshaies, Custodian of Book-  
makers' Poetry for District No. 2, of  
the Bookmakers, 1011 B St. N. W.  
Washington, D. C.

Evelyn Brown, 27 Hollis St. Newton,  
Mass. Custodian of Bookmakers' Poetry,  
Dist. 4.



ATTENTION!

Charles Mank, Jr. The Movieland Pub. Staunton, Ill. wants poems and other articles of movie fans for a book. Write.

Lawrence Rector Griffith, 511 South Logan St. Denver, Colo. and George Henry Kay, Little Falls, Minn. wish anthology poems. Write atonce.

\* \* \* \*

BOOK REVIEWS

WREATHS OF LAUREL, The Bookmakers' Publishers, Callahan, Fla. Edited by Gertrude Perry West from the Poets' Corner of the Callahan News which Mrs. West edited, and contains thirty-one poems written to or by the Editor and others who contributed to the Poets' Corner. It is a sequel to Poems of Appreciation and Praise edited by Mrs. West from the same Corner and which are designated as Bookmakers' Poets Numbers Three and Five. Most of the poems are romantic; having been written to the Editor of the Poets' Corner as the Editor, and for other distinctions: the Editor being greatly admired for her charming personality and unsurpassed talents, by Knights and Redmen of the West, an automatically organized organization in her honor and some of whom contributed the bits of verse to be read among the more excellent poems in this delightful anthology.

There are two oil paintings by the Editor, in the book; one before and after death of Red's old horse, January which appeared in, and is from: Love Lyrics To One Loves Me, a book of poems written to and dedicated to, Red, A Boy With A Million Dollar Smile, by Mrs. West. It is in de lux format and bound with black ribbon, consistent with the Bookmakers' colors of black and white. It carries a very commendable appearance and because of its uniqueness, it is very valuable--it selling the few unsold copies for \$5.00 a copy. All copies are autographed by the Editor. The book is dedicated to Cleo.

Henry Hunt.

# LOVE LYRICS TO ONE LOVES ME

By Gertrude Perry West, The Bookmakers' Publishers, Callahan, Fla. A de lux edition of poems done in Bookmakers' colors of black and white bound with red ribbon to distinguish it as dedicated to "Red, The Boy With a Million Dollar Smile," and is not only dedicated to Precious Red, but every poem in the book is written to Red excepting one—Do Horses Have Souls? which is asked by the author because she claims to have ridden Red's old horse, January, to death, instead of Pegasus while creating the poems to Red and illustrates the fact by an oil painting by the author, of the horse both before and after death. He appears as an angel just preceeding the postlude: My Swan Song Sung To Red, which concludes the book.

Another painting following the poem, Songs Sung To Red, illustrates him as he stared with Red in Lighthouse Nan, his graduation play and which helped inspire the poems in this most original interesting and unique book and because of the excellent craftsmanship and romantic setting, it is to be regretted it is not for sale at any price, but was published as special gifts to friends of the author and of her "Sweetheart Red," which is the title of three of the thirteen excellent poems in the book. This is the first book of poems ever written to and dedicated to, any person, and carries the highest honor to the fortunate young Romeo to whom the brochure is written and dedicated. The book is the most valuable book of poems ever published because of this reason and for obvious others; for its uniqueness, format and fine poetry.

The author is the author of many book length poems which have brought her the highest recognition. She is not only nominated to the National Hall of Fame, but has been acclaimed Poet-Laureate of America and Dixieland. I recommend that the lovers of the best in poetics insist on a commercial edition of this delightful and romantic book with congratulations to Red.

Vincent Gould.

POEMS by Nora Badger Crosser, and privately printed and for sale by Joy Wendell Porter, Port Hoyle, Md.

In dealing with the work of one who, through the years, has grown very dear, it is hard to preserve the proper focus; and it is doubly hard in the case of Nora Badger Crosser because, dealing with the simple, homely, beautiful things of every-day life that appeal to all, she gets so very close as almost to become one of us. We do not so much see through her eyes—wise eyes, searching always and everywhere for beauty and blind to all else; we do not so much take the evidence of her ears, that the world is full of music—wise ears, dull to all save melody; we, ourselves, see the glory gilding common things and hear the ineffable strains. The author lived her life in the open and no trace of morbidness ever crept in to cloud the joy of it; but with all of her worldly wisdom there is absolutely no trace of sophistication. From first to last her work is sane, sweet, serene. Of her it can most truthfully be said that

"Through long days of labor,  
And nights devoid of ease,  
She heard in her soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies."

Her work makes no pretense of being meticulously even, rather has it the utter spontaneity of bird and brook and breeze.

When ones cheek is swept by a spray of morning-glories gemmed with dew, one does not stop to count the buds and measure the curve of the tendrils, one thanks what gods there be and sings rejoicingly Take these lines from *Trees*:

From a little child the heart of me  
Has leaped in rapture toward a tree;  
And balm I find, and peace so true  
In the calm, holy beauty of you.

This is but a faint echo of the many joys to be found within the compass of these hundred-odd pages of work and play.

A chaplet of simple and heartfelt verse by the author's daughter brings to a fitting close a truly beautiful book.

Clyde Robe Meredith.



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Issued By-monthly

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EMBRYO is a co-operative venture offering cash and other prize awards for the best poems published each issue. Its pages are not limited to the beginner, novice, embryo versifier. Requirements are for short, rhymed verses with effectual endings; verses giving one complete thought - a definite emotional reaction. Not responsible for manuscripts unaccompanied by stamp. Submit poems to:

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Bookmakers' Poets No. 1- Flame Points  
J. Graydon Jeffries, \$1.00.

No. 2- Bookmakers' Hall of Fame Anthology No. 1- \$3.00 (Out of print.)  
Edited by- Malcolm Campbell.

No. 3- Appreciations: Poems of Praise  
Edited by- Gertrude Perry West. (A few copies left at \$5 00 a copy.)

No. 4- Love Lyrics to the One Loves Me  
by- Gertrude Perry West. (Priceless and out of print.)

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No. 8 Bookmakers' Italian Sonnet Contest Anthology. Free to prize winners; \$5.00 to others.

No 9- Hall of Fame Anthology No. 2. is free to winners; \$5.00 to others.

No. 10 Garlands for Gertrude Perry West  
Free to contributors; to others \$1.00.

Order today and help the cause.

Bookmakers' Publishers, Callahan, Fla.

\* \* \* \*

## ANNOUNCING BOOKMAKERS'

### \$500.00 RONDEAU CONTEST

The Bookmakers' International League of Writers opens their permanent \$500.00 Poetry Contest the second time with a Rondeau Contest; the best rondeau entered in the opinion of the donar of the Grand Prize, wins. They wish to keep their identity secret for the present.

The rules are simple and the form an easy French form. A model rondeau is given: *MY GRAND KNIGHT HUGH*, was chosen by the donar and published elsewhere. The Contest closes June 1 1933 at mid-night and another opens; possibly, an English Sonnet. Contestants should join at once and keep in good standing.

All Contestants must be Bookmakers members ~~12~~ months before the close and must have their dues paid up a year in advance. Exchanges may compete if they send us their magazines regularly, for by this method are they members.

A rondeau consists of 13 lines of 8 syllables (or 10) each line, and two refrains of the first four syllables (or 5) of the first line and are placed as the ninth and fifteenth lines. The rime scheme is as follows: a-a-b-b-a space a-a-b-C space a-a-b b-a-C It may be on any theme d as many may be entered as one desires.

Not any will be returned. Enclose sufficient postage to return any unavailable rondeaux or correspondence pertaining to their reconstruction for entry in the contest, which we do if necessary at 4 cents a line if these free instructions by the first "acclaimed" Poet-Laureate of Dixieland and America, Gertrude Perry West, our National President and the Editor-in-Chief of our Medium of Expression *The Bookmakers' Folio*, are not enough.

All poets may join us. Some one will win. It may be you, if you try. Send \$1.00 for a year, or \$2.00 for two years is better. Members, renew, today. A free to winners anthology will be published of the winning poems. There will be 23 Honorable Mentions. Address— Book makers' Camp, Callahan, Fla., U. S. A. Mark contest.

Marjorie Bruce, Contest Editor.

The Folio is free to members.

\* \* \* \*

car

# The Bookmakers' Folio

## Medium of Expression

### The Bookmakers' International League of Writers

#### Volume 7 Numbers 2 and 3

Gertrude Perry West Editor-in-Chief

### Dedicated To

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

Drusilla Pate Meares and Washington Van Dusen  
AUTUMN AND SUMMER 1932





## MOTHER

[To Drusilla Pate Meares]

It seems but yesterday since her fair  
hand

Combed my brown curls with her  
most patient skill;

Making me vain as some winsome Si-  
byl,

As she would wind, in curls, each stray  
ing strand.

I am her "baby;" and, she thought me  
grand;

Or else, it gave to her a finer thrill,  
To take such care to pride in me in-  
stil,

For future years, that now is contra-  
band.

Today, I am an orphan; and, it seems,  
If just a week of past life might re-  
turn

And bring her back to me, the  
splendid plan,

She had for me, and all her hopeful  
dreams,

I might the more readily, now, then  
learn,

And be less attitudinarian.

Gertrude Perry West.

## THE WIRELESS OF SOULS

'Twas on a cold but calm, clear starlit  
night;

The ship Titanic, in the northern  
main,

Was driving fast across the watery  
plain;

The band was playing joyful airs and  
light,

When all at once an iceberg rose in  
sight.

They tried to steer her by, but all in  
vain;

Her wireless called for help; her cry  
of pain

Carpathia heard and rushed with all  
her might.

And so from depths beyond our fathom  
line

There comes, at times unto one's  
startled side,

A cry more weird than that across the  
brine

When calls the parting soul, though  
sundered wide,

As if Love had at times some power  
divine

To send a wireless o'er the Great Di-  
vide.

Washington Van Dusen,

EDITORIAL PAGE  
THE BOOKMAKERS' INTERNATIONAL  
LEAGUE OF WRITERS

Medium of Expression:

THE BOOKMAKERS' FOLIO

Gertrude Perry West, National President of  
The Bookmakers' and Editor-in-Chief of  
The Bookmakers' Folio,  
The Bookmakers' Camp, Callahan, Florida,  
U. S. A.

Motto:

*Et si ostendo non jacto:*

And if I show what I am I  
do not boast.

Slogan:

*Conanti Dabitur.*

It will be given to  
him who tries.

Flower, Mountain Laurel

Emblem, Pegasus rising from an open book.

Edwin Markham, Hon. National President  
John M. Stahl, Hon. National Vice President  
Harold Dean Perry, National Vice-President.  
J. Roderick Perry, Treasurer.

District Presidents:

- No. 1, Charles Sloan Reid,
- No. 2, Henry Flury,
- No. 3, Louise Sledd Roberts,
- No. 4, Grace Evelyn Brown,
- No. 5, William C. S. Pellowe,
- No. 6, Bertram Day,
- No. 7, Ella N. Davis,
- No. 8, William Allen Ward,
- No. 9, Glenn Ward Dresbach,
- No. 10, Willis Hudspeth,
- No. 11, Pearle Casey,
- No. 12, Mary Alethes Woodward,
- No. 13, Jeanette Norland.

**Editors:**

**Bookplates,-** Louis J. Silver.

**Contest:-** Marjorie Bruce.

**Play,** Euphemia Pate,

**Review,** Eugenie du Maurier Meredith.

**Poetry Reviewer,** Clyde R. Meredith.

\* \* \* \*

**THE HALL OF FAME POEMS**

In future the Hall of Fame Poems will not be republished for lack of space, but will be published in anthology form time to time. There were not any voted on in the Sonnet Contest No. of the Folio. We will give the titles of the winning poems in the Spring and Summer 1931 No. of the Folio.

**First Honor:** My Helen by Eugenie du Maurier Meredith.

**Second:** Gleanings by Dorothy Moore Garrison.

**Third:** The Tall Man by Margaret E. Brunner.

**Honorable Mentions:** The Cross by Grenville Kleiser.

**To A Fur Scarf** by Frederick Van de Water.

\* \* \* \*

**COMPILING RADIO POETRY ANTHOLOGY**

Emelda Deshaies, author of Miscellaneous Moods, a book of verse, and Edward James Irvine, director of Miscellaneous Moods, a poetry period of W. J. S. V. Mt. Vernon Hills, Va. which was named for the book, are editing the Jewell Book of Radio Verse which will be the first anthology of the air; the poems will be broadcast from Washington D. C. Stations; the book will retail for \$2.50 a copy and be off the press in Jan. 1933. Mr. Irvine is one of four authors of The New Angel In Heaven, meaning Little Lindy in song. Order from Muse News Service 1410 G St. N. W. Washington D. C. at 50 cts. a copy. Write Emelda Deshaies, 1011 M St. regarding the anthology; send her poems for the Bookmakers' Scrap book, enclosing 10 cents for each poem sent.



OBITUARY

Washington Van Dusen, A Life and Charter Member of the Bookmakers; an internationally known poet, especially, a distinguished sonneteer. He has won between twenty five and thirty prizes for sonnets. He still lives as the author of his Sonnets of Great Men and Women. He was Pres. of No. 3 Dist. of the Bookmakers, and for his loyalty, was given a life membership which has deplorably, ended too soon, in death.

Drusilla Pate Meares, distinguished as the mother of the "first North Carolinian to be nominated to the National Hall of Fame; the first woman to be legally run for U. S. Pres., the first Acclaimed Poet-Laureate of Dixieland and America; the Founder and National President of the Bookmakers and Editor of the Bookmakers' Folio," to quote from the press relating her death; Gertrude Perry West, and she was an Hon. National Pres. of the Bookmakers. She is the author of a manuscript of events in her young life before the Civil War written in her eighty-eight year which will be published by the Bookmakers.

Other things distinguish Mrs. Meares but not directly connected with interest to the league which she represented until her passing at sunset on April 13 1932. Our beloved Editor-in-Chief is her "Baby" of whom she spoke before her passing to a granddaughter, Ella Clark Allen and a Bookmaker official, in the most affectionate and laudable terms.

Marjorie Bruce.

• • • •

• • • •

POET-LAUREATE LEAGUE

Those interested write to the promoter, Carl Cave, 2015 O St. N. W. Washington, D. C.

### PERPETUAL MEMBERS

Every year, one or two members of the Bookmakers are given a Life Membership for loyalty and other obvious reasons. The appointments are as follows. Those marked with an asterisk are deceased.

1928, Marie Tello Phillips.

Edna M. Zeiss—\*

1929, John M. Stahl.

Albert James Norton—\*

1930, University of N. C. Library.

Washington Van Dusen—\*

1931, Benjamin Musser.

Theodore Revells [Red] Fussell.

1932, Clyde Robe Meredith.

Eugenie du Maurier Meredith.

\* \* \* \*

### HONORS

Edwin Markham's eightieth birthday was celebrated in April of 1932 by an audience of several thousand at Carnegie Hall in N. Y. City. He was also chosen by Anita Brown as Honor Poet for 1932 Poetry Week which is celebrated the last week in May, annually.

Another local club has been organized in honor of your National President by some of the local Grammar School boys: John William Ryals and Edward Conner being the high official organizers, we are informed. No other honor ever given us has ever touched our heart more than this and appreciated more. It is The West End Club, having been organized by the boys of the west end of Callahan. We give this information in thanks for this touching honor.

We were also invited on the Honorary President's Counsel of National Poetry Week by Anita Brown, its Founder and President. For this high honor we give thanks.

There may be others but were not sent in. G. P. W.

### THE POETS' ROW

The local Poets' Row at the Bookmakers' Camp planted in 1932 all died excepting two, Gertrude Perry West and Theodore Revells [Red] Fussell, because of the extreme drought. They will be replanted in the Spring of 1933 and if all the trees [magnolias] live they will be dedicated to the Bookmakers later. Short poems on trees are wanted for this ceremony.

Euphemia Pate.

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### FORTUNES

Everybody get in fashion and have a clairvoyant or horoscopic reading by the Bookmakers' poet Medium, Carl. He is highly recommended by those for whom he has read, and those who may be interested, address; Carl, D. S. M. 1513 Zane Highway, Martins Ferry, Ohio. Insincere patrons are not welcome.

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### ANNOUNCEMENT

I have ten acres of land near Grundy County Court House in Va. where I intend to found a Reformed Bahai Church and probably a colony of Reformed Bahais. All interested, write Edward J. Irvine, Founder, Reformed Bahaiism, 1310 I St. N. W. Room 22, Washington, D. C.

\* \* \* \*

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### THE CRY PIERCING MY SONG

O, the joy of living! O, the joy of living!

O, the joy of laughter and song!  
My heart beats happily; my soul is afire  
And yet there is something wrong.

Something is wrong! Again I am sad  
And again I am weeping instead.  
Always as I am singing joy flees away  
At the cry,— O, give us some bread!

Alfred August Schenck.

---



THE YEARS GONE BY

I send my memory to years gone by,  
When one sweet fairy used to come  
to me  
And give my thinking wings that fancy-free  
Which reaches for the moon, the stars  
and skies so high.  
But now, gone are the years and  
quenched is all:  
They vanished like a dream in fall's  
late frost;  
Some envious devils, crumbling down  
have cost;  
My love's air-castles which built my  
iron walls.  
Here bends my body now, with my  
broken heart;  
And every joy my tears extinguish  
there,  
My fated youth my hope sees in the  
air  
Evaporated snowflake visions of love's  
art.  
Now rain my ceaseless tears; Sad-eyed  
Endeavor . . .  
For those lost years of love my spirit  
misses,  
Without the chance for any of her  
sweet kisses  
That in my lonely life I shall miss forever.

John Augustus Kames.

\* \* \* \*

---

THE MAGIC GARDEN

Come into the garden, where purple  
flags are waving;  
Flowers are painted poems, and only  
bees are slaving.  
Gone are cares and worries, while  
breathing garden magic . . .  
Where there is all beauty showing,  
nothing is tragic.

Mayne Stoddard Wilson.

---

IN NEED OF A COBBLER'S HEART

He touched, with almost tenderness,  
the shoe

I brought, though dowdy and mis-  
shaped from wear;

His eyes talked first . . . brown  
eyes, a thoroughfare

For kindly lights; but when he spoke, I  
knew

That gentleness had permeated through  
His entire self: "It needs some stitch  
ing there,

This run-down heel will straighten  
with repair,

As neat as Cinderella's was, for you."

I nodded, then complained about the  
day;

He stuck the dipper-trumpet to his  
ear,

Then smiling, said: "Not many  
speak that way . . .

They are not satisfied as you, I fear."

I left abruptly, for I dared not stay—

My heart would thunder out for  
him to hear.

Rose Myra Phillips.

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

A HEADACHE

This little nagging, aching pain  
Shrieks louder than the beating rain;  
It seems more heavy than molted lead;  
What can I do? O, my head, my head!

How can I chase it far away  
Where it can no longer play  
Its painful melody to me  
That puts my head in misery!

Could I but chase it in the sun  
Where swift and swifter it must run,  
Unless it burns and nothing be  
But a phantom mystery!

Could I but take hold of it  
And with it past the moonbeams flit,  
My mind would be at rest once more,  
For shut to it would be my door.

Myrtle R. Patterson.

---

MENS' HOUSES

Men house themselves in brick and  
stone;

They forget about the sky;

Beneath vast domes they work and  
play,

And I can but wonder why.

What grander roof than open blue,

Where sun and moon, and stars look  
through?

Perhaps they think their puny hands

Make such a costly show;

That all its splendiddness can charm

Or awe the Lord God so . . . .

He will fail to well discern the whole

Wan pettiness of mind and soul.

Dorothy Moore Garrison.

\* \* \* \*

SUPPLIANT

Lord, grant I may be lovely yet - - in  
death - -

Not tears do I desire, but words of  
praise

My ears have never heard; may my  
last breath

Be too serene . . . against unquiet days

I have culled from each haggard year on  
year.

When my soul races into the Cosmic  
mist,

I ask a new gown - - costly this - -  
and sheer,

And rosebud lips pursed sweetly to be  
kist!

For eyes grown careless, I shall wish  
my hair

Touched with red-gold; and in that  
final hour

I would have hands - - mine met Life  
primly bare - -

As softly satined as a petaled flower.

Then . . . let my flesh be ashes on the  
wind

While Beauty is - - belatedly - - so kind

Jo Hartman.

---

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\* \* \* \*

### THE CAMEL BELLS OF JERICHO

[In Palestine and Syria many of the camels have bells attached to their necks]

Tinkle, tonkle, tinkle, ting,  
Languidly the camels swing.  
Down the road to Jericho  
Where the waters softly flow.

Like the notes of organ chime,  
Played at quiet evening time,  
So across the Syrian plain  
Have I heard the camel train.

Near old tempies long forgot,  
Pagan altars come to naught;  
Patiently the camels trek  
Up the roads to Baal beck.

Tinkle, tonkle, tinkle, ting!  
Langerously the camels swing,  
Western life seems far away;  
Camel bells o'er me hold sway.

"Why the hurry, Western Man?  
Take it easy while you can:  
Dream and sleep and rest awhile,  
Walk with me a plodding mile."

Jesus must have seen them go  
Down the road to Jericho,  
Thus the camel bells I hear  
Link me, Christ, to you so dear!  
Tinkle, tonkle, tinkle, ting;  
Proud, how proud, the camels swing!

William C. S. Pellowe.

From, *Mirrors of Michigan.*

\* \* \* \*

### BEST WISHES TO YOU

Forget me not, Deary, you soul of my  
heart;

O, how I admire your beauty and art!  
Remember me always.

Nathan Alexander.

---

PSYCHE

O, reckless hour, when first I trembling bore  
The light too near my sleeping lover's face  
And saw his countenance fair beyond a trace  
Of all I feared, had I but then forbore  
I should be happier now, love less, have more - -  
At least be free, preserved some little grace - -  
For until then I might have left this place  
Nor wept my sorry tears against its door.

O, wicked Sisters, all you said was lies,  
I learned too late! He started up in fear,  
Half-wakened, tearful, angry, with surprize!  
O, doubting heart, had I not gone too near,  
Not spilled the burning oil, I had been wise,  
And he who now is gone might still be here!

Kingsley Tufts.

\* \* \* \*

MY BABY BOY

My baby boy seemed but a toy  
The stork had brought to just employ  
My time and keep me all the days  
Trying to keep him sweet always  
To love and cherish for more joy  
When spiteful blues would mine, destroy;  
And would, my hopes, almost decoy  
When some mishap would almost daze  
My baby boy.

And still, he is my baby boy,  
Though he is grown and still a joy,  
In spite of all the impish grays  
That some-time shadow-screen; yet, rays  
Of hope, reveals him, the same toy  
And baby boy.

Gertrude Perry West.  
Thanksgiving, Nov. 26-1931, Birthday.

# The Bookmakers' Program

CALLAHAN, FLA.

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## School Auditorium

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JUNE 9th, 1932

At 8 p. m.





# The Bookmakers' Program

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[ In Celebration of National Poetry Week: Auspices The Bookmakers' Int. League of Writers: Sponsor, Gertrude P. West Nat. Pres. of the League ]

---

Callahan High School Auditorium, June 9, 1932, 8 P. M.

---

No Admission Charges but a Free Will Offering for Destitute of Callahan

Everybody Welcome

Master of Ceremonies, Lennox Boyles

\* \* \* \*

Invocation

Rev. David H. Petree

Reading . . Lincoln, The Man of the People . . Hon. David H. Petree  
(Edwin Markham Hon. Nat. Pres. The Bookmakers' League)

Original Instrumental Number

Willie Mae Ogilvie

Song . .

Beautiful Isle of Delight  
(Gertrude Perry West)

Mary Edwards

Reading . .

Selected

Ella Ruth Bryce

Song . .

Selected

Mr. Shepherd

Reading . .

The Old Fashioned Apple Tree, Hon. David H. Petree  
[David H. Petree]

Instrumental Number . .

Selected

Mary Butler

Reading . .

Trapped  
[Edwin Markham]

Prof. Lovell

Song . .

Selected

Mr. Shepherd

Instrumental Number

Falling Waters

Muriel Boyles

Song . .

The Rosary

Cal Ogilvie

Official Pianist . .

Mrs. Cal Ogilvie

Five Minutes Intermission

## CANTATA

### THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM

[Gertrude Perry West]

Reader Assuming All Characters To The Seventh Scene, Prof. Lovell.

#### SCENES VIII

Cast— Scene I—Casper, A Wise Man, following a Star.

Scene II—Baltashar, A Wise Man, following the Star, hails Casper.

Casper, Replies to Baltashar.

Scene III—Melchor, A Wise Man, following the Star, hails Casper and Baltashar.

Scene IV---King Herod, Watching the Star, alone, meditatingly, speaks.

Scene V--- A Messenger arrives and speaks with Herod.

Herod speaks: the Messenger goes: Herod speaks, the Messenger returns and speaks.

Scene VI—The Reader Speaks.

Scene VII---Children singing in the street,

Scene VIII---Chorus Singing: Three Wise Men. [Words by Gertrude Perry West arranged to a Negro melody by Mrs. Cal Ogilvie.]

Chorus Cast: Messrs. Cal and Ralph Ogilvie; Mr. and Mrs. Laurel Boyles; Mr. Leng and others

Curtain, to Prepare for a One Act Play. Keep Your Seat

#### CRUTCHES

[Alice Maud Harrington, Pres. Great Britian for the Bookmakers' League.]

Scenes III Set in England in 1922 Director, Louise Wingate

#### CAST OF CHARACTERS

Cicilia Dalrymple	A School Mistress	Cleo Mitchell
Effie Dalrymple	Her Young Sister	Muriel Boyles
Roger Allerton	A Music Master	Aubrey Blount
Duncan Grey	A College Student	Felter Stokes

Scenes I

II

III

Curtain: Good Night

---

**Best Advertising Medium in Nassau County**

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**The  
Callahan  
News**

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**We are now located in the Old Bank Building**

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WHEN DOES A POET DIE?

[Awarded the Ida E. Brown Sonnet  
prize published in The Circle 1931]

When does a poet die, and bravely tread  
Uncertain paths beyond life's element  
With eyes a-search for God; voice eloquent

Of unsung verses? Is a Poet dead  
When holy rituals are softly said  
And earth enfolds him to her heart,  
content

To greet a passive lover, passion  
spent,  
And lead him to his final, joyless bed?

As long as reeds shall whisper in the  
breeze,

And setting sun cast beauty in the  
sky;

As long as magic lurks in restless seas,  
And nature tints the rose and butterfly,

And parted lovers weep . . . as long as  
these

Loved things endure, a Poet shall  
not die.

Clarence L. Haynie.

THOUGH SHE IS OLDER

Though she is older than me by a score,  
She is well versed in the passionate lore

She is beautiful, too, as a flowery  
dell,

And I am the boy who loves her so  
well.

The older I grow I shall love her the  
more,

And with her, in bliss, I sometime  
will soar

To the altar of Hymen to explore  
Her womanly virtues which none excel

Though she is older.  
To marry her I am surely foreswore;  
But the cruel waiting I must deplore

Till I am older and sex parallel  
With her whom I love and who does  
compel

With her lovely, womanly, charms galore,

Though she is older.  
Malcolm Campbell.

RE-INCARNATION

I dreamed that years ago beside the  
Nile,

Soft shadows merging with the deep-  
ening night,

Two lovers walked and talked, and lov-  
ed, the while

Night shades drew on, and dimmed  
the fading light.

These lovers crooned their song of  
ecstasy,

With arms entwined they told their  
tale of love,

While night crept on, and hid their  
forms from me,

And stars began to twinkle up above.

I heard the pulsing river flowing by;

A murmur of the birds up in the trees

The shivers of some leopards' lonely cry

The stealthy movement of the vag-  
rant breeze;

When through my dreaming came the  
knowledge clear,

That you and I were lovers, walking,  
there.

Olive Scott Stainby.

\* \* \* \*

HOMER

If Coleridge seems obscure, and Brown  
ing deep.

Pray, do not tear your hair,

For ancient Homer's lucid lines will  
keep

You from complete despair.

The Grecian bard wrote when the race  
was young

And unsophisticate;

Then many noble verses sweetly sung,  
Extolled unyielding Fate.

Our ultra-modern poets have achieved  
A subjectivity;

But I prefer the one who laughed and  
grieved,

Outside captivity.

May Margaret Wright.

\* \* \* \*

**FATE**

Green was the grass by the roadside  
On that bright October day;  
Green were my hopes and soaring  
To the stars above my way;  
The Northwind hurled from the Frost  
    King's hand  
Came howling across the green.

Now sear and gray the grass has  
    grown;  
Its withered spears lie dead;  
The beauty of the Autumn day  
From the roadside grass has fled.

Old Father Time with scythe upheld,  
Reaped a sheaf from out my life;  
My cherished hopes received the blow;  
Now they drooping, lifeless, lie;  
And I sit beside my hearth, bereft;  
Alone, alone, I sigh!

Jane T. Manderchiel.

\* \* \* \*

**MY SWEETHEART SIGHS**

My sweetheart sighs. Her mournful  
    eyes

Are temple shrines for bashful shies.

    I found her racing near the wood;

    Then innocently poised she stood!

Her love is that which satisfies.

A wound caused me to idolize;

A tear caused me to sympathize

    With her the very best I could . . .

    My sweetheart sighs

Pure loyalty to love supplies

The soul with food that beautifies.

    O, let me love her more! I would

    Give all -- the best in me is good --

This vow to her I solemnize . . .

    My sweetheart sighs.

    Bertram Day

---

**TANKA**

Like dusk, quick-rushing  
To the aid of Love's short hours,  
My heart leaps forward  
At your lips soft, tender kiss,  
Impassioned, glowing!

Pearl Adoree Rawling.



MAGNOLIA

Magnolia, - - how the winds are mad  
with spring!

Their cloying burdens, great rose pe-  
tals, pall,

Their breath becomes so sweet; let  
April call

The fingers of the somnolent grass to  
string

Jade needles through the lawn. Each  
throbbing thing, - -

Forsythia; dogwood, like a madrigal,  
Moths bursting from the chrylis of  
fall,

Throng once bare twigs with opalescent  
wing.

Even so my heart would take last au-  
tumn's dreams,

The crumpled leaf, the silk worm's  
queer cocoon, - -

All crushed and yearning things, and  
give new birth

To dimmed ideals. Just as this blossom  
seems

Revival of lost flowers, this budding  
moon

Becomes ephemeral joy returned to  
earth.

Diana Kearney Powell.

AUTUMN LEAVES

The red and brown and yellow  
Are flaming through the air;  
Are catching glints of sunshine  
And falling everywhere.

A human life is like that;  
O, so much like a leaf!  
A bit of fluttering brightness—  
For mortal life is brief.

A little bit of glory—  
A little bit of fun;  
Then autumn leaves are falling—  
And earthly life is done.

Emelda Deshaies.

LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE

Seek not to know the future: be happy  
while you may;

Cloud not with foretold knowledge, the  
sunshine of today. Carl.

**Ten Thousand Candles** by Marie Tello Phillips The Observer Press, Pittsburg, Pa. 1931, 50 cents.

In this sonnet sequence, Marie Tello Phillips has taken the sordid sights, sounds and odors of Blast Furnaces and Steel Mill and transmuted them into the gold and music and incense that lift us up into that clear empyrean where we realize that "where there is no vision the people perish."

Clyde Robe Meredith.

---

**America Singing** Edited by Loring Eugene Williams The Embryo Magazine Press, 1665 East 73 St. Cleveland, Ohio. Is an anthology bound in green cloth with black print and contains the poems of thirty four poets of more or less national note. It is dedicated to Margaret Ann Rines and among the best poems are two by Jessie M. Gilmore; a sonnet by Bertram Day and, Singing America by Gene Boardman Hoover which serves as proem. Not any of the verse is what could be criticised as poor, but there are good and better.

The price should be \$1.50 I presume, as I am guessing. Not any is given.

Malcolm Campbell.

---

**History of Okefenokee Swamp**; the head of the famous and romantic Swanee River in north Florida and south Georgia, by A. S. McQueen, Folkston, Georgia, which was reviewed in a previous number of the Folio, has been reduced in price to \$1.00. Better be fast with your order as they are going rapidly.

G. P. W.

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**George Washington Anthology**, Edited by James Gabelle Garen Publishing Co. 76 Heights Road, Ridgewood, N. J. An anthology of poetic testimonials to The Father of His Country, \$3.00 and \$10.00 Poems were chosen on their merit and not so much a page. A sonnet by Gertrude Perry West is excellent.

Marjorie Bruce.

thanks to the gifted author. Mr. Beatty is the author of several books.

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Sonnets of a Sojourner by Bertram Day. W. B. Conkey Co. Hammond, Ind Order from the author at the same address, \$2.00, bound in blue and gold, is a beautiful book from a talented pen; is a gift to the reviewer, and a much appreciated one, and the contents of the book as well as the kindly thought of the giver, is the reason. The most interesting half-tone of the author at the beginning of the book makes a handsome and imposing appearance from its first pages to the end.

Mr. Day is not unknown to the readers of the Bookmakers' Folio, as several of his poems have been published in it, and he is a very high official of the Bookmakers. He specializes in the sonnet and is making his mark as a sonneteer. He is not only a poet; but is an interesting prose writer.

He is a world traveller. We do not feel we could be more highly remembered than by having received a gift copy of his book of poems.

It is dedicated to his wife, Alice Temple Day. We proclaim this book a monument to this lyrical singer.

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The Terrible Necessity, A book with a challenge, by V. G. Van Dalinda 730 Goffle Road, Hawthorne, N. J., 50 cents

A plea for the handicapped.

Syd Drake.

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Lift Your Hand Skyward, by Ethel King, Banner Press, Emory University Ga. A book of poems that are worth reading. Among the best is a rondeau, By Candle Light. It is bound in silver and blue, and while it is thin, it is well worth the price at which I am guessing as not any is given, \$1.25. The author is lyrical and will be heard from in the future, I predict. It is full of charming lyrics that will live.

Drusilla Johnson.



158. we are honored and feel highly interested in being included as a recipient of a copy of this book as a Christmas gift for 1931. It is a beautifully printed book that is priceless, if you will: for the unique edition is very valuable from various reasons, and we consider Mr. Musser has compiled a splendid book for reference and help to those who assume to be poets. Best wishes to the editor.

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Select Short Poems Compiled by John Tevis Hearn, Banner Press, Emory University, Ga. Price, \$1.25.

Is a very fine collection of poems from both contemporary and poets of long ago; bound in black and gold. A copy should be in every poet's library, and those who like poetry but can not compose it, and who is it does not like poetry? If there is one benighted one who does not, the music of his or her life is stilled and no melody can inspire them on; their life is only a mile post on the road to Daily Grind.

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Tribute In Memory of George Cecil Fowler by his mother, Eloise Cooper Fowler, and presented to me in appreciation of some "Little deed that has brought bread on the waves of Time": a little gift that has inspired sympathy for the bereaved author from the receiver of the gift, lovely, in word and thought. Best wishes must close this review, to the bereaved mother-author.

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Stepping Stones, by James McGregor Beatty, Hoffman Press, Los Angeles Calif. at \$1.00 a copy. Order from the author at Box 178, Placentia, Calif.

Is a splendid book of prose and poetry by the author, and within the pages are deep thoughts of a deep thinker. To appreciate the book one must read it. Another gift book that is highly appreciated and for which I return many

Miami, The City Beautiful. (Miami Greetings) by Sarah R. W. Palmer, is a lovely original greeting card lauding Miami Florida in verse by the author, and for which I thank her as a lovely gift.

G. P. W.

The Gate In The Wall by Katharine Kennon Rucker, 75 cents from the author at Buena Vista, Va.

When a sudden catastrophe, radically changing the whole future life, overtakes us; most of us are not only embittered but rendered morbid as well.

But the youthful author of this slender booklet has not only kept her mental and spiritual equilibrium, she has accepted her wheel-chair as gracefully as maybe, and is using it as an added incentive to squeeze the utmost joy out of life. It is with no forced smile that she greets us; her laughter is full of merriment and rings true. "God is and all is well. Beauty reigns triumphant in all and over all;" this is her message.

There are many beautiful poems, both in verse and in prose, in "The Gate in the Wall;" but even more than them, it is her outlook upon life and her challenge to life that ennobles her pages. Abundant success to her and her work!

Clyde Robt Meredith.

\* \* \* \*

Four Reviews By Gertrude Perry West  
"As The Poet Says"—250 Prose Comments on the Supreme Art by 150 Creative Writers most of them Poets—

Compiled by Benjamin Musser; Parnassus Press, New York City 1931.

Two hundred copies of this little book have been printed in a limited' signed, Christmas Gift edition only, on American Vellum (plate finish) paper from Garamond and Cloister type and the type has been distributed. This copy is

The Gate In The Wall and Echoes by Katharine Kennon Rucker. The Excelsior Press, Shelburne, Vermont, and Hickie Co. Printers, Charlottesville, Va. are two brochures under paper covers and the contents are consistent with the lyrics and prose writings of this poet.

Order both books from the author at Buena Vista, Va. the first named is 75 cents, and the other is 25 cents. Miss Rucker is a wheel-chair poet and will the more appreciate your orders. She is a student at the University of Va. where she is trying to find "the gate in the wall" of her future, financed by her father, Albon Mack Rucker, to whom she dedicates this brochure of autobiography and poems, The Gate In The Wall. The book is very interesting for the author has an interesting history of a love affair colorful of a devotion that was beautiful and happy until she was twenty-three, when a nervous condition effecting her spine developed, and forced her, with pathetic determination to relinquish her lover rather than allow him to marry her who was then doomed for life to a wheel chair. This, naturally, was heartbreaking, and has been the cloud that has so darkened the "wall" until she has failed to find the "gate." She is now twenty eight and still groping in the shadow by the wall beneath the cloud that has no silver lining. If you buy her books you will be a ray of light from the sun set that will enable her to find the gate. Echoes is dedicated to her deceased mother, Katharine Kennon Williams Rucker and is full of beauty and pathos. It contains forty two poems.

Gertrude Perry West.

Flame Points, by J. Graydon Jeffers The Bookmakers' Publishers, Callahan, Fla. A few copies left at 75 cents. Buy and help this helpless poet. Buy for Christmas gifts.

M. H.



Can We Escape? By Guy Mallon,  
The Kuter Press, Cincinnati, O., 50 cts.

Is a thesis on the cure for the present depression. To appreciate the author's viewpoint, one has to read the book. It is under paper cover.

Syd Drake,

Ex-Libris, By. Louis J. Silver, Silver Art Service, 6327 Glenwood Ave., Chicago, \$1.00. A very beautifully bound book in silver and maroon; illustrated with bookplates of our forefathers and some modern designs printed by the author and publisher whose halftone adds a handsome attraction to this already profusely illustrated book. All lovers of books should have a copy. It contains pithy prose adages, essays and poems. Mr. Silver is one of the Bookmakers' most loyal members and Bookplate Editor of this magazine.

Marjorie Bruce.

Poems In And Out Of Season Edited by Lawrence Rector Griffith, The Fireside Press, 511 S. Logan St., Denver, Colo. \$1.60, is an uncommercialized anthology printed on splendid paper and cloth bound, at \$3.00 a copy. It is illustrated with drawings by the editor; is a collection of more than one hundred poems written by some of the most illustrious poets of the world and thirty-four states are represented of the U. S. A. and four foreign countries. It also contains lists of all the higher class poetry journals and newspapers publishing poetry. But the most outstanding feature is: the contributors were chosen on their merits. It is only befitting to mention in this review, that the Acclaimed Poet-Laureate of Dixieland and America, Gertrude Perry West, is represented with an excellent rondeau "out of season," When His Aurora Head, which originally is created by her in iambic pentameter to use the whole first line as a refrain and takes happy and unique appearance from it.

Vincent Gould.

## Bookmakers Announcement-\$500.00 Rondeau Contest

The Bookmakers' International League of Writers, Gertrude Perry West, National President and Editor-in-Chief of the Bookmakers' Folio, their Medium of Expression, announces the close of their \$500.00 Italian Sonnet Contest June 1 1931 and the opening of their \$500.00 Rondeau Contest to close June 1 1933; the winner of the Sonnet Contest to be announced publicly in the Spring and Summer Nos. of the Folio. The donor who wishes their identity to be kept secret, is the sole Judge since the deaths of the other two, Albert James Norton and Robert Bridges.

The Rondeau Contest will end June 1 1933 and only Bookmakers members will be allowed to compete and they must be members in good standing for 15 months previous to the close. All poets are invited to join and contribute as many rondeaux as they wish.

The best Rondeau wins the Grand Prize of \$500.00 and there will be 23 Honorable Mentions, all of which will be published in a Contest Number of the Folio at the close of the contest as well as an anthology of the same poems. The Rondeau is a French Form consisting of 13 lines and two refrains which should be the first four syllables of the first line; only two rimes being used for our contest model.

The lines, except the refrain, must consist of an octave; a line of 8 syllables; the first two lines rime as a couplet; the next two as couplets with a different rime and the fifth line rimes with the first couplet and should end in a full stop.

Space and rime the next couplet with the first couplet and the next line with the second couplet and then refrain with the first four syllables of the first line, in a full stop. Space, then the next two lines should rime with the first couplet; the next couplet with the second couplet; the next line with the first couplet and the refrain, as before with a full stop. With C to represent the refrain, the order of the rime scheme is: a-a-b-b-a a-a-b C a a-b-b-a-C. The Rondeau may be of any theme and as many as one may wish may be entered by a Bookmakers member, in the Contest and all poets may enter rondeaux who join the Bookmakers' league. The intention of the Contest is: to teach the poets to write better poetry in the fixed forms.

They are a permanent institution of the Bookmakers' League, and will close and reopen every two years, so it would be wise for the poets to join at once and become a permanent established Contestant. Join now, and get in line to win the Grand Prize! It will not be divided. Some poem will win. Why not yours?

Gertrude Perry West edits a Poets' Corner in the Callahan News. The poets subscribing to that may have their poems published weekly. Subscription rates to the News is \$1.50 a year inside the 5th., zone and outside, \$1.75. Inquire at your postoffice. Membership to the Bookmakers, \$1.00 a year and the Folio free to members. Both for \$2.75.

Use this form, today:

Dear Gertrude Perry West: Enclosed find \$1.00 for membership in the Bookmakers; \$1.— for subscription to the News (one or both: check which) Total:\$—

Name..... Address.....

Address: THE BOOKMAKERS CAMP, Callahan, Fla., U. S. A.





## VISIONS

Write Olive Scott Stainby, Editor, Box 178, Placentia, Calif. for particulars regarding their contest in which \$10.00 is offered for the best poem on Visions, enclosing stamp. See back cover.

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## POET-LAUREATE LEAGUE

The purpose of the Poet-Laureate League of America may be learned by writing its President, Carl Cave, Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

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## BETTER VERSE

A new poetry magazine for both amateurs and professionals; a better verse magazine with Irl Morse as Editor in Chief. Address, 2169 Selby Ave. St. Paul, Minn. \$1.00 a year.

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## ANTHOLOGY OF NEWSPAPER VERSE

The friends of Dr. Frank P. Davis and his annual anthology of newspaper verse will regret to hear of his death on August the 1 1932. However, his widow, Mrs. Athie Sale Davis, will finish the 1936 number and requests that the poets send in their poems at once. The closing date is Dec. 1 1932. Send stamped envelope with poems if you wish unused poems returned. The publishing of future anthologies is undecided.

Address, 1519 West Cherokee Ave. Enid, Okla.

## VOTE FOR PEOPLES' PARTY CANDIDATES

Edward James Irvine, humanitarian-poet of Washington D. C. has been nominated by the Peoples' Party for their U. S. Presidential Candidate to be voted for on Nov. 6 1932, and Gertrude Perry West of Callahan Fla. has been nominated their Vice Presidential candidate, the presidential candidate on the Anti-Blue Law ticket in 1928, the first woman in the known history of the world to be run for President of any country. She is a humanitarian-poet, too, and the progressive element are behind this third party movement in defense of the oppressed people and World War Veterans. Should they fail to have their electors on the National ballot their names may be written in or across any set of electors of any party running, to be voted for. Their headquarters are at 1310 Eye St. N. W. Washington, D. C.

\* \* \* \*

## EXPRESSION

The Garen Magazine, James Gabelle, Editor, A Quarterly Magazine of Poetry, and only \$1.00 a year; three years, \$2.50. Garen Publishing Co. 76 Heights Road, Ridgewood, N. J. Subscribe now Ask about Contests. See review of the George Washington Anthology and order your copy atonce.

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## SILHOUETTES

James Neill Northe 303 Rosewood C. Ontario, Calif. A new magazine of poetry, and \$1.00 a year.

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## POEMS IN AND OUT OF SEASON

A Book That Is Always In Season.  
Read It Now

Edited and Illustrated by L. R. Griffith  
A collection of more than one hundred poems written by poets that represent thirty-four states in the U. S. A. and four foreign nations. Many well known poets as well as some less known are included in this Anthology. A list of over one hundred to send poems with addresses and names of Editors. Limited edition. Price, \$3.00. The Fireside Press, 756 Inca St., Denver, Colorado.

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CONTEST OF EXPRESSION AWD.  
Florence Ashley Beeler, 1063 South 86 Street, Tacoma Washington was awarded the \$50 prize, with her poem, *Dregs*; Margaret E. Bruner, 611 Goodwin St., Newcastle Ind. won second prize of \$25 for first and second best poems published in 1931. The award was made by Joseph Auslander.

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## VISIONS

A Literary Magazine. A Quarterly Assistance, advice and instruction in composing, preparing and disposing of manuscripts. Information on all phases of literary work and reasonable protection against fraud. Members may submit poems for publication as the medium of expression of the A- L. S. Box 178 Placentia, Calif. See inside page.

\* \* \* \*

JUN 10 1933

U. C. C. C.  
CAROLINA RC

# The Bookmakers' Folio

## Medium of Expression

### The Bookmakers' International League of Writers

Volume 7

Number 4

Gertrude Perry West Editor-in-Chief

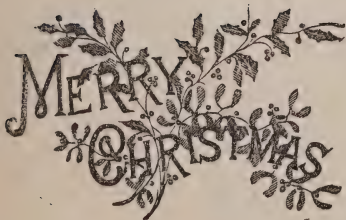
## Dedicated To

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

Ernest Hartsock

WINTER 1932— CHRISTMAS NUMBER





EDITORIAL PAGE  
THE BOOKMAKERS' INTERNATIONAL  
LEAGUE OF WRITERS

Medium of Expression:

THE BOOKMAKERS' FOLIO

Gertrude Perry West, National President of  
The Bookmakers' and Editor-in Chief of  
The Bookmakers' Folio,  
The Bookmakers' Camp, Callahan, Florida,  
U. S. A.

Edwin Markham, Hon. National President  
John M. Stahl, Hon. National Vice President  
Harold Dean Perry, National Vice-President  
J. Roderick Perry, Treasurer.

Flower, Mountain Laurel

Emblem, Pegasus rising from an open book.



Slogan

*Conanti Dabitur.*

It will be given to  
him who tries.

Motto:

*Et si ostendo non iacto.*

And if I show what I am I  
do not boast.

District Presidents;

- No. 1, Charles Sloan Reid,
- No. 2, Henry Flury,
- No. 3, Louise Shedd Roberts,
- No. 4, Grace Evelyn Brown,
- No. 5, William C. S. Pellowe,
- No. 6, Bertram Day,
- No. 7, Ella N. Davis,
- No. 8, William Allen Ward,
- No. 9, Glenn Ward Dresbach,
- No. 10, Willis Hudspeth,
- No. 11, Pearle Casey,
- No. 12, Mary Alethea Woodward,
- No. 13, Jeanette Norland.

\* \* \* \* \*

## ATTENTION

The cover pages of this number of the Bookmakers' Folio were printed in October 1932 for last year's Christmas-Winter Number which it still is, but four months late and to which we are adding the Spring Number 1933.

To excuse the delay we will relate that it was caused from my fight for better conditions for the Unemployed of my Southeastern Division of the Womens' World Wide Protective League of the U. S. A.: Florida, Georgia the Carolinas: a stupenduous work that could not be neglected by our humane organization because of such vital interest to the righteous advocates of justice for the oppressed everywhere.

Therefore, I know the splendid members will forgive me under the circumstances for the sacrifices as a literary league for a humanitarian league which they have been compelled to make because of the delay that caused them to have the pleasure of receiving an annual Bookmakers' Yuletide greeting during the proper season, delayed.

The fight has been rewarded with great success in splendid organizations of unemployed clubs under the protection of the W. W. W. P. L. of U. S. A. We have the county of Nassau in which Callahan is situated organized in protest against the alleged most heartless and cruel Relief Counsel with which we have had to contend treating the unemployed of the county worse than convicts, and my readers will realize cruel horrors under which they are forced by alledged hijackers on the Relief Counsel to toil under the most unhealthy and unsanitary conditions long and illegal hours by being hijacked through kangaroo courts of the alledged hijacking Relief Counsel and paid starvation wages, by the reputation of our Southern Chain gang system. Pause to imagine the mental fear and dread of these unemployed families who are thus forced into state peonage by industrial peon holder Czars

to protect each other, thusly, breaking every law of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation Act under which they function.

Donations for this work are urgently solicited in the name of suffering humanity, and protests for legal protection and justice for these helpless exploited people through prosecution of the cruel Relief Counsels against whom we have drawn warrants and placed in the District Federal Courts where we have found it necessary to take legal action in their behalf in the following places in my Division of the League: Jacksonville, Miami and Ocala Florida, Wilmington N. C. Write the U. S. District Attorneys or the District Fed. Judge at these places and demand action atonce in behalf of these hungry, naked oppressed people for whom we are trying to obtain justice through the suggested courts. Every penny or postage stamp will help carry on and every protest sent the courts will help us obtain justice for them.

We do not attempt to fight the battles of any but the destitute and to them our services are free.

Miss A. Lee Schuster with headquarters at Rodney Miss. is the Founder and National President of the Protective League and the donations that are sent to her or to me will be put to the best use for the cause of these suffering humans and other oppressed people.

Note the change of address of the Bookmakers' League to 2958 Dignan St. Jacksonville Fla which is also the address of my division of the Protective League. This is set in type April 19 1933 at Jacksonville Fla.

\* \* \* \*

GEORGE CHAINEY, author and Publisher of Universal Books, 362 Ximeno Ave, Long Beach, Calif. had the misfortune to have his home partly wrecked by earthquake and is selling his marvelous books at a sacrifice to obtain funds for repairs. Write him for a price list, enclosing stamp.



Since the advertisement of *Visions* on the inside back cover of this number of the Folio was printed, it has been sold by Mrs. Stainby to George Henry Kay whose address is West Chicago, Ill. but not a part of Chicago. Otherwise, the Add. holds good. Take notice, please.

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The Melting Pot Anthologies of Verse are being compiled by Olive Scott Stain by at her new address, Box 252, Buena Park, Calif. There will be a series of four numbers during 1933. Write her, enclosing stamp for reply.

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A new publication sponsored by the International Group of Oakland and San Francisco edited by Marcus Graham, 1000 Jefferson St., Oakland, Calif. U. S. A. to whom write. The publication is entitled. *Man*, and has no subscription charge

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There has been a Veterans' Colonization Foundation, Inc. organized and is working to supply the homeless and jobless veterans of the U. S. with lands and homes to work, free of charge. The Foundation now owns over five thousand acres of good farming land in N. C. with many houses on the land ready for their occupancy without charge.

With their families they will be fed and clothed until they can make their crops. Headquarters are maintained in Washington D. C. and donations will be appreciated. All transportations of both Veterans, their families and household goods will be directed from there.

Write to Edward James Irvine, Director, V. C. F. Inc. 433 Irving St. N. W. Washington, D. C. enclosing stamp for farther particulars.

Mr. Irvine is being boosted for appointment as Commissioner for the D. of Columbia. He was the Peoples' Party U. S. Presidential candidate in 1932 with the Editor-in-Chief of the Bookmakers' Folio as his running mate for U. S. Vice Pres. He is a poet. Write

Mr. Roosevelt boosting him, in care of Irving for Commissioner. Headquarters J. L. Simmons, Jr. Campaign Manager, 613 17 St. N. W. Washington, D. C.

Myrtle R. Patterson of Washington, D. C. a loyal and distinguished Bookmakers' member and a poet, has been named chairman of the D. C. poets' council of the National Womens' Party. Congratulations.

Wedding bells have rung at Bookmakers' headquarters, and our National Treasurer, J. Roderick Perry, and our son, was married to Miss Sarah Elkins of Jacksonville Fla., on April the 5th. 1933, and necessitated our moving to that town. Congratulations and good luck; hoping we have won a daughter instead of lost a son.

Our only regrets at moving the Bookmakers' from Callahan Fla. are, change of address which confuses things more or less and my pets' graves at the Bookmakers' Camp there, Job the Turken, Mascot of the Bookmakers, one of the most marvelous of birds and one of the most devoted friends we have ever had, and in whose place as Mascot of the Bookmakers, we have not found another which we deemed quite worthy to take his place; Casandria, one of the Mothers of Bookmakers' Turkens; Fairy Queen, a daughter of Job the Turken that could speak English, and died at about the age of six months, believe it or not; Ceasar the Father of Bookmaker Turkens and Felix the Cat; leaving Snips, Our Cardinal, there, with his flaming colors glinting so beautifully and to whom we have sung with such rhapsody until we have inspired other poets to take up the song of sympathy; the sweet memories that cling so tenaciously to the now famous location; the leaving of a hungry and unclothed unemployed to the exploiting and merciless panhandling Relief Counsel and the Poets' Row planted through the eniciative of the Knights and Yeomen of the West in our honor to the envious, jealous, spiteful and malicious vandals. Only two of the trees planted, lived the one named for us and Red Fussel.

The trees were replanted just before we moved from the Camp at Callahan to Jacksonville but have been too busy to learn if they lived or not, but some envious one had broken the one named Theodore Revells (Red) Fussel off just above the ground which proves what the Greeneyed Monster will do to kill the precious muze of a poet at Envy's dictation, but Red has a lot of come back and the tree will grow again unless it is uprooted.

When they are all living and growing we shall hold the dedication ceremony.

---

Our new location is suburban and in a less attractive location as it is town and we miss the sigh of the pines in front of the Camp location at Callahan a love of which we brought with us from our rural childhood. And the sweet voice of our cardinal is too far away to be heard though the mockingbird sings here to the moonlight. We miss our pets among the turkens. A friend has the actual pets, keeping them for us, but the others were sold, thus cutting off the revenue from the Bookmakers so we pray the members who owe their 1932 and 1933 dues, one or both, will send in their Bookmakers' dues to a long suffering Editor unless working as an unemployed or out of work. Your dollar may save the lay for the great cause we represent and rush it in, please and line up for the Five hundred dollar English Sonnet Contest that will open June 1 1933. The Rondeau Contest now on will close then. You who enter poems in it besure you are in good standing by having your dues paid a year in advance.

Here is good luck to all!

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It is one of our saddest duties to announce the membership deaths from number to number of the Bookmakers' Folio. Sarah Teasdale and Lell West Clark are two who have departed from this life. Miss Teasdale was one of Americas best known. Mrs. Clark was a Florida poet.

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### THE MORNING SONG

On a chill morning like this, Little Bird  
It does seem odd and a wee bit absurd  
For you to be perching there on  
that wire

Without a wrap or suggestion of fire  
And instead of crouching, a huddled  
heap

Too cramped to give vent to a single  
peep.

Pipe up your gay song of hope and  
good cheer

As if never once you had harbored  
fear.

Explain to us now, please, just how it is  
You have heart to sing on a morning  
like this.

It seems to me now I can hear him say  
That dear little bird: "It is just this  
way:

I'm really happy that morning has  
come

To usher in day with its lively hum.  
The night, you know, is an indigo blue,  
And there isn't much, then, I am free  
to do

After feeling somewhat left out and  
lone,

With quite a chill in my marrow  
less bone.

It's a joy to see the smile of the sun  
And know with his coming the night is  
done."

Lillian M. Svenson.

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

### EASTER

What do you think at Easter time  
Of the springing into life,  
Of lily bulbs of all things dead;  
Or, of Christ's hard strife?

Christ arose on Easter day  
That all men might be free  
To break the bonds of sin away . . .  
Fear of death for you and me.

Rejoice that Easter means to me  
The awakening of rebirth;  
The dying out of hate and call  
New life upon the earth.

---

We miss the pleasing faces and jolly greetings of the Knights and Redmen of the West, and dear little members of the West End Club whom we cheerily greeted as "Sugar pies," from an appellation attained from Mr. W. B. Wingate the popular and beloved postmaster of Callahan, affectionately called, "Uncle Billie," by the young folk of whom we are writing and their sweethearts, although our new street location is a veritable bee-hive of jolly boys and girls.

We, also, miss the postmaster. He is a bachelor. Yeah? What! Oh, nothing serious! He is on the shady side of thirty, and we can not be serious after one gets in the shade. There are chestnut locks and golden locks and gray . . . . locks; but, there are no auburn locks around the new location excepting one who has been womanhandled with a rolling-pin. Nix on him!

---

If we receive advance orders enough for our book of poems, "To The One Loves Me," containing poems to "My Sweetheart Red," we will publish another edition as the first edition was exhausted before it was off the press.

It is estimated to be the most romantic lot of poems written since those of Sappho to the shepherd boy whom she loved, by a committee who has read the book and passed upon it. The difference is this romance is not one sided.

One wishing a copy need not send the price now which will be \$1.00, unless convenient. Just say you wish a copy.

All funds will be returned should not enough orders be received to justify publishing another edition.

Another book of poems of which we will be the author, will be Songs to My Cardinal, and published by The Bookmakers' Press, soon. These books will contain love lyrics "to the one I love" as a sub-title, and the price of it will be \$1.00 and advanced orders will be appreciated. It is more full of inspirational romance than the other mentioned above but only so in the number of pages. All funds from sales above expenses go to the Bookmakers' cause.

### GRAY MOSS

Gray moss  
Draping your mighty trees  
O, Lone Star State of the West!  
Frozen tears for fallen heroes  
Who have given their best.

Fantastic growth  
Hanging from stately trees . . .  
Bearded patriarchs of the wood . . .  
Aging, these children of Time  
Who patient have stood.

Draped flags  
Hanging from stately trees  
Over many a soldier's grave.  
Nature's lace flag low hangs  
Over the fallen brave.

Graves screened  
Lovingly by mighty trees  
From the rays of the torrid sun . . .  
Texas, Gray moss,  
Your beauty, is yet unsung.

Mae E. Dinelli Jones.

\* \* \* \*

### FRIENDSHIP

I never realized till recently  
How precious friends could be, or how  
secure

It makes one feel to know that some  
one cares

When we are called great hardships to  
endure.

I always went my quiet, peaceful way,  
And gave my alms, helped those who  
were distressed,

Nor ever thought that I would flinch in  
pain,

Or know the sting of want . . . be sore-  
ly pressed.

I never dreamed that I would walk the  
street

Because I had no place to lay my head;  
Or, that for days and days I'd be hun-  
gry;

Without the price of one small loaf of  
bread.

But now I know what all these things  
can mean,



And when it seemed that hope was gone  
nor dared  
To try again, swift help came from my  
friends  
And brought new strength . . . I knew  
that someone cared.

Olive Scott Stainby.

\* \* \* \*

### SUPPLICATION

Sisters, when I have died, and coldly lie,  
And all the world to me is dead and  
still;  
Catlike, tread not across the floor, I  
will  
Not hear your heavy steps. Turned now  
have I,  
To clay. Nothing, my pallid corpse, can  
try!  
Do not your tear-drops on my casket  
spill;  
Nor, lamenting, scream sorrow loud  
and shrill;  
Do anything but gossip and villify.  
The flowers you lay on my silent bier,  
I can not smell; so, take them off and  
give  
Them to another who may be alive.  
Shout your slanders! Deaf will now be  
my ear;  
And, as a stone, I am as impassive.  
Nothing, can hurt me now, that you  
contrive.

Gertrude Perry West.

\* \* \* \*

### THOSE CARD FIENDS

Who are the people who strain and  
strive,  
With anxious face and weary eye,  
Who are unhappy and irritable,  
Who have no time for the passerby?  
Those are the fiends of bridge!

Virginia Wainwright.

---

### TWILIGHT

Twilight is a slender bridge  
That joins sunset with the night,  
Palms and peppers are stenciled  
On the sky's pale yellow light.

Maynie Stoddard Wilson.

---

MIST SEA

This soundless vast of billowed pearl is  
lost  
Within its shoreless self; the misted  
sky  
Seems part of it; where bright air cur-  
rents crossed  
The shadow lines, they have been  
suckled dry.  
No soaring lift of sails cuts through the  
haze  
Of rolling distance and no headland  
bares  
Its darkened fangs, at bay. These ghost  
ly ways  
Are empty as a surge of desert airs.  
From where I stand the mist atlast  
withdraws  
And leaves abyss, a light-glazed va-  
cancy  
From which boughs swirl like mael-  
strom-grappled straws  
And hills creep out like monsters  
from the sea  
And shakes off flecks of mist while  
crumbled light  
Drifts on in dusts of beryl and mala-  
chite.

Glenn Ward Dressach.

\* \* \* \*

AFTER THE YEARS

After the years have flown  
And our lips have tired of mirth,  
And grass above our graves has grown  
To hide the cold, cold earth.  
I think that we shall know  
When April shows her face,  
And June has brought her flowers to  
blow  
Along Love's trystring place.  
I think we shall not grieve;  
But hear, at Twilight's dew,  
Some Adam singing to his Eve,  
The songs I sang to you.

Ben Smith.

\* \* \* \*

GLARE

Day is a prison;  
its bright glitter  
inhibits free exercise of fancy--  
which is me.

Things sun-illuminated hurt me;  
they drive into my consciousness  
whether I will or no;  
I cannot escape them.

Day is a prison;  
glare, the jailer.  
I would escape into the dim shadows of  
eve--  
to fancies in the night . . . and . . . . .  
liberty.

Henry Flury.

### MY SWEETHEART LOVES

My sweetheart loves me this I know;  
Because his tongue tells me so;  
And O, the thrill his message gives,  
That tells for me he daily lives.  
Reverberating, they echo  
While my heart bounces to and fro  
To music sweet as a banjo . . . .  
At sweetest of all narratives . . . .  
My sweetheart loves.

He loves, but not with loud gusto;  
Still, he inspires this love rondeau;  
And my mistakes he soon forgives;  
Then tells me in affirmatives,  
When he calls at my bungalow:  
My sweetheart loves.

Gertrude Meares.

### NATIONAL POETRY WEEK

National Poetry Week was celebrated in Jacksonville Fla. the last week in May over WJAX by Jimmy Reed and his South Sea Serenaders with Hawaiian instruments and Jimmy Reed as vocalist. The beautiful program was dedicated to Gertrude Perry West and the Bookmakers' International League of Writers of which she is the National President and Editor-in-Chief of their Medium of Expression, The Bookmakers' Folio, and the program consisted of some of Mrs. West's popular original songs. Two of the highest officials of this great writers' league were appointed on the Poetry Council last year: Edwin Markham, Dean of American Poets and Mrs. West, acclaimed Poet-Laureate of Dixieland and America. Those fortunate enough to have heard Jimmy Reed in other programs will appreciate the exquisite harmony heard in this program.

Malcolm Campbell.



WHEN AUTUMN COMES

Blue skies above while hazey atmosphere

Is clinging in the hollows by the hills;  
The smoke from Indian campfires  
Of October lingers by the valley rills.

Splashes of gold and scarlet tint the  
trees;

Fields of winter wheat are faintly green  
A true picture of a fairy carpet . . .  
While fields of costly velvet are seen.

Fragrance of the trailing rose is lost,  
When comes the winds with snow and  
sleet;

This is the price that every garden pays  
To lay their gold at Autumn's feet.

Rose M. Scott.

\* \* \* \*

MOONSTRUCK

O, smiling Moon; you, mountains crown!  
The crazy climb, to take you down  
Through thorn and briar,  
O'er rock and fire.

With bleeding knees and with bated  
breath;

Up I crawl and cry;  
I reach the top, evading death.

Who took you, Moon? Ambition's eye  
Goes swimming in your mirror-sky.

My brain to pall,  
Stumble and fall;  
On yonder cliff with hope to grace  
With conscious call,  
A grieving heart and moonstruck face!

John Augustus Kames.

\* \* \* \*

INATTENTION

I said: "Let us not give rich gifts  
To each other, my Friend, this year;  
Instead, let us send real love."  
But you evidently did not hear.

This morning the postman brought  
A box tied up with tinsel string  
From you and I had asked for love  
And wanted it more than anything!

Reta Crawford Danahay.

Christmas 1932

---

Obituary announcing the death of Sol  
La Farge, prize winner in our Italian  
Sonnet Contest, in April 1933. G. P. W.

---

SATIETY

Your stinging hurts have been almost  
enough,  
For they have smote against my raw  
and feeble heart  
Till it has fairly broke with pain  
A wound each time far deeper than the  
one before.

Alas, I cannot let you beat me so!  
Defiant, I resent your every blow,  
And wisely steel my heart to bear it  
thus,  
Till every bruise by repetition toughens  
so  
I shall not feel it when my heart has  
turned to snow.

Emily Chubbuck.

\* \* \* \*

SPRING

They say it is Spring! The trees turned  
green,  
The flowers most lovely are blooming  
The people are happy as happy can be  
And love and romance are looming.  
But all I can see is mountains of pain  
That doom both the spring and flow-  
ers,  
They are faces of hunger and need . . .  
Woes that pour down in great show-  
ers.

Alfred August Schenck.

\* \* \* \*

YOUR DESTINY TOO

Atleast, I have a record that is clean,  
Although my path was full of rocks  
and weeds;  
And I can often sing as I go on,  
Although, at times, my heart most sure  
ly bleeds.

But there's no lasting sorrow in my  
soul;  
There's nothing half as sad as our  
misdeeds.

Emelda De Shaies.

---

Note— Always put your name and ad-  
dress on your manuscripts. G. P. W.

---

THE HOUSE I WANT

I want my house with glass on every  
side

So I may see things as they really are  
The roof transparent so the evening  
star

May gleam within and kiss my sleep-  
ing bride;

Let me behold the smiles that come  
and go

Unhampered by the dreams of mist  
and doubt,

So we may breathe, akin to all with-  
out;

The calm, the gale, the rain, the wind  
and snow.

I want my house with doors that can  
not lock,

That all who will may enter in and  
feel

At home, and learn that light  
and space are free;

That they are partners nothing base  
may shock;

That in my house, whatever is, is real  
And that their joy and love bring  
light to me.

Jack Greenberg.

\* \* \* \*

BESIDE YOUR DOOR

(A rondeau for a child with the gift of  
a doorstop)

Beside your door I want to stay  
In sunshine and when skies are gray.

I'd stand there like a sentinel  
And try to guard you very well  
But never ask for any pay.

Though I'm a little dog, I pray  
That you'll not sternly say me nay,  
But let me be your friend and dwell  
Beside your door.

While you're asleep we shall be gay,  
And run off for a holiday,-

But where we've been we must not  
tell!

Awakened by the breakfast bell,  
You'll find the other runaway  
Beside your door.  
Emma Johnston.

\* \* \* \*



The Hall of Fame poems voted for by the Bookmakers' membership from Summer Autumn Number 1932 of their Folio are as follows: First Honor, The Wireless of Souls by Washington Van Dusen, Second Honor, Psyche by Kingsley Tufts, Third Honor, My Sweetheart Sighs by Emelda De Shaies, and Honorable Mentions: Re-incarnation by Olive Scott Stainby, and When Does A Poet Die by Clarence L. Haynie.

The order of republishing the poems in the Folio under a Hall of Fame space has been discontinued, and they will appear in the Hall of Fame Anthology Number Two. If any of the Hall of Fame honorees wish extra copies of this anthology they best let it be known as only one copy will be sent them free.

They will retail for \$1.00 a copy.

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Poets, do not forget to send poems for the National Bookmakers' Scrapbook at 420 Main St. Jacksonville Fla

J. William Decker the National Custodian of Bookmakers' Poetry is in charge and a small charge of 25 cents a poem is made, or a book may be entered.

---

Another Scrap Book is in charge of Emelda De Shaies the Custodian of Bookmakers' Poetry for D. C. The same entry fee is charged for entry in all the scrapbooks. The address is: 1011 M St. Washington. The following distinguished poets have entered poems there: Edward James Irving, Ray Sackson Leenov, Reta Crawford Danahay, Emelda De Shaies, Clarence L. Haynie, Ottie Murphy, Bobbie Haag, Jewel Vaughn and Mary Daughtery.

We regret we have no other list of Scrap Book patrons.

---

#### FORGET ME NOT

Forget me not, I make this plea,  
Forget me not. Can you not see  
So long you've been my loving friend.  
Such friendship can not quickly end?

Forget me not.

Edna Vaughan Black.

THE BROOK

(A Villanelle)

Like to a maid's your ripply lore  
That's tripping down the paths of  
time,  
With laughing, laughing evermore.  
A bonny maid of scarce a score,  
Whose heart and lips are quite in  
chime:  
Like to a maid's your ripply lore.  
For whatsoever you outpour - -  
A lyric voicing Summer's clime -  
With laughing, laughing evermore.  
You ripple forth. What bird ever bore  
A throat so frank, or singing rhyme  
Like to a maid's your ripply lore?  
Not streaming Atalanta wore  
Such far, fleet grace in youthful  
prime,  
And laughing, laughing evermore.  
Your ditty carolled times galore  
To me seems more than song sublime  
Like to a maid's your ripply lore,  
With laughing, laughing evermore.

Henry Oliver Wise.

\* \* \* \*

CHRISTMAS BELLS 1932

Ring out, O, Bells!  
So glad and free.  
Ring out your festive lay.  
For Christ was born in Bethlehem on  
the first Christmas Day.  
Blent with the message,  
Wishes true,  
To all afar and near.  
Peace, Joy and Love,  
Be born anew,  
Throughout the coming year.

Alice Maud Harrington.

\* \* \* \*

CHINA-TREE BERRIES

Spectral arms hold  
Rich clustered gold  
Up to the dawn  
Offered as pawn;  
Nature shelves all  
Spring left from Fall.

Mrs. J. W. Akin

## BOOK REVIEWS

(All reviews are by Gertrude Perry West not otherwise credited. Send your books for review promptly, please.)

My Brother Stephen by Morrison Foster, The Hollenbeck Press, Indianapolis, Ind. is an edition of two thousand copies of Morrison Fosters' biography of Stephen Collins Foster with a foreword by Josiah K. Lilly, Curator of Foster Hall, and financed by the Foster Hall Society to add to the Fosteriana Collection of Foster Hall. The book is very neatly and attractively bound in red cloth and stamped in gold and makes a very creditable memorial to the collection. The book is a highly creditable gift to us by Mr. Lilly, and a very much appreciated one. It carries an etching of Stephen Foster by Joseph Muller and one of his biographer by the same artist. There is no price given but should estimate the price to be \$1.50 if for sale.

In the near future we are going to dedicate a number of the Bookmakers' Folio to Stephen Foster and Dan Emmet and poems on them are wanted and any person or society that has cuts of Emmet or his place of birth are asked to loan them to us and we will appreciate and return them promptly.

Mirrors of Michigan, a book of verse, edited by William C. S. Pellowe, Michigan Christian Advocate Press, Detroit, Mich., is another Christmas gift to us and one that seems worthy of the talented poet who is its editor. It is bound in white and blue cloth and stamped in gold. It has approximately one hundred and twenty pages of poems of different merit, and several halftones to the original of one of which the book is dedicated; Thomas Nicholson, D. D. LL. D. "A Statesman in the Kingdom of God." A Bishop of the M. E. church. It contains poems of Michigan Methodists and is profusely illustrated with pictures of interest to universal Methodism. It is worth two dollars a copy. It is one issue of a series of anthologies that are being published by the Rev. Pellowe in the interest of Methodist Michigan poetry.



The Honeysuckle and the Rose, by Marie Tello Phillips; The Observer Pr. Pittsburgh, Pa. 1933. Despite the lets and hinderances of human speech, there is far more than poetry in these ninety odd pages. The fragrance of a woman's soul is here; the melody of love; the harmony of suffering and sorrow and joy; and all interpreted by simple, childlike faith that is infinitely winning.

Full of echos as many of these poems are, they are happy ones; and we would not have it otherwise. In no sense is Marie Tello Phillips an imitator of any one. She is always and only herself. Her entire creed may be summed up in two of her own lines:

There's Balm in Gilead  
When love is found.

Much is quotable in this volume; and the reader will not be satisfied until he has memorized more than a little of it. We, ourselves, have placed with our most cherished keep-sakes, this:

You love me, yes, but O! my Dear, why  
do

You seldom voice the tenderness that  
brings

The love-light to the eye and lends  
the wings

Of romance to the tawdry, hungry crow  
Of daily cares? Or speak dear words to  
woo

My weary spirit from the mundane  
things

That scar, as winter wind, the heart  
that clings

To you and fears the days are all too  
few.

More sweet than zephyr lapping gentle  
waves,

Or wild rose-petal tapping trellis high  
Are those dear memories, when so bliss  
fully

We vowed that love like ours could  
never sigh

That sipped the nectar of divinity

Come! Kiss me, Sweetheart, as in  
days gone by.

Clyde Robe Meredith.

Apples of Gold, A religious folder revealing the most necessary features of the bible, compiled by M. N. F. Perry, Canton, Bradford Co., Pa., \$2.00 for 100.

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Foster Hall Bulletin, Published in the interest of Foster Hall which is promoted as a memorial to Stephen C. Foster in an inadequate sense which is sponsored by the Foster Hall organization and Josiah K. Lilly of Box 618, Indianapolis, Ind., who might send you a free copy is curator.

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Blue Moon, The Magazine With A Soul, if you know what the sub-title means, you will the better understand the policy of this new publication for the poets edited by Inez Sheldon Tyler of Albion, Mich., and Ben Smith, at one dollar a year.

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Verses From a Country Place, by Emma L. Johnston, Banner Press, Emory University, Ga. is one of the lovely brochures which I received as a Christmas gift, and which is highly appreciated for its contents as well as its format. I would judge the price to be 50 cents.

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Selections from the Honeysuckle and the Rose is another brochure received at Christmas from the Charles J. Yeagles [Marie Tello Phillips] of Pittsburg, Pa., which is splendid like its author, for which I give thanks for the delightful remembrance.

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Good Luck Poems, Vol. 1 Nos. 1 and 4, by Crenville Kleiser, published quarterly by Keller Pub. Co. St. Paul, Minn. Price, 50 cents a year; single copies 15 cents. They are brochures with their contents teeming with timely poems full of preachments not only to the forgotten man, but for those who have forgotten the forgotten man; poems that appeal to the masses.

Seeds of Laurel, Parnassus Press, N. Y. City, edited by Benjamin Musser, one of the beautiful and worthwhile books that came to us for Christmas is not only appreciated as a gift, but for its value. It is composed of one hundred and eighty sayings of foremost writers and its format is particularly attractive. Thank you Mr. Musser.

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Sonnets of Scenery, by Willis Hudspeth, 2568 Crown Point Ave. Omaha, Nebr., \$1.00 postpaid, is a book of poetry from which I wish to quote all the delightful pastoral verse which it contains on every full page between its verdant covers. To read the marvelous sonnets is like tripping over the meadows in the late afternoon inhaling the fragrance from the myriad wild blossoms stepping to the music of the cow bells as they "wend their weary way" homeward in the glow of the sunset. One becomes a Maud Muller, and there is no limit to the possibilities of the well-springs of memories that trickle in rollicking bubbles into streamlets of the past; or imagine oneself a hummingbird or butterfly accepting the poet's invitation to:

Come Up Some Morning

Come up some morning on the tops of  
green.

Where sheets of fog are sailing from  
the dales

Like magic carpets in Arabian tales,  
And help enjoy the cycloramic scene:  
The yeomen clambering the slopes to  
glean;

The art-flung flora of the bridle trails  
The roaring waterfalls, the rumbling  
rails,

And lodges made of logs that intervene.

It is too bad that space forbids me to quote all this lovely sonnet, but one must read the book to realize that the Immortal Shakespeare has nothing on Willis Hudspeth as a sonneteer.

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## VISIONS

A Quarterly Literary Magazine giving assistance, advice and instruction in composing, preparing and disposing of Mss.

Information on all phrases of literary work and reasonable protection against fraud. Members may submit poems for publication as the medium of expression of the American Literary Society. Membership is \$1.00 and subscription to the magazine is \$1.00 Both are \$2.00 a year. Always enclose stamped envelope when sending poems and seeking information.

Address. Olive Scott Stainby, Editor in Chief and National President. Box 178 Placentia, California.

## BOOKMAKERS' PUBLICATIONS

Order at once for gifts and help the cause.

Bookmakers' Poets No. 1-Flame Points  
J. Graydon Jeffries, 75 cts

No. 2- Bookmakers' Hall of Fame Anthology No. 1- \$3.00 (Out of print.)  
Edited by- Malcolm Campbell.

No. 3- Appreciations: Poems of Praise  
Edited by- Gertrude Perry West. (A few copies left at \$5.00 a copy.)

No. 4- Love Lyrics to the One Loves Me  
by Gertrude Perry West. (Priceless and out of print.)

No. 5- Wreaths of Laurel Edited by  
Gertrude Perry West. (A few copies left at \$5.00 a copy.)

No. 6 Muses' Lore Edited by- Gertrude  
Perry West. \$1.00.

No. 7- Star of Bethlehem by- Gertrude  
Perry West. (A beautiful Christmas Play at 25 cents each or six for \$1.00.)

No. 8 Bookmakers' Italian Sonnet Contest Anthology. Free to prize winners; \$5.00 to others.

On the Press.

No 9- Hall of Fame Anthology No. 2. is free to winners; \$5.00 to others.

No. 10 Garlands for Gertrude Perry West  
Free to contributors; to others \$1.00.

Order today and help the cause.

Bookmakers' Publishers, Callahan, Fla

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP & OF  
THE BOOKMAKERS' FOLIO

I, being duly sworn before a qualified officer of the law, depose and say that I am the owner and editor of the Bookmakers' Folio and there are no mortgages or indebtedness against it. Signed:

Gertrude Perry West.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this the 6 day of June, 1933.

Signed: J. S. Geiger, J. P. *m. Leals,*

\* \* \* \*

*n. R.*  
BOOKMAKERS' ENGLISH SONNET  
\$500.00 CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT  
IN AFTER YEARS

I have seen on many an afternoon  
The glorious sunset glowing the west;  
As if some evil spirit was in quest  
Of fire to burn the unsuspecting moon.  
A fear would leap into my passive  
heart  
And with a feeling that was full of  
dread  
I would hasten on to where shadows  
part  
Into a rainbow cover for my head.  
Then shades of love would gather on  
my brow  
Like happy dancing gnomes on wood-  
land hills,  
And all the trees would sighing to me  
bow;  
Seeming, anxious to avert evils.  
Then happy thoughts would enter in  
my brain  
And I would dream of love with him a-  
gain.

Gertrude Perry West.

The above so-called Shakesperean sonnet, but really an English sonnet, by our beloved editor-in-chief has been chosen as a model by the prize donar for the Bookmakers' third \$500.00 poetry contest that opens June 1 1933 and that will run two years. The rhyme scheme is: a b b a c d c d space e f e f space g g; fourteen lines, and indented according to rhyme. No other red tape only all contestants must be members in good standing with dues paid in advance for one year before it closes June 1 1935. Get right. Marjorie Bruce, C. E.

\* \* \* \*







